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FROM THE ESTATE  
OF  
ABRAM H. WINTERSTEEN '78









"the dunces that be in the world,  
Skins for gentle'st creatures to wear,  
That in the graver studies sit,  
With the ruffe to wile me wi'.

Should we not have diacon kisw  
As well in brass as he has hit  
His face; the print woud then be,  
All that was ever wirt in brass,  
But since he can not, render back  
What in his picture out & is took.

[Ben Jonson in the Arden.]

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## On the Spelling of the Name.

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Mr.

Furnivall, who ought to be the man to chastise those who are careless enough to spell Shakespeare's name with an "e" after the "k," has addressed a sharp letter to a foreign journal on the matter. He calls special attention to the familiar fact that three out of the five authentic signatures in existence endorse "Shakespeare." He concludes his epistle by saying: "Having this first-hand evidence, I, of course, refuse to admit any second-hand tampered-with evidence, for in the conceitful Elizabethan age printers, publishers, friends would naturally follow the 'canting' practice of the heralds and produce Shakspere as 'Shakespeare.' Let all second-hand men follow them and their spelling, while the first-hand or manuscript men follow the unadulterated 'Shakespere.' That the latter should be in the minority is only natural; it is because they are in the right."



A. H. Matherne, Princeton, N.J.

"What needs my Shakspear by his honour'd bone  
To labour of an age in pick'd stones?  
Or that thy hallowed reavers should be hid  
Under a starry parenting pyramid?  
Treasuror of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness  
of thy name?"

Milton, "On Shakspear". 1630.



William Shakespeare  
THE  
**Stratford Shakspere.**

EDITED BY  
**CHARLES KNIGHT.**

"In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To Him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face."

GRAY - "Progress of Poesy."

VOL. I.

**THE LIFE OF SHAKSPERE BY THE EDITOR.**

**HISTORIES.**

KING JOHN.

KING RICHARD II.

KING HENRY IV. PART I.

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

NEW YORK:  
**D. APPLETON AND CO., BROADWAY.**  
1876.



**FACTS  
CONNECTED WITH THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
BY CHARLES KNIGHT.**

**A NEW EDITION**

(RECAP)

3925  
1876  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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It was in 1803, when our country was threatened with invasion, and the arms of France seemed almost resistless, that a great poet, Wordsworth, wrote these lines :—

“ In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible knights of old ;  
We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspere spake.”

I believe those words first made me a student of Shakspere.

Wordsworth's lines embodied no idle boast. The connection between England's freedom and the name of England's greatest writer was not an imaginary one. The “armoury” that was hung in “our halls” was not the breast-plate and the helmet that our fathers wore at Agincourt. The “armoury” to which the poet alludes was the inheritance of thoughts and feelings which we had derived from the great minds who had gone before us. From *him* whose name “is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature;” we have received such a stock of household thoughts, gradually but surely entering into the national soul during successive generations, that we “who speak the tongue” which he spake “must be free or die.” Nor was it that we were to find in the mass of writings which Shakspere has bequeathed to us any specific exhortations to freedom, any rapturous declamations on our national greatness, any incense to that pride which all nations feel, and would be unworthy of the name of nation if they did not feel. There is much in Shakspere to excite, incidentally, a just patriotism ; but there is very little of what may be called patriotic poetry. There is, however, something better. Freedom in

1945-11-6 W.H.

the highest sense of the word, is the result of a nation's intelligence,—not the intelligence which consists in mere skill in the imitative arts, in accurate knowledge of the abstract sciences, in the applications of mechanical and chemical discovery (important as I deem such intelligence), but which is created out of the habit of looking at the entire physical and moral world with more especial reference to man's ultimate capabilities and destinies than to the mere sensual utilities of the things around us. It is the great and enduring effect of a high literature, such as England possesses, and of which Shakspere is the unquestioned head, to keep alive this nobler intelligence; to diffuse it through every corner of the land; to make its light penetrate into the humblest cottage; to mould even the lisping accents of the child to the utterance of its words. A literature such as this follows in the wake of the higher spiritual instruction, an auxiliary to what we may emphatically call *Wisdom*. To estimate the influence of such a writer as Shakspere upon the intelligence of England would be a vain attempt, because the most powerful effects of that influence are indirect. It is sufficient to say, there has lived amongst us a man who possessed a power, surpassing that of all other men, of delineating almost every possible combination of human character. He has not represented mere abstract qualities, such as a good man and a bad man; a mild and passionate; a humble and a proud; but he has painted men as they are, with mixed qualities and mixed motives, the result of temperament and education; and so painting them he has not only succeeded in kindling and cherishing within us the highest admiration and love of what is noble, and generous, and just, and true, but, in making us kind and tolerant towards the errors of our fellow-creatures, compassionate even for their vices. But the same man has never broken down the distinction, as other writers have done, between what is worthy to be loved and imitated, and what to be pitied and shunned. We have no moral monsters in Shakspere, no generous housebreakers, no philanthropic murderers. We see men as they are; but we see them also with a clearness that it would be vain to expect from our own unassisted vision. The same great master of all the

secrets of the human heart is also the expounder of the very highest and noblest philosophy. Books of no inconsiderable size have been made out of his mere moral axioms. To those who are familiar with Shakspere's writings there is scarcely a situation of human affairs which will not suggest a recollection of something that may be applied to it for instruction out of what he has written. Many of the habitual sayings, that enter into the minds even of the un instructed as something to which they have become familiar without books, are Shakspere's. If two men of average education converse together for half an hour on general subjects, there can be little doubt that, without actual quotation, the genial wit of Shakspere will be found to have given point, and his universal poetry elevation, to their discourse. The mode in which the mind of Shakspere is penetrating through all other lands exhibits the stages in the progress of his universality in our own land. He first becomes the property of the highest and the most educated minds. They have acknowledged his influence at first timidly and suspiciously; but the result is invariable: the greatest intellects become prostrate before this master intellect. Under false systems of criticism, both in our own and in other countries, the merits of Shakspere as a whole have been misunderstood; and he has been held as a violator of certain conventional principles of art, upon which poetry was to be built as churches were built in the same age,—with nothing irregular, nothing projecting, a good solid cube, with one window exactly like another, and a doorway in the middle. The architects of our fine old gothic cathedrals and Shakspere were equally held to be out of the pale of regular art. They were wild and irregular geniuses, more to be wondered at than imitated. But, with all this, there never was a period, however low its standard of taste, when many a votary did not feel a breathless awe as he entered such cathedrals as York and Lincoln, and had his devotion raised and refined by the matchless beauty and sublimity of the temple in which he prayed. And, in the same way, there never was a period since Shakspere's plays were first acted in a mean theatre, without scenery or decorations, up to the present time when they are the common

possession of Europe, and are known amongst millions of men who inhabit mighty continents and islands where the English tongue was almost or wholly unspoken when he lived ; there never was a period when the love and reverence which England now bears him were not most ardently cherished in the hearts of the best and the most influential of the people—those who thought for themselves. Even those who scoffed at his *art*, never doubted his *power*. They would criticise him,—they would attempt to mend him,—but he was always “the incomparable.” They held, too, that he was unlearned ; but they also held that he knew everything without learning. Nature did for him, they said, what study did for other men. Thus they endeavoured to raise him in the mass, and degrade him in the detail ; and by dint of their absurd general admiration, and their equally absurd depreciation of minute parts of his writings, they laboured to propagate an opinion which would have been fatal to one less really great—that he was a person, not exactly inspired, but producing higher efforts of imagination, and displaying the most varied and accurate knowledge, without the education and the labour by which very inferior productions of literature were ordinarily produced. These were the critics of our own country, from the days of the Restoration almost up to the end of the reign of George III. But, in the meanwhile, after the hateful taste was put down that we imported from France, with all the vices of the court of Charles II, Shakspere again became the unquestionably best property of the English stage. There never was a period in which he was not diligently *read*. Four folio editions of his works were printed in 62 years—1623 to 1685, a time most unfavourable to literature. It is in this way—by the multitude of *readers*—that Shakspere has become *universal*. If books were now to perish, if “letters should not be known,” the influence of Shakspere could not be eradicated from amongst those who speak his tongue ; the moral and intellectual influence would remain after the works which had produced it had perished. But they could not perish wholly : some fragments of the knowledge of which he is full—some consecutive words of the exquisite diction in which he abounds, some dim abbreviation of the wonder-

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ful characters with which he has peopled the earth—would start up in remote places, as the flowers of past centuries again make their appearance when the forests of more recent times have been swept away. This is a consummation which cannot happen. Shakspere, through the invention of printing, is, in the limited use of the word, eternal.

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Having laboured for many years in producing a body of Commentary on Shakspere, that was, out of the necessity of its plan, compelled not to miss any point or slur over any difficulty, I am not the less fitted, I presume to think, for the preparation of an edition which is not intended to satisfy the verbal critic. I desire "The Stratford Shakspere" to be "The People's Shakspere."

By "The People," using the term with reference to literature, I understand, chiefly, that vast aggregate of persons who have become readers of books during the last quarter of a century. For this great class, who are sometimes called "The Million," books must be provided that will not only economise Money but economise Time. The greater number of this host of readers have little leisure to explore the by-places of criticism. They need help—for the proper understanding of a writer who, although the most universal of his time, or of any time, is often obscure, has allusions which are not obvious, and employs phrases and words that are in some degree obsolete. They need help—to unravel the difficulties of a Plot, to penetrate the subtlety of a Character, to see the principle upon which the artist has worked. They need help—to seize the all-comprehensive spirit of the greatest moral teacher of the world—of the deepest sympathiser with his fellow-men in every attribute of humanity and every condition of life. But they do not need any elaborate exhibition of the *processes* by which a Text has been formed, an obscurity explained, or a critical principle established. They ask for *results*.

What, then, is the Shakspere which such an intelligent and inquiring reader now desires; and which, if I thought he could get it elsewhere, I would not endeavour to supply by a new labour, of a different character from what I have already accomplished? I think he desires—

I. THE TEXT, founded upon the best Authorities, well printed in a large type.

My intention is to print the text of each Play without Note or Reference; so that, without interruption, the reader may yield himself up to the spirit of the Poet, and afterwards consider his difficulties.

II. A COMMENTARY AND GLOSSARY, to accompany each Play, for after-reading or for instant reference.

My intention is to arrange this portion of my work somewhat as follows:—

1. VARIOUS READINGS, really important.

2. A GLOSSARY OR DICTIONARY OF

- Words and Phrases.
- Manners and Customs.
- Scenery and Costume.
- Characters of History.
- Geographical and Historical References.
- Facts of Science and Natural History.

3. AN ANALYTICAL VIEW OF THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

The principle which has determined me to print the Text without note or reference, and subsequently to offer a Commentary upon each play, has been asserted by Dr. Johnson in his celebrated Preface:—

“ Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspere, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald or of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption;

let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators."

It is scarcely necessary to offer any explanation of the distinctive title here assumed. Washington Irving has truly said of Stratford-upon-Avon, "The mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspere. This idea pervades the place."

The Plays and Poems of Shakspere are especially suggestive of Stratford—its pastoral scenery, its simple manners. I believe that here the boy-poet received his first inspirations—that through his life, even to its end, his best works were produced in the quiet of his native fields.

CHARLES KNIGHT.



THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

CHAPTER I.

On the 22nd of August, 1485, there was a battle fought for the crown of England, a short battle ending in a decisive victory. The battle-field was Bosworth. Was there in that victorious army of the Earl of Richmond,—which Richard denounced as a “company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates,”—an Englishman bearing the name of Chacksper, or Shakespeire, or Schakespere, or Schakspere, or Shakspere, or Shakspeare, or Shakspere<sup>a</sup>,—a martial name, however spelt? “Breakspear, Shakespear, and the like, have been surnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feats of arms.”<sup>b</sup> Of the warlike achievements of this Shakspeare there is no record: his name or his deeds would have no interest for us unless there had been born, eighty years after this battle-day, a direct descendant from him—

“ Whose muse, full of high thought’s invention,  
Doth like himself *heroically sound*;”\*

a Shakspere, of whom it is also said—

“ He seems to *shake a lance*  
As brandish’d at the eyes of ignorance.”†

A public document, bearing the date of 1599, affirms, upon “credible report” of “John Shakspere, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman,” that his “parent, great-grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced

\* A list of the brethren and sisters of the Guild of Knowle, near Rowington, in Warwickshire, exhibits a great number of the name of Shakspere in that fraternity, from about 1460 to 1527; and the names are spelt with the diversity here given, *Shakspeare* being the latest.

† Verstegan’s ‘Restitution,’ &c.

‡ Ben Jonson.

and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit." Such is the recital of a grant of arms to John Shakspere, the father of William Shakspere, which document refers to "his ancient coat of arms, heretofore assigned to him, whilst he was her Majesty's officer and bailiff of Stratford." In those parts of Warwickshire, then, lived and died, we may assume, the faithful and approved servant of the "unknown Welshman," as Richard called him, who won for himself the more equivocal name of "the most prudent prince." He was probably advanced in years when Henry ascended the throne; for in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, 1558, his great-grandson, John Shakspere, was a burgess of the corporation of Stratford, and was in all probability born about 1530. The family had continued in those parts, we are assured, "by some descents;" but how they were occupied in the business of life, or what was their station in society, how they branched out into other lines of Shakspers, we have no distinct record. The name may be traced by legal documents in many parishes of Warwickshire; but we learn from a deed of trust executed in 1550, by Robert Arden, the maternal grandfather of William Shakspere, that Richard Shakspere was the occupier of land in Snitterfield, the property of Robert Arden. At this parish of Snitterfield lived a Henry Shakspere, who, as we learn from a declaration in the Court of Record at Stratford, was the brother of John Shakspere\*. It is conjectured, and very reasonably, that Richard Shakspere, of Snitterfield, was the paternal grandfather of William Shakspere. Snitterfield is only three miles distant from Stratford. They probably were cultivators of the soil, unambitious small proprietors.

But the grant of arms in 1599, opens another branch of inquiry into Shakspere's ancestry. It says, "for that the said John Shakespere having married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote [Wilmecote], and also produced this his ancient coat of arms, we [the heralds] have likewise upon one other escutcheon impaled

\* See Halliwell's 'Life of Shakespeare,' p. 8, and Collier's 'Life, p. 62.

the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellingcote." They add that John Shakspere, and his children, issue, and posterity, may bear and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled.

The family of Arden was one of the highest antiquity in Warwickshire. Dugdale traces its pedigree uninterruptedly up to the time of Edward the Confessor. The history of the De Ardens, as collected with wonderful industry by Dugdale, spreads over six centuries. Such records seldom present much variety of incident, however great and wealthy be the family to which they are linked. In this instance a shrievalty or an attainder varies the register of birth and marriage, but generation after generation passes away without leaving any enduring traces of its sojourn on the earth. Fuller has not the name of a single De Arden amongst his "Worthies"—men illustrious for something more than birth or riches,—with the exception of those who swell the lists of sheriffs for the county. The pedigree which Dugdale gives of the Arden family brings us no nearer in the direct line to the mother of Shakspere than to Robert Arden, her great-grandfather: he was the third son of Walter Arden, who married Eleanor, the daughter of John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire; and he was brother to Sir John Arden, squire for the body to Henry VII. Malone, with laudable industry, has continued the pedigree in the younger branch. Robert's son, also called Robert, was groom of the chamber to Henry VII. He appears to have been a favourite; for he had a valuable lease granted him by the king, of the manor of Yoxsall, in Staffordshire, and was also made keeper of the royal park of Aldercar. Robert Arden, the groom of the chamber, probably left the court upon the death of his master. He married, and he had a son, also Robert, who had a family of seven daughters. The youngest was Mary, the mother of William Shakspere.

Mary Arden! The name breathes of poetry. It seems the personification of some Dryad of

"Many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,"  
called by that generic name of Arden,—a forest with many towns,

“ Whose footsteps yet are found  
In her rough woodlands more than any other ground,  
That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride,  
Her one hand touching Trent, the other Severn's side.”\*

High as was her descent, wealthy and powerful as were the numerous branches of her family, Mary Arden, we doubt not, led a life of usefulness as well as innocence, within her native forest hamlet. Her father died in December, 1556. His will is dated the 24th of November in the same year, and the testator styles himself “ Robert Arden, of Wylmecote, in the paryche of Aston Cauntlow.”

It was in the reign of Philip and Mary that Robert Arden died; and we cannot therefore be sure that the wording of his will is any absolute proof of his religious opinions:—“ First, I bequeath my soul to Almighty God and to our blessed Lady Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of heaven, and my body to be buried in the churchyard of Saint John the Baptist in Aston aforesaid.” Mary, his youngest daughter, occupies the most prominent position in the will:—“ I give and bequeath to my youngest daughter Mary all my land in Wilmecote, called Asbies, and the crop upon the ground, sown and tilled as it is, and six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence of money to be paid over ere my goods be divided.” To his daughter Alice he bequeaths the third part of all his goods, moveable and unmoveable, in field and town: to his wife Agnes (the step-mother of his children) six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, under the condition that she should allow his daughter Alice to occupy half of a copyhold at Wilmecote, the widow having her “ jointure in Snitterfield.” The remainder of his goods is divided amongst his other children. Alice and Mary are made the “ full executors ” to his will. We thus see that the youngest daughter has an undivided estate and a sum of money; and the crop was also bequeathed to her. The estate consisted of fifty-six acres of arable and pasture, and a house. But she also possessed some property in Snitterfield, which had probably been secured to her upon her father's second marriage. It was in Snitterfield that Richard Shakspere occupied part of the Arden property.

\* Drayton: ‘ Polyolbion,’ 13th Song.

And so in the winter of 1556 was Mary Arden left without the guidance of a father. We learn from a proceeding in chancery some forty years later, that with the land of Asbies there went a messuage. Mary Arden had therefore a roof-tree of her own. Her sister Alice was to occupy another property in Wilmecote with the widow. Mary Arden lived in a peaceful hamlet; but there were some strange things around her,—incomprehensible things to a very young woman. When she went to the church of Aston Cantlow, she now heard the mass sung, and saw the beads bidden; whereas a few years before there was another form of worship within those walls. She learnt, perhaps, of mutual persecutions and intolerance, of neighbour warring against neighbour, of child opposed to father, of wife to husband. She might have beheld these evils. The rich religious houses of her county and vicinity had been suppressed, their property scattered, their chapels and fair chambers desecrated, their very walls demolished. The new power was trying to restore them, but, even if it could have brought back the old riches, the old reverence had passed away. In that solitude she probably mused upon many things with an anxious heart. The wealthier Ardens of Kingsbury and Hampton, of Rotley and Rodburne and Park Hall, were her good cousins; but bad roads and bad times perhaps kept them separate. And so she lived a somewhat lonely life, till a young yeoman of Stratford, whose family were her father's tenants, came to sit oftener and oftener upon the wooden benches in the old hall—a substantial yeoman, a burgess of the corporation in 1557 or 1558; and then in due season, perhaps in the very year when Romanism was lighting its last fires in England, and a queen was dying with "Calais" written on her heart, Mary Arden and John Shakspere were, in all likelihood, standing before the altar of the parish church of Aston Cantlow, and the house and lands of Asbies became administered by one who took possession "by the right of the said Mary," who thenceforward abided for half a century in the good town of Stratford. There is no register of the marriage discovered: but the date must have been about a year after the father's death; for "Joan Shakspere, daughter to John Shakspere."

was, according to the Stratford register, baptized on the 15th September, 1558.

We are not to infer that when John Shakspere removed the daughter and heiress of Arden from the old hall of Wilmecote he placed her in some substantial mansion in his corporate town, ornamental as well as solid in its architecture, spacious, convenient, fitted up with taste, if not with splendour. Stratford had, in all likelihood, no such houses to offer; it was a town of wooden houses, a scattered town,—no doubt with gardens separating the low and irregular tenements, sleeping ditches intersecting the properties, and stagnant pools exhaling in the road. A zealous antiquarian has discovered that John Shakspere inhabited a house in Henley Street as early as 1552; and that he, as well as two other neighbours, was fined for making a dung-heap in the street<sup>a</sup>. In 1553, the jurors of Stratford present certain inhabitants as violators of the municipal laws: from which presentment we learn that ban-dogs were not to go about unmuzzled; nor sheep pastured in the ban-croft for more than an hour each day; nor swine to feed on the common land unringed<sup>b</sup>. It is evident that Stratford was a rural town, surrounded with common fields, and containing a mixed population of agriculturists and craftsmen. The same character was retained as late as 1618, when the privy council represented to the corporation of Stratford that great and lamentable loss had “happened to that town by casualty of fire, which, of late years, hath been very frequently occasioned by means of thatched cottages, stacks of straw, furzes, and such-like combustible stuff, which are suffered to be erected and made confusedly in most of the principal parts of the town without restraint.”<sup>c</sup>

The population of the corporate town of Stratford, containing within itself rich endowments and all the framework of civil superiority, would appear insignificant in a modern census. The average annual number of baptisms in 1564

<sup>a</sup> Hunter: ‘New Illustrations,’ vol. i. p. 18.

<sup>b</sup> The proceedings of the court are given in Mr. Halliwell’s ‘Life of Shakespeare,’—a book which may be fairly held to contain all the documentary evidence of this life which has been discovered.

<sup>c</sup> Chalmers’s ‘Apology,’ p. 618.

was fifty-five ; of burials in the same year forty-two : these numbers, upon received principles of calculation, would give us a total population of about one thousand four hundred. In a certificate of charities, &c., in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII., the number of "houselyng people" in Stratford is stated to be fifteen hundred. This population was furnished with all the machinery by which Englishmen, even in very early times, managed their own local affairs, and thus obtained that aptitude for practical good government which equally rejects the tyranny of the one or of the many. The corporation in the time of John Shakspere consisted of fourteen aldermen and fourteen burgesses, one of the aldermen being annually elected to the office of bailiff. The bailiff held a court of record every fortnight, for the trial of all causes within the jurisdiction of the borough in which the debt or damages did not amount to thirty pounds. There was a Court-leet also, which appointed its ale-tasters, who presided over the just measure and wholesome quality of beer, that necessary of life in ancient times ; and which Court-leet chose also, annually, four affeerors, who had the power in their hands of summary punishment for offences for which no penalty was prescribed by statute. The constable was the great police officer, and he was a man of importance, for the burgesses of the corporation invariably served the office. John Shakspere appears from the records of Stratford to have gone through the whole regular course of municipal duty. In 1556 he was on the jury of the Court-leet ; in 1557, an ale-taster ; in 1558, a burgess ; in 1559, a constable ; in 1560, an affeisor ; in 1561, a chamberlain ; in 1565, an alderman ; and in 1568, high bailiff of the borough, the chief magistrate.

There have been endless theories, old and new, as to the worldly calling of John Shakspere. There are ancient registers in Stratford, minutes of the Common Hall, proceedings of the Court-leet, pleas of the Court of Record, writs, which have been hunted over with unwearied diligence, and yet they tell us little of John Shakspere ; and what they tell us is too often obscure. When he was elected an alderman in 1565, we can trace out the occupations of his brother aldermen, and readily come to the conclusion that the mu-

nicipal authority of Stratford was vested, as we may naturally suppose it to have been, in the hands of substantial tradesmen, brewers, bakers, butchers, grocers, victuallers, mercers, woollen-drapers. Prying into the secrets of time, we are enabled to form some notion of the literary acquirements of this worshipful body. On rare, very rare occasions, the aldermen and burgesses constituting the town council affixed their signatures, for greater solemnity, to some order of the court; and on the 29th of September, in the seventh of Elizabeth, upon an order that John Wheler should take the office of bailiff, we have nineteen names subscribed, aldermen and burgesses. There is something in this document which suggests a motive higher than mere curiosity for calling up these dignitaries from their happy oblivion, saying to each, "Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest, plain-dealing man?" Out of the nineteen, six only can answer, "I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name." We were reluctant to yield our assent to Malone's assertion that Shakspere's father had a mark to himself. The marks are not distinctly affixed to each name, in this document. But subsequent discoveries establish the fact that he used two marks—one, something like an open pair of compasses—the other the common cross. Even half a century later, to write was not held indispensable by persons of some pretension. We must not infer that one who gave his bond with his mark at it, was necessarily ignorant of all literature. It was very common for an individual to adopt, in the language of Jack Cade, "a mark to himself," possessing distinctness of character, and almost heraldically alluding to his name or occupation. Many of these are like ancient merchants' marks; and on some old deeds the mark of a landowner alienating property corresponds with the mark described in the conveyance as cut in the turf, or upon boundary stones, of unenclosed fields.

One of the aldermen of Stratford in 1565, John Wheler, is described in the town records as a yeoman. He must have been dwelling in Stratford, for we have seen that he was ordered to take the office of high bailiff, an office demanding a near and constant residence. We can imagine a

moderate landed proprietor cultivating his own soil, renting perhaps other land, seated in a house in the town of Stratford, such as it was in the middle of the sixteenth century, as conveniently as in a solitary grange several miles away from it. Such a proprietor, cultivator, yeoman, we consider John Shakspere to have been. In 1556, the year that Robert, the father of Mary Arden, died, John Shakspere was admitted at the Court-leet to two copyhold estates in Stratford. The jurors of the leet present that George Turnor had alienated to John Shakspere and his heirs one tenement, with a garden and croft, and other premises in Grenehill Street, held of the lord at an annual quit-rent; and John Shakspere, who is present in court and does fealty, is admitted to the same. The same jurors present that Edward West has alienated to John Shakspere one tenement and a garden adjacent in Henley Street, who is in the same way admitted, upon fealty done to the lord. Here then is John Shakspere, before his marriage, the purchaser of two copyholds in Stratford, both with gardens, and one with a croft, or small enclosed field\*.

In 1570 John Shakspere is holding, as tenant under William Clopton, a meadow of fourteen acres, with its appurtenances, called Ington, at the annual rent of eight pounds. When he married, the estate of Asbies, within a short ride of Stratford, came also into his possession; and so did some landed property at Snitterfield. With these facts before us, scanty as they are, can we reasonably doubt that John Shakspere was living upon his own land, renting the land of others, actively engaged in the business of cultivation, in an age when men of substance very often thought it better to take the profits direct than to share them with the tenant? In 'A Briefe Conceipte touching the Commonweale of this Realme of Englande,' published in 1581,—a Dialogue once attributed to William Shakspere,—the knight says, speaking of his class, "many of us are

\* Malone, with the documents before him, treats this purchase as if it had been the mere assignment of a lease; and Malone having printed the documents, no one who wrote about Shakspere previous to the publication of our 'Biography,' in 1843, deduced from them that Shakspere's father was necessarily a person of some substance before his marriage, a purchaser of property.

enforced either to keep pieces of our own lands when they fall in our own possession, or to purchase some farm of other men's lands, and to store it with sheep or some other cattle, to help make up the decay in our revenues, and to maintain our old estate withal, and yet all is little enough."

The belief that the father of Shakspere was a small landed proprietor and cultivator, employing his labour and capital in various modes which grew out of the occupation of land, offers a better, because a more natural, explanation of the circumstances connected with the early life of the great poet than those stories which would make him of obscure birth and servile employments. Take old Aubrey's story, the shrewd learned gossip and antiquary, who survived Shakspeare some eighty years:—"Mr. William Shakespear was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick.

His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and coetanean, but died young." With an undoubting confidence in Aubrey, Dr. Farmer averred that, when he that killed the calf wrote—

"There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will,"<sup>a</sup>

the poet-butcher was thinking of *skewers!* Malone also held that he who, when a boy, exercised his father's trade, has described the process of calf-killing with an accuracy which nothing but profound experience could give—

"And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.  
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;  
Even so," &c.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> 'Hamlet,' Act V. Sc. 2.

<sup>b</sup> Henry VI., Part II. Act III., Sc. 1.

The story, however, has a variation. There was at Stratford, in the year 1693, a clerk of the parish church, eighty years old,—that is, he was three years old when William Shakspere died,—and he, pointing to the monument of the poet, with the pithy remark that he was the “best of his family,” proclaimed to a member of one of the Inns of Court that “this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he ran from his master to London.”<sup>a</sup> His father was a butcher, says Aubrey; he was apprentice to a butcher, says the parish clerk. Aubrey was picking up his gossip for his friend Anthony-a-Wood in 1680, and it is not very difficult to imagine that the identical parish clerk was his authority. That honest chronicler, old as he was, had forty years of tradition to deal with in this matter of the butcher’s son and the butcher’s apprentice; and the result of such glimpses into the thick night of the past is sensibly enough stated by Aubrey himself:—“What uncertainty do we find in printed histories! They either treading too near on the heels of truth, that they dare not speak plain; or else for want of intelligence (things being antiquated) become too obscure and dark.”

Akin to the butcher’s trade is that of the dealer in wool. It is upon the authority of Betterton, the actor, who, in the beginning of the last century, made a journey into Warwickshire to collect anecdotes relating to Shakspere, that Rowe tells us that John Shakspere was a dealer in wool:—“His family, as appears by the register and the public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment.” We are now peeping “through the blanket of the dark.” But daylight is not as yet. Malone was a believer in Rowe’s account; and he was confirmed in his belief by possessing a piece of stained glass, bearing the arms of the merchants of the staple, which had been removed from a

<sup>a</sup> ‘Traditionaly Anecdotes of Shakespeare.’

window of John Shakspere's house in Henley Street. But, unfortunately for the credibility of Rowe, as then held, Malone made a discovery, as it is usual to term such glimpses of the past : "I began to despair of ever being able to obtain any certain intelligence concerning his trade ; when, at length, I met with the following entry, in a very ancient manuscript, containing an account of the proceedings in the bailiff's court, which furnished me with the long-sought-for information, and ascertains that the trade of our great poet's father was that of a *glover*;" "Thomas Siche de Arscotte in com. Wigorn. querit<sup>r</sup> versus *John Shakyspere* de Stretford, in com. Warwic. *Glover*, in plac. quod reddit ei oct. libras, &c." This Malone held to be decisive.

We give this record above as Malone printed it, not very correctly ; and having seen the original, we maintained that the word was not *Glover*. Mr. Collier and Mr. Halliwell affirm that the word *Glo*, with the second syllable contracted, is *glover* : and we accept their interpretation. But we still hold to our original belief that he was, in 1556, a landed proprietor and an occupier of land ; one who, although sued as a *glover* on the 17th June of that year, was a suitor in the same court on the 19th November, in a plea against a neighbour for unjustly detaining eighteen quarters of barley. We still refuse to believe that John Shakspere, when he is described as a *yeoman* in after years, "had relinquished his *retail* trade," as Mr. Halliwell judges ; or that his mark, according to the same authority, was emblematical of the glove-sticks used for stretching the cheveril for fair fingers. We have no confidence that he had stores in Henley Street of the treasures of Autolycus,—

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

We think, that butcher, dealer in wool, *glover*, may all be reconciled with our position, that he was a landed proprietor, occupying land. Our proofs are not purely hypothetical.

Harrison, who mingles laments at the increasing luxury of the farmer, with somewhat contradictory denunciations of the oppression of the tenant by the landlord, holds that the landlord is monopolising the tenant's profits. His

complaints are the natural commentary upon the social condition of England, described in ‘A Briefe Concepte touching the Commonweale’—“Most sorrowful of all to understand, that men of great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers to have any gain at all, that *they themselves become GRAZIERS, BUTCHERS, TANNERS, SHEEP-MASTERS, WOODMEN, and denique quid non*, thereby to enrich themselves, and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hands, leaving the commonalty weak, or as an idol with broken or feeble arms, which may in time of peace have a plausible show, but, when necessity shall enforce, have an heavy and bitter sequel.” Has not Harrison solved the mystery of the *butcher*; explained the tradition of the *wool-merchant*; shown how John Shakspere, the *woodman*, naturally sold a piece of timber to the corporation, which we find recorded; and, what is most difficult of credence, indicated how the *glover* is reconcileable with all these employments? We open an authentic record of this very period, and the solution of the difficulty is palpable: In John Strype’s ‘Memorials Ecclesiastical under Queen Mary I,’ under the date of 1558, we find this passage: “It is certain that one Edward Horne suffered at Newent, where this Deighton had been, and spake with one or two of the same parish that did see him there burn, and did testify that they knew the two persons that made the fire to burn him; they were two *glovers* or FELLMONGERS.”<sup>a</sup> A fellmonger and a glover appear from this passage to have been one and the same. The fellmonger is he who prepares skins for the use of the leather-dresser, by separating the wool from the hide—the natural coadjutor of the sheep-master and the wool-man. Shakspere himself implies that the glover was a manufacturer of skins: Dame Quickly asks of Slender’s man, “Does he not wear a *great round* beard like a *glover’s paring knife?*” The peltry is shaved upon a circular board, with a *great round* knife, to this day. The fellmonger’s trade, as it now exists, and the trade in untanned leather, the glover’s trade, would be so slightly different, that the generic term, glover, might be applied to

<sup>a</sup> Vol. v. p. 277—edit. 1816.

each. There are few examples of the word "fellmonger" in any early writers. "Glover" is so common that it has become one of the universal English names derived from occupation,—far more common than if it merely applied to him who made coverings for the hands. At Coventry, in the middle of the sixteenth century (the period of which we are writing), the *Glovers* and *Whittawers* formed one craft. A whittawer is one who prepares *tawed* leather—untanned leather—leather chiefly dressed from sheep skins and lamb skins by a simple process of soaking, and scraping, and liming, and softening by alum and salt. Of such were the large and coarse gloves in use in a rural district, even amongst labourers; and such process might be readily carried on by one engaged in agricultural operations, especially when we bear in mind that the *white leather* was the especial leather of "husbandly furniture," as described by old Tusser.

We may reasonably persist, therefore, even in accord with "flesh and fell" tradition, in drawing the portrait of Shakspere's father, at the time of his marriage, in the free air, on his horse, with his team, at market, at fair—and yet a dealer in carcases, or wood, or wool, or skins, his own produce. He was a proprietor of land, and an agriculturist, living in a peculiar state of society, as we shall see hereafter, in which the division of employments was imperfectly established, and the small rural capitalists strove to turn their own products to the greatest advantage.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE Register of the Parish of Stratford-upon-Avon commences in 1558. Every such record of human life is a solemn document. Birth, Marriage, Death!—this is the whole history of the sojourn upon earth of nearly every name inscribed in these time-preserved pages. And after a few years what is the interest, even to their own descendants, of these brief annals? The last entry is too frequently the most interesting for the question is, Did they

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leave property? Is some legal verification of their possession of property necessary?

"No further seek their merits to disclose."

But there are entries in this Register-book of Stratford that are interesting to us—to all Englishmen—to universal mankind. We have all received a precious legacy from one whose progress from the cradle to the grave is here recorded—a bequest large enough for us all, and for all who will come after us. Pause we on the *one* entry of that book which most concerns the human race:—

1564  
April 26

Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere

William, the son of John Shakspere, baptised on the 26th April, 1564. And when born? The want of such information is a defect in all parish-registers. Baptism so immediately followed birth in those times, when infancy was surrounded with greater dangers than in our own days of improved medical science, that we may believe that William Shakspere first saw the light only a day or two previous to this legal record of his existence. There is no direct evidence that he was born on the 23rd of April according to the common belief. But there was probably a tradition to that effect, for some years ago the Rev. Joseph Greene, a master of the grammar-school at Stratford, in an extract which he made from the Register of Shakspere's baptism, wrote in the margin, "Born on the 23rd." We turn back to the first year of the registry, 1558, and we find the baptism of Joan, daughter to John Shakspere, on the 15th of September. Again, in 1562, on the 2nd of December, Margaret, daughter to John Shakspere, is baptised. In the entry of burials in 1563 we find, under date of April 30, that Margaret closed a short life in five months. The elder daughter Joan also died young. We look forward, and in 1566 find the birth of a son, after William, registered:—Gilbert, son of John Shakspere, was baptised on the 13th of October of that year. In 1569 there is the registry of the baptism of Joan, daughter of John Shakspere, on the 15th

of April. Thus, the registry of a second Joan leaves no reasonable doubt that the first died, and that a favourite name was preserved in the family. In 1571 Anne is baptised; she died in 1579. In 1573-4 another son was baptised—Richard, son of Master (*Magister*) John Shakspere, on the 11th of March. The last entry, which determines the extent of John Shakspere's family, is that of Edmund, son of Master John Shakspere, baptised on the 3rd of May, 1580. Here, then, we find that two sisters of William were removed by death, probably before his birth. In two years and a half another son, Gilbert, came to be his playmate; and when he was five years old that most precious gift to a loving boy was granted, a sister, who grew up with him, and survived him. Another sister was born when he had reached seven years; and as he was growing into youthful strength, a boy of fifteen, his last sister died; and then his youngest brother was born. William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, Edmund, constituted the whole of the family who survived the period of infancy. Rowe, we have already seen, mentions the large family of John Shakspere, "ten children in all." Malone has established very satisfactorily the origin of this error into which Rowe has fallen. In later years there was another John Shakspere in Stratford. In the books of the corporation, the name of John Shakspere, shoemaker, can be traced in 1580; in the register in 1584, we find him married to Margery Roberts, who died in 1587: he is, without doubt, married a second time, for in 1589, 1590, and 1591, Ursula, Humphrey, and Philip, are born. It is unquestionable that these are not the children of the father of William Shakspere, for they are entered in the register as the daughter, or sons, of John Shakspere, without the style which our John Shakspere always bore after 1569—"Magister." There can be no doubt that the mother of all the children of *Master* John Shakspere was Mary Arden; for in proceedings in Chancery in 1597, which we shall notice hereafter, it is set forth that John Shakspere and his wife Mary, in the 20th Elizabeth, 1577, mortgaged her inheritance of Asbies. Nor can there be a doubt that the children born before 1569, when he is styled John Shakspere, without the honourable addition of *Master*, were also *her* children.

dren. The history of the family up to the period of William Shakspere's manhood is as clear as can reasonably be expected.

William Shakspere has been carried to the baptismal font in that fine old church of Stratford. There is "a spirit of life in everything" on this 26th of April, 1564. Summer comes, but it brings not joy to Stratford. There is wailing in her streets and woe in her houses. The death-register tells a fearful history. From the 30th June to the 31st December, two hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants, a sixth of the population, are carried to the grave. The plague is in the fated town ; the doors are marked with the red cross, and the terrible inscription, "Lord, have mercy upon us." It is the same epidemic which ravaged Europe in that year ; which in the previous year had desolated London, and still continued there. The red cross was probably not on the door of John Shakspere's dwelling. "Fortunately for mankind," says Malone, "it did not reach the house where the infant Shakspere lay ; for not one of that name appears on the dead list."

The parish of Stratford, then, was unquestionably the birth-place of William Shakspere. But in what part of Stratford dwelt his parents in the year 1564 ? It was ten years after this that his father became the purchaser of two freehold houses in Henley Street—houses which still exist—houses which the *people* of England have agreed to preserve as a precious relic of their greatest brother. William Shakspere, then, might have been born at either of his father's copyhold houses, in Greenhill Street, or in Henley Street ; he might have been born at Ingon ; or his father might have occupied one of the two freehold houses in Henley Street at the time of the birth of his eldest son. Tradition says, that William Shakspere *was* born in one of these houses ; tradition points out the very room in which he was born.

Whether Shakspere were born here, or not, there can be little doubt that this property was the home of his boyhood. It was purchased by John Shakspere, from Edmund Hall, and Emma his wife, for forty pounds. In a copy of the chirograph of the fine levied on this occasion (which is now in

the possession of Mr. Wheler, of Stratford) the property is described as two messuages, two gardens, and two orchards, with their appurtenances. This document does not define the situation of the property, beyond its being in Stratford-upon-Avon; but in the deed of sale of another property in 1591, that property is described as situate between the houses of Robert Johnson and John Shakspere; and in 1597, John Shakspere himself sells a "toft, or parcel of land," in Henley Street, to the purchaser of the property in 1591. The properties can be traced, and leave no doubt of this house in Henley Street being the residence of John Shakspere. He retained the property during his life; and it descended, as his heir-at-law, to his son William. In the last testament of the poet is this bequest to his "sister Joan":—"I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence." His sister Joan, whose name by marriage was Hart, was residing there in 1639, and she probably continued to reside there till her death in 1646. The *one* house in which Mrs. Hart resided was doubtless the half of the building now forming the butcher's shop and the tenements adjoining; for the other house was known as the Maidenhead Inn, in 1642. In another part of Shakspere's will he bequeaths, amongst the bulk of his property, to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, with remainder to her male issue, "two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford." There are existing settlements of this very property in the family of Shakspere's eldest daughter and grand-daughter; and the grand-daughter, Elizabeth Nash, who was married a second time to Sir John Barnard, left both houses,—namely, "the inn, called the Maidenhead, and the adjoining house and barn,"—to her kinsmen Thomas and George Hart, the grandsons of her grandfather's "sister Joan." These persons left descendants, with whom this property remained until the beginning of the present century. But it was gradually diminished. The orchards and gardens were originally extensive: a century ago tenements had been built upon them, and they were alienated by the Hart then in possession. The Maidenhead Inn became

the Swan Inn, and is now the Swan and Maidenhead. The White Lion, on the other side of the property, was extended so as to include the remaining orchards and gardens. The house in which Mrs. Hart had lived so long became divided into two tenements; and at the end of the last century the lower part of one was a butcher's shop.

Was William Shakspere, then, born in the house in Henley Street, which has been purchased by the nation? For ourselves, we frankly confess that the want of absolute certainty that Shakspere was there born, produces a state of mind that is something higher and pleasanter than the conviction that depends upon positive evidence. We are content to follow the popular faith undoubtingly. The traditionary belief is sanctified by long usage and universal acceptation. The merely curious look in reverent silence upon that mean room, with its massive joists and plastered walls, firm with ribs of oak, where they are told the poet of the human race was born. Eyes now closed on the world, but who have left that behind which the world "will not willingly let die," have glistened under this humble roof, and there have been thoughts unutterable—solemn, confiding, grateful, humble—clustering round their hearts in that hour. The autographs of Byron and Scott are amongst hundreds of perishable inscriptions. Disturb not the belief that William Shakspere first saw the light in this venerated room.

"The victor Time has stood on Avon's side  
To doom the fall of many a home of pride;  
Rapine o'er Evesham's gilded fane has strode,  
And gorgeous Kenilworth has paved the road:  
But time has gently laid his withering hands  
On one frail House—the House of Shakspere stands:  
Centuries are gone—fallen 'the cloud-capp'd tow'rs';  
But Shakspere's home, his boyhood's home, is ours!"

There is a passage in one of Shakspere's Sonnets, the 89th, which has induced a belief that he had the misfortune of a physical defect, which would render him peculiarly the object of maternal solicitude:—

"Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence:  
Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt  
Against thy reasons making no defence."

Again, in the 37th Sonnet:—

“As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune’s dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.”

These lines have been interpreted to mean that William Shakspere was literally lame, and that his lameness was such as to limit him, when he became an actor, to the representation of the parts of old men. Mr. Harness has truly observed that “many an infirmity of the kind may be skilfully concealed, or only become visible in the moments of hurried movement;” and he adds, “either Sir Walter Scott or Lord Byron might, without any impropriety, have written the verses in question.” We should have no doubt whatever that the verses we have quoted may be most fitly received in a metaphorical sense, were there not some subsequent lines in the 37th Sonnet which really appear to have a literal meaning; and thus to render the previous *lame* and *lameness* expressive of something more than the general self-abasement which they would otherwise appear to imply. In the following lines *lame* means something distinct from *poor* and *despised*:—

“For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrrafted to this store:  
So then I am not *lame*, poor, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give.”

Of one thing, however, we may be quite sure—that, if Shakspere were lame, his infirmity was not such as to disqualify him for active bodily exertion. The same series of verses that have suggested this belief that he was lame also show that he was a horseman \*. His entire works exhibit that familiarity with external nature, with rural occupations, with athletic sports, which is incompatible with an inactive boyhood. It is not impossible that some natural defect, or some accidental injury, may have modified the energy of such a child; and have cherished in him that love of books, and traditional lore, and silent contemplation, without which

See Sonnets 50 and 51.

his intellect could not have been nourished into its wondrous strength. But we cannot imagine William Shakspere a petted child, chained to home, not breathing the free air upon his native hills, denied the boy's privilege to explore every nook of his own river. We would imagine him communing from the first with Nature, as Gray has painted him—

“The *dauntless* child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.”

The only qualifications necessary for the admission of a boy into the Free Grammar School of Stratford were, that he should be a resident in the town, of seven years of age, and able to read. The Grammar School was essentially connected with the Corporation of Stratford; and it is impossible to imagine that, when the son of John Shakspere became qualified by age for admission to a school where the best education of the time was given, literally, for nothing, his father, in that year being chief alderman, should not have sent him to the school. We assume, without any hesitation, that William Shakspere did receive in every just sense of the word the education of a scholar; and as such education was to be had at his own door, we also assume that he was brought up at the Free Grammar School of his own town. His earlier instruction would therefore be a preparation for this school.

A question arises, Did William Shakspere receive his elementary instruction in Christianity from the books sanctioned by the Reformed Church? It has been maintained that his father belonged to the Roman Catholic persuasion. This belief rests upon the following foundation. In the year 1770, Thomas Hart, who then inhabited one of the tenements in Henley Street which had been bequeathed to his family by William Shakspere's grand-daughter, employed a bricklayer to new tile the house; and this bricklayer, by name Mosely, found hidden between the rafters and the tiling a manuscript consisting of six leaves stitched together, which he gave to Mr. Peyton, an alderman of Stratford, who sent it to Mr. Malone, through the Rev. Mr. Devonport, vicar of Stratford. This paper, which was first published by Malone in 1790 is printed also in Reed's ‘Shakspeare

and in Drake's 'Shakspeare and his Times.' It consists of fourteen articles, purporting to be a confession of faith of "John Shakspear, an unworthy member of the holy Catholic religion." We have no hesitation whatever in believing this document to be altogether a fabrication. Chalmers says, "It was the performance of a clerk, the undoubted work of the family priest."<sup>a</sup> Malone, when he first published the paper in his edition of Shakspeare, said—"I have taken some pains to ascertain the authenticity of this manuscript, and, after a very careful inquiry, am perfectly satisfied that it is genuine." In 1796, however, in his work on the Ireland forgeries, he asserts—"I have since obtained documents that clearly prove it could not have been the composition of any one of our poet's family." We not only do not believe that it was "the composition of any one of our poet's family," nor "the undoubted work of the family priest," but we do not believe that it is the work of a Roman Catholic at all. It professes to be the writer's "last spiritual will, testament, confession, protestation, and confession of faith." Now, if the writer had been a Roman Catholic, or if it had been drawn up for his approval and signature by his priest, it would necessarily, professing such fulness and completeness, have contained something of belief touching the then material points of spiritual difference between the Roman and the Reformed Church. Nothing, however, can be more vague than all this tedious protestation and confession ; with the exception that phrases, and indeed long passages, are introduced for the purpose of marking the supposed writer's opinions in the way that should be most offensive to those of a contrary opinion, as if by way of bravado or seeking of persecution. In this his last confession, spiritual will, and testament, he calls upon all his kinsfolks to assist and succour him after his death "with the holy sacrifice of the mass," with a promise that he "will not be ungrateful unto them for so great a benefit," well knowing that by the Act of 1581 the saying of mass was punishable by a year's imprisonment and a fine of 200 marks, and the hearing of it by a similar imprisonment and fine of 100

<sup>a</sup> 'Apology for the Believers,' page 199.

marks. The fabrication appears to us as gross as can well be imagined.

That John Shakspere was what we popularly call a Protestant in the year 1568, when his son William was four years old, may be shown by the clearest of proofs. He was in that year the chief magistrate of Stratford; he could not have become so without taking the Oath of Supremacy, according to the statute of the 1st of Elizabeth, 1558-9. To refuse this oath was made punishable with forfeiture and imprisonment, with the pains of *præmunire* and high treason. “The conjecture,” says Chalmers (speaking in support of the authenticity of this confession of faith), “that Shakspeare’s family were Roman Catholics, is strengthened by the fact that his father declined to attend the corporation meetings, and was at last removed from the corporate body.” He was removed from the corporate body in 1586, with a distinct statement of the reason for this removal—his non-attendance when summoned to the halls. But a subsequent discovery of a document in the State Paper Office, communicated by Mr. Lemon to Mr. Collier, shows that in 1592, Mr. John Shakspere, with fourteen of his neighbours, were returned by certain Commissioners as “such recusants as have been heretofore presented for not coming monthly to the church according to her Majesty’s laws, and yet are thought to forbear the church for debt and for fear of process, or for some other worse faults, or for age, sickness, or impotency of body.” John Shakspere is classed amongst nine who “came not to church for fear of process for debt.” We shall have to notice this assigned reason for the recusancy in a future Chapter. But the religious part of the question is capable of another solution, than that the father of Shakspere had become reconciled to the Romish religion. At that period the puritan section of the English church were acquiring great strength in Stratford and the neighbourhood; and in 1596, Richard Bifield, one of the most zealous of the puritan ministers, became its Vicar<sup>a</sup>. John Shakspere and his neighbours might not have been Popish recusants, and yet have avoided the church. It

<sup>a</sup> Hunter: ‘New Illustrations,’ vol. i. p. 106.

must be borne in mind that the parents of William Shakspere passed through the great changes of religious opinion, as the greater portion of the people passed, without any violent corresponding change in their habits derived from their forefathers. In the time of Henry VIII. the great contest of opinion was confined to the supremacy of the Pope; the great practical state measure was the suppression of the religious houses. Under Edward VI. there was a very careful compromise of all those opinions and practices in which the laity were participant. In the short reign of Mary the persecution of the Reformers must have been offensive even to those who clung fastest to the ancient institutions and modes of belief; and even when the Reformation was fully established under Elizabeth, the habits of the people were still very slightly interfered with. The astounding majority of the conforming clergy is a convincing proof how little the opinions of the laity must have been disturbed. They would naturally go along with their old teachers. We have to imagine, then, that the father of William Shakspere, and his mother, were, at the time of his birth, of the religion established by law. His father, by holding a high municipal office after the accession of Elizabeth, had solemnly declared his adherence to the great principle of Protestantism—the acknowledgment of the civil sovereign as the head of the church. The speculative opinions in which the child was brought up would naturally shape themselves to the creed which his father must have professed in his capacity of magistrate; but, according to some opinions, this profession was a disguise on the part of his father. The young Shakspere was brought up in the Roman persuasion, according to these notions, because he intimates an acquaintance with the practices of the Roman church, and mentions purgatory, shrift, confession, in his dramas<sup>a</sup>. Surely the poet might exhibit this familiarity with the ancient language of all Christendom, without thus speaking “from the overflow of Roman Catholic zeal.”<sup>b</sup> Was it “Roman Catholic zeal” which induced him to write

<sup>a</sup> See Chalmers's ‘Apology,’ p. 200.

<sup>b</sup> Chalmers. See also Drake, who adopts, in great measure, Chalmers's argument.

those strong lines in King John against the "Italian priest," and against those who

"Purchase corrupted pardon of a man"?

Was it "Roman Catholic zeal" which made him introduce these words into the famous prophecy of the glory and happiness of the reign of Elizabeth—

"God shall be truly known"?

He was brought up, without doubt, in the opinions which his father publicly professed, in holding office subject to his most solemn affirmation of those opinions. The transition from the old worship to the new was not an ungentle one for the laity. The early reformers were too wise to attempt to root up habits—those deep-sunk foundations of the past which break the ploughshares of legislation when it strives to work an inch below the earth's surface.

To the grammar-school, then, with some preparation, we hold that William Shakspere goes, about the year 1571. His father is at this time, as we have said, chief alderman of his town; he is a gentleman, now, of repute and authority,—he is Master John Shakspere; and assuredly the worthy curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington, Thomas Hunt, who was also the school-master, would have received his new scholar with some kindness. As his "shining morning face" first passed out of the main street into that old court through which the upper room of learning was to be reached, a new life would be opening upon him. The humble minister of religion who was his first instructor has left no memorials of his talents or his acquirements; and in a few years another master came after him, Thomas Jenkins, also unknown to fame. All praise and honour be to them; for it is impossible to imagine that the teachers of William Shakspere were evil instructors—giving the boy husks instead of wholesome aliment. They could not have been harsh and perverse instructors, for such spoil the gentlest natures, and his was always gentle:—"My gentle Shakspere" is he called by a rough but noble spirit—one in whom was all honesty and genial friendship under a rude exterior. His wondrous abilities could not be spoiled even by ignorant instructors.

There were other agencies than the grammar-school at work in the direction of Shakspere's inquiring boyhood. There are local associations connected with Stratford which could not be without their influence in the formation of his mind. Within the range of such a boy's curiosity were the fine old historic towns of Warwick and Coventry, the sumptuous palace of Kenilworth, the grand monastic remains of Evesham. His own Avon abounded with spots of singular beauty, quiet hamlets, solitary woods. Nor was Stratford shut out from the general world, as many country towns are. It was a great highway; and dealers with every variety of merchandise resorted to its fairs. The eyes of Shakspere must always have been open for observation.

When he was twelve years old Elizabeth made her celebrated progress to Lord Leicester's castle of Kenilworth. Was William Shakspere at Kenilworth in that summer of 1575, when the great Dudley entertained Elizabeth with a splendour which annalists have delighted to record, and upon which one of our own days has bestowed a fame more imperishable than that of any annals? Percy, speaking of the old Coventry Hock-play, says, "Whatever this old play or storial show was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakspere for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these 'princely pleasures of Kenilworth,' whence Stratford is only a few miles distant."<sup>a</sup> The preparations for this celebrated entertainment were on so magnificent a scale, the purveyings must have been so enormous, the posts so unintermitting, that there had needed not the flourishings of paragraphs (for the age of paragraphs was not as yet) to have roused the curiosity of all mid-England. Elizabeth had visited Kenilworth on two previous occasions,—in 1565, and in 1572.

Whether the boy Shakspere was at Kenilworth in 1575, when Robert Dudley welcomed his sovereign with a more than regal magnificence, is not necessary to be affirmed or denied. It is tolerably clear that the exquisite speech of

<sup>a</sup> 'On the Origin of the English Stage':—*Reliquæ*, vol. i.

Oberon in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is associated with some of the poetical devices which he might have thereto beheld, or have heard described :—

" *Obe.* My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, (but thou couldest not,)  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal thronged by the west;  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon  
And the imperial votress passed on,  
In maiden meditation fancy-free."

The most remarkable of the shows of Kenilworth were associated with the mythology and the romance of lakes and seas. " Triton, in likeness of a mermaid, came towards the Queen's Majesty." " Arion appeared sitting on a dolphin's back." So the quaint and really poetical George Gascoigne, in his 'Brief Rehearsal, or rather a true Copy of as much as was presented before her Majesty at Kenilworth.' But the diffuse and most entertaining coxcomb Laneham describes a song of Arion, with an ecstacy which may justify the belief that the "dulcet and harmonious breath" of "the sea-maid's music" might be the echo of the melodies heard by the young poet as he stood beside the lake at Kenilworth :— " Now, Sir, the ditty in metre so aptly endited to the matter, and after by voice deliciously delivered ; the song, by a skilful artist into his parts so sweetly sorted ; each part in his instrument so clean and sharply touched ; every instrument again in his kind so excellently tunable ; and this in the evening of the day, resounding from the calm waters, where the presence of her Majesty, and longing to listen, had utterly damped all noise and din, the whole harmony conveyed in time, tune, and temper thus incomparably melodious ; with what pleasure (Master Martin), with what

sharpness of conceit, with what lively delight this might pierce into the hearers' hearts, I pray ye imagine yourself as ye may." If Elizabeth be the "fair vestal throned by the west," of which there can be no reasonable doubt, the most appropriate scene of the mermaid's song would be Kenilworth, and "that very time" the summer of 1575.

Percy, believing that the boy Shakspere was at Kenilworth, has remarked, with his usual taste and judgment, that "the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment must have had a very great effect upon a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world." Without assuming with Percy that "our young bard gained admittance into the castle" on the evening when "after supper was there a play of a very good theme presented; but so set forth, by the actors' well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more;"<sup>a</sup> yielding not our consent to Tieck's fiction, that the boy performed the part of "Echo" in Gascoigne's address to the Queen, and was allowed to see the whole of the performances by the especial favour of her Majesty,—we may believe there were parts of that entertainment, which, without being a favoured spectator, William Shakspere with his friends might have beheld; and which "must have had a very great effect upon a young imagination," assisting, too, in giving it that dramatic tendency, which was a peculiar characteristic of the simplest and the commonest festivals of his age.

And yet it is difficult to imagine anything more tedious than the fulsome praise, the mythological pedantries, the obscure allusions to Constancy and Deep-Desire, which were poured into the ears of Elizabeth during the nineteen days of Kenilworth. There was not, according to the historians of this visit, one fragment of our real old poetry produced, to gratify the Queen of a nation that had the songs and ballads of the chivalrous times still fresh upon its lips. There were no Minstrels at Kenilworth; the Harper was unbidden to its halls. The old English spirit of poetry was dead in a scheming court. It was something higher than in

<sup>a</sup> Laneham.

a few years called up Spenser and Shakspere. Yet there was one sport, emanating from the people, which had heart and reality in it. Laneham describes this as a “good sport presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry, my lord’s neighbours there.” The description by Laneham is the only precise account which remains to us of the “old storial show.” It was a show not to be despised ; for it told the people how their Saxon ancestors had arisen to free themselves from “outrage and unsupportable insolency,” and “how valiantly our Englishwomen, for love of their country, behaved themselves.” It is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that of Percy, that the play, as originally performed by the men of Coventry, “expressed in action and rhymes after their manner,”—representing a complicated historical event,—the insolence of tyranny, the indignation of the oppressed, the grievous complaint of one injured chieftain, the secret counsels, the plots, the conflicts, the triumph,—must have offered us “a regular model of a complete drama.” If the young Shakspere were a witness to the performance of this drama, his imagination would have been more highly and more worthily excited than if he had been the favoured spectator of all the shows of Tritons, and Dianas, and Ladies of the Lake that proceeded from “the conceit so deep in casting the plot” of his lordship of Leicester. It would be not too much to believe that this storial show might first suggest to him how English history might be dramatised ; how a series of events, terminating in some remarkable catastrophe, might be presented to the eye ; how fighting-men might be marshalled on a mimic field ; how individual heroism might stand out from amongst the mass, having its own fit expression of thought and passion ; how the wife or the mother, the sister or the mistress, might be there to uphold the hero, even as the Englishwomen assisted their warriors ; and how all this might be made to move the hearts of the people, as the old ballads had once moved them. Such a result would have repaid a visit to Kenilworth by William Shakspere. Without this, he, his father, and their friends, might have retired from the scene of Dudley’s magnificence, as most thinking persons in all probability retired, with little satisfaction

There was lavish expense; but, according to the most credible accounts, the possessor of Kenilworth was the oppressor of his district. We see him not delighting to show his Queen a happy tenantry, such as the less haughty and ambitious nobles and esquires were anxious to cultivate. The people came under the windows of Elizabeth as objects of ridicule. Slavish homage would be there to Leicester from the gentlemen of the county. They would replenish his butteries with their gifts; they would ride upon his errands; they would wear his livery. There was one gentleman in Warwickshire who would not thus do Leicester homage—Edward Arden, the head of the great house of Arden, the cousin of William Shakspere's mother. But the mighty favourite was too powerful for him: “Which Edward, though a gentleman not inferior to the rest of his ancestors in those virtues wherewith they were adorned, had the hard hap to come to an untimely death in 27 Eliz., the charge laid against him being no less than high treason against the Queen, as privy to some foul intentions that Master Somerville, his son-in-law (a Roman Catholic), had towards her person: For which he was prosecuted with so great rigour and violence, by the Earl of Leicester's means, whom he had irritated in some particulars (as I have credibly heard), partly in disdaining to wear his livery, which many in this county, of his rank, thought, in those days, no small honour to them; but chiefly for galling him by certain harsh expressions, touching his private accesses to the Countess of Essex before she was his wife; that through the testimony of one Hall, a priest, he was found guilty of the fact, and lost his life in Smithfield.”<sup>a</sup> The late Rev. N. J. Halpin, who has contributed a most interesting tract to the publications of ‘The Shakspere Society’ on the subject of ‘Oberon’s Vision in the Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ has explained the allusions in that exquisite passage with far more success than the belief of Warburton that the Queen of Scots was pointed at, or of Mr. Boaden that Amy Robsart was the “little western flower.” He considers that Edward Arden, a spectator of those very entertainments at Kenil-

<sup>a</sup> Dugdale’s ‘Warwickshire,’ p. 681.

worth, discovered Leicester's guilty "accesses to the Countess of Essex ;" that the expression of Oberon, "That *very time*, I saw, but thou couldst not," referred to this discovery ; that when "the Imperial Votaress passed on," he "marked where the bolt of Cupid fell ;" that "the little western flower," pure, "milk-white" before that time, became spotted, "purple with love's wound." We may add that there is bitter satire in what follows—"that flower," retaining the original influence, "will make or man or woman madly dote," as Lettice, Countess of Essex, was infatuated by Leicester. The discovery of Edward Arden, and his "harsh expressions" concerning it, might be traditions in Shakspere's family, and be safely allegorised by the poet in 1594, when Leicester was gone to his account.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE first who attempted to write 'Some Account of the Life of William Shakspeare,' Rowe, says, "His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of : but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language." This statement, be it remembered, was written one hundred and thirty years after the event which it professes to record —the early removal of William Shakspere from the free-school to which he had been sent by his father. It is manifestly based upon two assumptions, both of which are incorrect :—The first, that his father had a large family of ten children, and was so narrowed in his circumstances that he could not spare even the *time* of his eldest son, he being taught for nothing ; and, secondly, that the son, by his early removal from the school where he acquired "what Latin he was master of," was prevented attaining "a proficiency in that language," his works manifesting "an igno-

rance of the ancients." Mr. Halliwell, commenting upon this statement, says, "John Shakspeare's circumstances began to fail him when William was about fourteen, and he then withdrew him from the grammar-school, for the purpose of obtaining his assistance in his agricultural pursuits." Was fourteen an unusually early age for a boy to be removed from a grammar-school? We think not, at a period when there were boy-bachelors at the Universities. If he had been taken from the school three years before, when he was eleven,—certainly an early age,—we should have seen his father then recorded, in 1575, as the purchaser of two freehold houses in Henley Street, and the "narrowness of his circumstances," as the reason of Shakspere's "no better proficiency," would have been at once exploded. In his material allegation Rowe utterly fails.

The family of John Shakspere did not consist of ten children. In the year 1578, when the school education of William may be reasonably supposed to have terminated, and before which period his "assistance at home" would rather have been embarrassing than useful to his father, the family consisted of five children: William, aged fourteen; Gilbert, twelve; Joan, nine; Anne, seven; and Richard, four. Anne died early in the following year; and in 1580, Edmund, the youngest child, was born; so that the family never exceeded five living at the same time. But still the circumstances of John Shakspere, even with five children, might have been straitened. The assertion of Rowe excited the persevering diligence of Malone; and he collected together a series of documents from which he infers, or leaves the reader to infer, that John Shakspere and his family gradually sank from their station of respectability at Stratford into the depths of poverty and ruin. The sixth section of Malone's posthumous 'Life' is devoted to a consideration of this subject. It thus commences: "The manufacture of gloves, which was, at this period, a very flourishing one, both at Stratford and Worcester (in which latter city it is still carried on with great success), however generally beneficial, should seem, from whatever cause, to have afforded our poet's father but a scanty maintenance." We have endeavoured to show to what extent, and in what manner, John Shakspere

was a glover. However, be his occupation what it may, Malone affirms that "when our author was about fourteen years old" the "distressed situation" of his father was evident: it rests "upon surer grounds than conjecture." The corporation books have shown that on particular occasions, such as the visitation of the plague in 1564, John Shakspere contributed like others to the relief of the poor; but now, in January, 1577-8, he is taxed for the necessities of the borough only to pay half what other aldermen pay; and in November of the same year, whilst other aldermen are assessed fourpence weekly towards the relief of the poor, John Shakspere "shall not be taxed to pay anything." In 1579 the sum levied upon him for providing soldiers at the charge of the borough is returned, amongst similar sums of other persons, as "unpaid and unaccounted for." There are other corroborative proofs of John Shakspere's poverty at this period brought forward by Malone. In this precise year, 1578, he mortgages his wife's inheritance of Asbies to Edmund Lambert for forty pounds; and, in the same year, the will of Mr. Roger Sadler of Stratford, to which is subjoined a list of debts due to him, shows that John Shakspere was indebted to him five pounds; for which sum Edmund Lambert was a security,—"By which," says Malone, "it appears that John Shakspere was then considered insolvent, if not as one depending rather on the credit of others than his own." It is of little consequence to the present age to know whether an alderman of Stratford, nearly three hundred years past, became unequal to maintain his social position; but to enable us to form a right estimate of the education of William Shakspere, and of the circumstances in which he was placed at the most influential period of his life, it may not be unprofitable to consider how far these revelations of the private affairs of his father support the case which Malone holds he has so triumphantly proved. At the time in question, the best evidence is unfortunately destroyed; for the registry of the Court of Record at Stratford is wanting, from 1569 to 1585. Nothing has been added to what Malone has collected as to this precise period. It amounts therefore to this,—that in 1578 he mortgages an estate for forty pounds; that he is indebted also five pounds to a

friend for which his mortgagee had become security ; and that he is excused one public assessment, and has not contributed to another. At this time he is the possessor of two freehold houses in Henley Street, bought in 1574. Malone, a lawyer by profession, supposes that the money for which Asbies was mortgaged went to pay the purchase of the Stratford freeholds ; according to which theory, these freeholds had been unpaid for during four years, and the "good and lawful money" was not "in hand" when the vendor parted with the premises. We hold, we think more reasonably, that in 1578, when he mortgaged Asbies, John Shakspere became the purchaser, or at any rate the occupier, of lands in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough ; and that, in either case, the money for which Asbies was mortgaged was the capital employed in this undertaking. The lands which were purchased by William Shakspere of the Combe family, in 1601, are described in the deed as "lying or being within the parish, fields, or town of Old Stratford." But the will of William Shakspere, he having become the heir-at-law of his father, devises all his lands and tenements "within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe." Old Stratford is a local denomination, essentially different from Bishopton or Welcombe ; and, therefore, whilst the lands purchased by the son in 1601 might be those recited in the will as lying in Old Stratford, he might have derived from his father the lands of Bishopton and Welcombe, of the purchase of which by himself we have no record. But we have a distinct record that William Shakspere did derive lands from his father, in the same way that he inherited the two freeholds in Henley Street. Mr. Halliwell prints, without any inference, a "Deed of Settlement of Shakespeare's Property, 1639 ;" that deed contains a remarkable recital, which appears conclusive as to the position of the father as a landed proprietor. The fine for the purpose of settlement is taken upon—1, a tenement in Blackfriars ; 2, a tenement at Acton ; 3, the capital messuage of New Place ; 4, the tenement in Henley Street ; 5, one hundred and twenty-seven acres of land purchased of Combe ; and 6, "all other the messuages, lands, tenements

and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being in the towns, hamlets, villages, fields and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or any of them, in the said county of Warwick, which heretofore were the INHERITANCE of William Shakspere, gent., deceased." The word inheritance could only be used in one legal sense; *they came to him by descent*, as heir-at-law of his father. It would be difficult to find a more distinct confirmation of the memorandum upon the grant of arms in the Herald's College to John Shakspere, "he hath lands and tenements, of good wealth and substance, 500*l.*" The lands of Bishopton and Welcombe are in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough. Bishopton was a hamlet, having an ancient chapel of ease. We hold, then, that in the year 1578 John Shakspere, having become more completely an agriculturist—a *yeoman*, as he is described in a deed of 1579—ceased, for the purposes of business, to be an occupier within the borough of Stratford. Other aldermen are rated to pay towards the furniture of pikemen, billmen, and archers, six shillings and eightpence; whilst John Shakspere is to pay three shillings and fourpence. Why less than other aldermen? The next entry but one, which relates to a brother alderman, suggests an answer to the question:—"Robert Bratt, nothing IN THIS PLACE." Again, ten months after,—"It is ordained that every alderman shall pay weekly, towards the relief of the poor, four-pence, save John Shakspere and Robert Bratt, who shall not be taxed to pay any thing." Here John Shakspere is associated with Robert Bratt, who, according to the previous entry, was to pay nothing in this place; that is, in the *borough* of Stratford, to which the orders of the council alone apply. The return in 1579 of Mr. Shakspere as leaving unpaid the sum of three shillings and three-pence, was the return upon a levy for the *borough*, in which, although the possessor of property, he might have ceased to reside, or have only partially resided, paying his assessments in the *parish*. The Borough of Stratford and the Parish of Stratford are essentially different things, as regards entries of the Corporation and of the Court of Record. The Report from Commissioners of the Municipal Corporations says "The limits of the borough extend over a space of about

half a mile in breadth, and rather more in length \* \* \*. The mayor, recorder, and senior aldermen of the borough have also jurisdiction, as justices of the peace, over a small town or suburb adjoining the Church of Stratford-upon-Avon, called Old Stratford, and over the precincts of the church itself." We shall have occasion to revert to this distinction between the borough and the parish at a more advanced period in the life of Shakspere's father, when his utter ruin has been somewhat rashly inferred from certain obscure registers.

Seeing, then, that at any rate, in the year 1574, when John Shakspere purchased two freehold houses in Stratford, it was scarcely necessary for him to withdraw his son William from school, as Rowe has it, on account of the narrowness of his circumstances (the education of that school costing the father nothing), it is not difficult to believe that the son remained there till the period when boys were usually withdrawn from grammar-schools. In those days the education of the university commenced much earlier than at present. Boys intended for the learned professions, and more especially for the church, commonly went to Oxford and Cambridge at eleven or twelve years of age. If they were not intended for those professions, they probably remained at the grammar-school till they were thirteen or fourteen ; and then they were fitted for being apprenticed to tradesmen, or articled to attorneys, a numerous and thriving body in those days of cheap litigation. Many also went early to the Inns of Court, which were the universities of the law, and where there was real study and discipline in direct connection with the several Societies. To assume that William Shakspere did not stay long enough at the grammar-school of Stratford to obtain a very fair "proficiency in Latin," with some knowledge of Greek, is to assume an absurdity upon the face of the circumstances ; and it could never have been assumed at all, had not Rowe, setting out upon a false theory, that, because in the works of Shakspere, "we scarce find any traces of anything that looks like an imitation of the ancients," held that therefore "his not copying at least something from them may be an argument of his never having read them." Opposed to this is the statement of Aubrey, much nearer to the times of Shakspere : "he understood Latin

pretty well." Rowe had been led into his illogical inference by the "small Latin and less Greek" of Jonson ; the "old mother-wit" of Denham ; the "his learning was very little" of Fuller; the "native wood-notes wild" of Milton,—phrases, every one of which is to be taken with considerable qualification, whether we regard the peculiar characters of the utterers, or the circumstances connected with the words themselves. The question rests not upon the interpretation of the dictum of this authority or that ; but upon the indisputable fact that the very earliest writings of Shakspere are imbued with a spirit of classical antiquity ; and that the allusive nature of the learning that manifests itself in them, whilst it offers the best proof of his familiarity with the ancient writers, is a circumstance which has misled those who never attempted to dispute the existence of the learning which was displayed in the direct pedantry of his contemporaries. "*If*," said Hales of Eton, "he had not *read* the classics, he had likewise not *stolen* from them." Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and all the early dramatists, overload their plays with quotation and mythological allusion. According to Hales, they steal, and therefore they have read. He who uses his knowledge skilfully is assumed not to have read.

It is scarcely necessary to entertain any strong opinions as to the worldly calling of William Shakspere, between the period of his leaving the grammar-school and his occupation as a dramatic poet and actor. The internal evidence of his writings would appear to show the most intimate acquaintance with the ordinary life of a cultivator ; and his own pursuits, in his occasional or complete retirement at Stratford, exhibit the same tastes. But Malone has a confident belief that upon Shakspere leaving school he was placed for two or three years in the office of one of the seven attorneys who practised in the Court of Record in Stratford. Mr. Wheler, of Stratford, having taken up the opinion many years ago, upon the suggestion of Malone, that Shakspere might have been in an attorney's office, availed himself of his opportunities as a solicitor to examine hundreds of documents of Shakspere's time, in the hope of discovering his signature. No such signature was found. Malone adds, "The comprehensive mind of our poet, it must be owned,

embraced almost every object of nature, every trade and every art, the manners of every description of men, and the general language of almost every profession : but his knowledge and application of legal terms seem to me not merely such as might have been acquired by the casual observation of his all-comprehending mind ; it has the appearance of technical skill ; and he is so fond of displaying it on all occasions, that there is, I think, some ground for supposing that he was early initiated in at least the forms of the law." \* Malone then cites a number of passages exemplifying Shakspere's knowledge and application of legal terms. The theory was originally propounded by Malone, in his edition of 1790 ; and it gave rise to many subsequent notes of the commentators, pointing out these technical allusions. The frequency of their occurrence, and the accuracy of their use, are, however, no proof to us that Shakspere was professionally a lawyer. There is every reason to believe that the principles of law, especially of the law of real property, were much more generally understood in those days than in our own. Educated men, chiefly those who possessed property, looked upon law as a science instead of a mystery ; and its terms were used in familiar speech instead of being regarded as a technical jargon. When Hamlet says, " This fellow might be in his time a great *buyer of land*, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries," he employs terms with which every gentleman was familiar, because the owner of property was often engaged in a practical acquaintance with them. This is one of the examples given by Malone. " No writer," again says Malone, " but one who had been conversant with the technical language of leases and other conveyances, would have used *determination* as synonymous to *end*." He refers to a passage in the 13th Sonnet,—

" So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no *determination*."

We may add that Coriolanus uses the verb in the same way :—

" Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?  
Must all *determine* here?"

\* Posthumous 'Life.'

The word is used as a term of law, with a full knowledge of its primary meaning ; and so Shakspere uses it. The Chroniclers use it in the same way. Upon the passage in the Sonnets to which we have just referred, Malone has a note, with a parallel passage from Daniel :—

“In beauty's lease expir'd, appears  
The date of age, the calends of our death.”

Daniel was not a lawyer, but a scholar and a courtier. Upon the passage in Richard III.,—

“Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou *demise* to any child of mine ?”—

Malone asks what poet but Shakspere has used the word *demise* in this sense ; observing that “hath demised, granted, and to farm let” is the constant language of leases. Being the constant language, a man of the world would be familiar with it. A quotation from a theologian may show this familiarity as well as one from a poet :—“I conceive it ridiculous to make the condition of an *indenture* something that is necessarily annexed to the possession of the *demise*.” If Warburton had used law-terms in this logical manner, we might have recollected his early career ; but we do not learn that Hammond, the great divine from whom we quote, had any other than a theological education. We are further told, when Davy says to Shallow, in ‘Henry IV.,’ “Those *precepts* cannot be served,” that *precepts*, in this sense, is a word only known in the office of a justice of peace. Very different would it have been indeed from Shakspere’s usual precision, had he put any word in the mouth of the justice’s clerk that was not known in his office. When the Boatswain, in ‘The Tempest,’ roars out “Take in the topsail,” he uses a phrase that is known only on shipboard. In the passage of ‘Henry IV.,’ Part II.,—

“For what in me was *purchas'd*,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,”—

it is held that *purchase*, being used in its strict legal sense, could be known only to a lawyer. An educated man could scarcely avoid knowing the great distinction of *purchase* as opposed to *descent*, the only two modes of acquiring real estate. This general knowledge, which it would be very re-

markable if Shakspere had not acquired, involves the use of the familiar law-terms of his day, *fee simple, fine and recovery, entail, remainder, escheat, mortgage*. The commonest practice of the law, such as a sharp boy would have learnt in two or three casual attendances upon the Bailiff's Court at Stratford, would have familiarised Shakspere very early with the words which are held to imply considerable technical knowledge—*action, bond, warrant, bill, suit, plea, arrest*. It must not be forgotten that the terms of law, however they may be technically applied, belong to the habitual commerce of mankind ; they are no abstract terms, but essentially deal with human acts, and interests, and thoughts : and it is thus that, without any fanciful analogies, they more readily express the feelings of those who use them with a general signification, than any other words that the poet could apply. A writer who has carried the theory of Shakspere's professional occupation farther than even Malone, holds that the Poems are especially full of these technical terms ; and he gives many instances from the 'Venus and Adonis,' the 'Lucrece,' and the 'Sonnets,' saying, "they swarm in his poems even to deformity."<sup>a</sup> Surely, when we read those exquisite lines,—

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought  
I *summon* up remembrance of things past,"—

we think of anything else than the judge and the crier of the court ; and yet this is one of the examples produced in proof of this theory. Dryden's noble use of "the last *assizes*" is no evidence that he was a lawyer <sup>b</sup>. Many similar instances are given, equally founded, we think, upon the mistake of believing that the technical language has no relation to the general language. Metaphorical, no doubt, are some of these expressions, such as

"But be contented when that fell *arrest*  
Without all *bail* shall carry me away ;"

but the metaphors are as familiar to the reader as to the poet himself. They present a clear and forcible image to the mind ; and, looking at the habits of society, they can scarcely be called technical. Dekker describes the conversation at a

<sup>a</sup> Brown's 'Autobiographical Poems,' &c.

<sup>b</sup> 'Ode on Mrs. Killigrew.'

third-rate London ordinary :—"There is another ordinary, at which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your thrifty attorney, do resort ; the price threepence ; the rooms as full of company as a jail ; and indeed divided into several wards, like the beds of an hospital. The compliment between these is not much, their words few ; for the belly hath no ears : every man's eye here is upon the other man's trencher, to note whether his fellow lurch him, or no : if they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but of statutes, bonds, recognizances, fines, recoveries, audits, rents, subsidies, sureties, enclosures, liveries, indictments, outlawries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankrupts, amercements, and of such horrible matter."\* Here is pretty good evidence of the general acquaintance with the law's jargon ; and Dekker, who was himself a dramatic poet, has put together in a few lines as many technical terms as we may find in Shakspere.

The ancient accounts of the Chamberlain of the borough of Stratford exhibit a number of payments made out of the funds of the corporation for theatrical performances. In 1569, when John Shakspere was chief magistrate, there is a payment of nine shillings to the Queen's players, and of twelve-pence to the Earl of Worcester's players. In 1573 the Earl of Leicester's players received six shillings and eight-pence. In 1574 "my Lord of Warwick's players" have a gratuity of seventeen shillings, and the Earl of Worcester's players of five and seven-pence. In 1577 "my Lord of Leicester's players" receive fifteen shillings, and "my Lord of Worcester's players" three and four-pence. In 1579 and 1580 the entries are more circumstantial :—

" 1579. Item paid to my Lord Strange men the xi<sup>th</sup> day of February at the comaunderment of Mr. Bayliffe, vs.

P<sup>e</sup> at the commandement of Mr. Baliffe to the Countys of Essex plears, xiiis. vid.

1580. P<sup>e</sup> to the Earle of Darbyes players at the comaunderment of Mr. Baliffe, viiiis. ivd."

It thus appears that there had been three sets of players at Stratford within a short distance of the time when William Shakspere was sixteen years of age.

\* Dekker's 'Gull's Hornbook' 1609.

It is a curious circumstance that the most precise and interesting account which we possess of one of the earliest of the theatrical performances is from the recollection of a man who was born in the same year as William Shakspere. In 1639 R. W. (R. Willis), stating his age to be seventy-five, published a little volume, called 'Mount Tabor,' which contains a passage, "upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child," which is essential to be given in any history or sketch of the early stage.

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations) that, when players of interludes come to town, they first attend the mayor, to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their public playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the mayor's play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect unto them. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called 'The Cradle of Security,' wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him, and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him to sleep, that he snorted again, and in the mean time closely conveyed under the clothes wherewithal he was covered a vizard like a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage two old men, the one in blue, with a sergeant-at-arms his mace on his shoulder,

the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder, and so they two went along in a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in greatest jollity, and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearful blow upon the cradle, whereat all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished ; and the desolate prince, starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the moral the wicked of the world ; the three ladies, pride, covetousness, and luxury ; the two old men, the end of the world and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards man's estate it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted."

We now understand why the bailiff of Stratford paid the players out of the public money. The first performance of each company in this town was the bailiff's, or chief magistrate's, play ; and thus, when the father of William Shakspere was bailiff, the boy might have stood "between his legs as he sat upon one of the benches."

The hall of the Guild, which afterwards became the Town Hall, was the occasional theatre of Stratford. It is now a long room, and somewhat low, the building being divided into two floors, the upper of which is used as the Grammar-School. The elevation for the Court at one end of the hall would form the stage ; and on one side is an ancient separate chamber to which the performers would retire. With a due provision of benches, about three hundred persons could be accommodated in this room ; and no doubt Mr. Bailiff would be liberal in the issue of his invitations, so that Stratford might not grudge its expenditure of five shillings.

It would appear from Willis's description that 'The Cradle of Security' was for the most part dumb show. It is probable that he was present at its performance at Gloucester when he was six or seven years of age ; it evidently belongs to that class of moral plays which were of the simplest construction. And yet it was popular long after the English

drama had reached its highest eminence. When the pageants and mysteries had been put down by the force of public opinion, when spectacles of a dramatic character had ceased to be employed as instruments of religious instruction, the professional players who had sprung up founded their popularity for a long period upon the ancient habits and associations of the people. Our drama was essentially formed by a course of steady progress, and not by rapid transition. We are accustomed to say that the drama was created by Shakspere, Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, and a few others of distinguished genius ; but they all of them worked upon a foundation which was ready for them. The superstructure of real tragedy and comedy had to be erected upon the moral plays, the romances, the histories, which were beginning to be popular in the very first days of Queen Elizabeth, and continued to be so, even in their very rude forms, beyond the close of her long reign.

The controversy upon the lawfulness of stage-plays was a remarkable feature of the period which we are now noticing ; and, as pamphlets were to that age what newspapers are to ours, there can be little doubt that even in the small literary society of Stratford the tracts upon this subject might be well known. The dispute about the Theatre was a contest between the holders of opposite opinions in religion. The Puritans, who even at that time were strong in their zeal, if not in their numbers, made the Theatre the especial object of their indignation, for its unquestionable abuses allowed them so to frame their invectives that they might tell with double force against every description of public amusement, against poetry in general, against music, against dancing, associated as they were with the excesses of an ill-regulated stage. A treatise of John Northbrooke, licensed for the press in 1577, is directed against "dicing, dancing, vain plays, or interludes." Gosson, who had been a student of Christchurch, Oxford, had himself written two or three plays previous to his publication, in 1579, of 'The School of Abuse, containing a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth.' This book, written with considerable ostentation of learning, and indeed with no common vigour and occasional eloquence, defeats its

own purposes by too large an aim. Poets, whatever be the character of their poetry, are the objects of Gosson's new-born hostility. The three abuses of the time are held to be inseparable :—“ As poetry and piping are cousin-germans, so piping and playing are of great affinity, and all three chained in links of abuse.” If the young Shakspere had his ambition turned towards dramatic poetry when he was sixteen, that ambition was not likely to be damped by Gosson's general declamation.

The earliest, and the most permanent, of poetical associations are those which are impressed upon the mind by localities which have a deep historical interest. It would be difficult to find a district possessing more striking remains of a past time than the neighbourhood in which William Shakspere spent his youth. The poetical feeling which the battle-fields, and castles, and monastic ruins of mid-England would excite in him, may be reasonably considered to have derived an intensity through the real history of these celebrated spots being vague, and for the most part traditional. The age of local historians had not yet arrived. The monuments of the past were indeed themselves much more fresh and perfect than in the subsequent days, when every tomb inscription was copied, and every mouldering document set forth. But in the year of 1580, if William Shakspere desired to know, for example, with some precision, the history which belonged to those noble towers of Warwick upon which he had often gazed with a delight that scarcely required to be based upon knowledge, he would look in vain for any guide to his inquiries. Some old people might tell him that they remembered their fathers to have spoken of one John Rous, the son of Geoffrey Rous of Warwick, who, having diligently studied at Oxford, and obtained a reputation for uncommon learning, rejected all ambitious thoughts, shut himself up with his books in the solitude of Guy's Cliff, and was engaged to the last in writing the Chronicles of his country, and especially the history of his native County and its famous Earls : and there, in the quiet of that pleasant place, performing his daily offices of devotion as a chantry priest in the little chapel, did John Rous live a life of happy industry

till 1491. But the world in general derived little profit from his labours. Yet if the future Poet sustained some disadvantage by living before the days of antiquarian minuteness, he could still dwell in the past, and people it with the beings of his own imagination. The Chroniclers would, however, afford him ample materials to work into his own topography. There was a truth which was to be found amidst all the mistakes and contradictions of the annalists—the great poetical truth, that the devices of men are insufficient to establish any permanent command over events ; that crime would be followed by retribution ; that evil passions would become their own tormentors ; that injustice could not be successful to the end ; that although dimly seen and unwillingly acknowledged, the great presiding power of the world could make evil work for good, and advance the general happiness out of the particular misery. This was the mode, we believe, in which that thoughtful youth read the Chronicles of his country, whether brief or elaborate. Looking at them by the strong light of local association, there would be local tradition at hand to enforce that universal belief in the justice of God's providence which is in itself alone one of the many proofs of that justice.

Hall, the chronicler, writing his history of 'The Families of Lancaster and York,' about seventy years after the "continual dissension for the crown of this noble realm" was terminated, says,—"What nobleman liveth at this day, or what gentleman of any ancient stock or progeny is clear, whose lineage hath not been infested and plagued with this unnatural division ?" During the boyhood of William Shakspere, it cannot be doubted that he would meet with many a gentleman, and many a yeoman, who would tell him how their forefathers had been thus "infested and plagued." The traditions of the most stirring events of that contest would at this time be about a century old ; generally diluted in their interest by passing through the lips of three or four generations, but occasionally presented vividly to the mind of the inquiring boy in the narration of some amongst the "hoary-headed eld," whose fathers had fought at Bosworth or Tewksbury. Many of these traditions, too, would be es-

sentially local ; extending back even to the period when the banished Duke of Hereford in his bold march

"From Ravenspurg to Cotswold," \*

gathered a host of followers in the counties of Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick, and Worcester. Fields, where battles had been fought ; towns, where parliaments had assembled, and treaties had been ratified ; castles, where the great leaders had stood at bay, or had sallied forth upon the terrified country—such were the objects which the young poet would associate with many an elaborate description of the chroniclers, and many an interesting anecdote of his ancient neighbours. It appears to us that his dramatic power was early directed towards this long and complicated story, by some principle even more exciting than its capabilities for the purposes of the drama. It was the story, we think, which was presented to him in the evening-talk around the hearth of his childhood ; it was the story whose written details were most accessible to him, being narrated by Hall with a rare minuteness of picturesque circumstance, but it was a story also of which his own district had been the scene, in many of its most stirring events. Out of ten English Historical Plays which were written by him, and some undoubtedly amongst his first performances, he has devoted eight to circumstances belonging to this memorable story. No other nation ever possessed such a history of the events of a century,—a history in which the agents are not the hard abstractions of warriors and statesmen, but men of flesh and blood like ourselves ; men of passion, and crime, and virtue ; elevated perhaps by the poetical art, but filled, also through that art, with such a wondrous life, that we dwell amongst them as if they were of our own day, and feel that they must have spoken as he has made them speak, and act as he has made them act. It is in vain that we are told that some events are omitted, and some transposed ; that documentary history does not exhibit its evidence *here*, that a contemporary narrative somewhat militates against the representation *there*. The general truth of this dramatic history cannot be shaken. It is a philosophical history in the very

\* 'Richard II.' Act II., Scene 8.

highest sense of that somewhat abused term. It contains the philosophy that can only be produced by the union of the noblest imagination with the most just and temperate judgment. It is the loftiness of the poetical spirit which has enabled Shakspere alone to write this history with impartiality. Open the chroniclers, and we find the prejudices of the Yorkist or the Lancastrian manifesting the intensity of the old factious hatred. Who can say to which faction Shakspere belongs? He has comprehended the whole, whilst others knew only a part.

The last play of the series which belongs to the Wars of the Roses is unquestionably written altogether with a more matured power than those which preceded it; yet the links which connect it with the other three plays of the series are so unbroken, the treatment of character is so consistent, and the poetical conception of the whole so uniform, that, whatever amount of criticism may be yet in store to show that our view is incorrect, we now confidently speak of them all as the plays of Shakspere, and of Shakspere alone. Matured, especially in its wonderful exhibition of character, as the 'Richard III.' is, we cannot doubt that the subject was very early familiar to the young poet's mind. The Battle of Bosworth Field was the great event of his own locality, which for a century had fixed the government of England. The course of the Reformation, and especially the dissolution of the monasteries, had produced great social changes, which were in operation at the time in which William Shakspere was born; whose effects, for good and for evil, he must have seen working around him, as he grew from year to year in knowledge and experience. But those events were too recent, and indeed of too delicate a nature, to assume the poetical aspect in his mind. They abided still in the region of prejudice and controversy. It was dangerous to speak of the great religious divisions of a kingdom with a tolerant impartiality. History could scarcely deal with these opinions in a spirit of justice. Poetry, thus, which has regard to what is permanent and universal, has passed by these matters, important as they are. But the great event which placed the Tudor family on the throne, and gave England a stable government, however occasionally distracted by civil and

religious division, was an event which would seize fast upon such a mind as that of William Shakspere. His ancestor, there can be little doubt, had been an adherent of the Earl of Richmond. For his faithful services to the conqueror at Bosworth he was rewarded, as we are assured, by lands in Warwickshire. That field of Bosworth would therefore have to him a family as well as a local interest. Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, who was born about ten years after William Shakspere, tells us "that his great-great-grandfather, John Hardwick, of Lindley, near Bosworth, a man of very short stature, but active and courageous, tendered his service to Henry, with some troops of horse, the night he lay at Atherston, became his guide to the field, advised him in the attack, and how to profit by the sun and by the wind." Burton further says, writing in 1622, that the inhabitants living around the plain called Bosworth Field, more properly the plain of Sutton, "have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory, by reason that some persons thereabout, which saw the battle fought, were living within less than forty years, of which persons myself have seen some, and have heard of their disclosures, though related by the second hand." This, "living within less than forty years" would take us back to about the period which we are now viewing in relation to the life of Shakspere. But certainly there is something over-marvellous in Burton's story, to enable us to think that William Shakspere, even as a very young boy, could have conversed with "some persons thereabout" who had seen a battle fought in 1485. That, as Burton more reasonably of himself says, he might have "heard their discourses at second-hand" is probable enough. Bosworth Field is about thirty miles from Stratford. Burton says that the plain derives its name from Bosworth, "not that this battle was fought at this place (it being fought in a large, flat plain, and spacious ground, three miles distant from this town, between the towns of Shenton, Sutton, Dadlington, and Stoke); but for that this town was the most worthy town of note near adjacent, and was therefore called Bosworth Field. That this battle was fought in this plain appeareth by many remarkable places: By a little mount cast up, where the common report is, that at the first beginning of the

battle Henry Earl of Richmond made his panegyrical oration to his army ; by divers pieces of armour, weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, and by many arrowheads here found, whereof, about twenty years since, at the enclosure of the lordship of Stoke, great store were digged up, of which some I have now (1622) in my custody, being of a long, large, and big proportion, far greater than any now in use ; as also by relation of the inhabitants, who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory." Burton goes on to tell two stories connected with the eventful battle. The one was the vision of King Richard, of "divers fearful ghosts running about him, not suffering him to take any rest, still crying 'Revenge.'" Hall relates the tradition thus :—"The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream, for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest." Burton says, previous to his description of the dream, "The vision is *reported* to be in this manner." And certainly his account of the fearful ghosts "still crying Revenge" is essentially different from that of the chronicler. Shakspere has followed the more poetical account of the old local historian ; which, however, could not have been known to him :—

"Methought the souls of all that I have murther'd  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Did Shakspere obtain his notion from the same source as Burton—from "relation of the inhabitants who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory ?"

The localities amidst which Shakspere lived were, as we have thus seen, highly favourable to his cultivation of a poetical reverence for antiquity. But his unerring observation of the present prevented the past becoming to him an illusion. He had always an earnest patriotism ; he had a strong sense of the blessings which had been conferred upon his own day through the security won out of peril and suffering by the middle classes. The destruction of the old institutions, after the first evil effects had been mitigated by the energy of the people, had diffused capital, and had caused it to be employed with more activity. But he, who scarcely ever stops to notice the political aspects of his own

day, cannot forbear an indignant comment upon the sufferings of the very poorest, which if not caused by, were at least coincident with, the great spoliation of the property of the Church. Poor Tom, "who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned," was no fanciful portrait ; he was the creature of the pauper legislation of half a century. Exhortations in the churches, "for the furtherance of the relief of such as were in unfeigned misery," were prescribed by the statute of the 1st of Edward VI.; but the same statute directs that the unhappy wanderer, after certain forms of proving that he has not offered himself for work, shall be marked V with a hot iron upon his breast, and adjudged to be "*a slave*" for two years to him who brings him before justices of the peace ; and the statute goes on to direct the slave-owner "to cause the said slave to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise." Three years afterwards the statute is repealed, seeing that it could not be carried into effect by reason of the multitude of vagabonds and the extremity of their wants. The whipping and the stocking were applied by successive enactments of Elizabeth. The gallows, too, was always at hand to make an end of the wanderers when, hunted from tithing to tithing, they inevitably became thieves. Nothing but a compulsory provision for the maintenance of the poor could then have saved England from a fearful Jacquerie. It cannot reasonably be doubted that the vast destruction of capital by the dissolution of the monasteries threw for many years a quantity of superfluous labour upon the yet unsettled capital of the ordinary industry of the country. That Shakspere had witnessed much of this misery is evident from his constant disposition to despise "*a soul of goodness in things evil*," and from his indignant hatred of the heartlessness of petty authority :—

"Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand."

And yet, with many social evils about him, the age of Shakspere's youth was one in which the people were making a great intellectual progress. The poor were ill provided for. The church was in an unsettled state, attacked by the natural restlessness of those who looked upon the Reformation with regret and hatred, and by the rigid enemies of its traditional

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ceremonies and ancient observances, who had sprung up in its bosom. The promises which had been made that education should be fostered by the state had utterly failed ; for even the preservation of the universities, and the protection and establishment of a few grammar-schools, had been unwillingly conceded by the avarice of those daring statesmen who had swallowed up the riches of the ancient establishment. The genial spirit of the English yeomanry had received a check from the intolerance of the powerful sect who frowned upon all sports and recreations—who despised the arts—who held poets and pipers to be “caterpillars of a commonwealth.” But yet the wonderful stirring up of the intellect of the nation had made it an age favourable for the cultivation of the highest literature ; and most favourable to those who looked upon society, as the young Shakspere must have looked, in the spirit of cordial enjoyment and practical wisdom.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

CHARLCOTE :—the name is familiar to every reader of Shakspere ; but it is not presented to the world under the influence of pleasant associations with the world’s poet. The story, which was first told by Rowe, must be here repeated :—“ An extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up ; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely ; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost,

yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London."\* The good old gossip Aubrey is wholly silent about the deer-stealing and the flight to London, merely saying, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen." But there were other antiquarian gossips of Aubrey's age, who have left us their testimony upon this subject. The Rev. William Fulman, a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who died in 1688, bequeathed his papers to the Rev. Richard Davies of Sandford, Oxfordshire; and on the death of Mr. Davies, in 1707, these papers were deposited in the library of Corpus Christi. Fulman appears to have made some collections for the biography of our English poets, and under the name Shakspere he gives the dates of his birth and death. But Davies, who added notes to his friend's manuscripts, affords us the following piece of information:—"He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpat, and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms." The accuracy of this chronicler, as to events supposed to have happened a hundred years before he wrote, may be inferred from his correctness in what was accessible to him. Justice Clodpat is a new character; and the three louses rampant have diminished strangely from the "dozen white luces" of Master Slender. In Mr. Davies's account we have no mention of the ballad—through which, according to Rowe, the young poet revenged his "ill usage." But Capell, the editor of Shakspere, found a new testimony to that fact: "The writer of his 'Life,' the first modern [Rowe], speaks of a 'lost ballad,' which added fuel, he says, to the knight's before-conceived anger, and 'redoubled the prosecution'; and calls the ballad 'the first essay of Shakespeare's poetry.'

\* 'Some Account of the Life of William Shakespear,' written by Mr. Rowe.

one stanza of it, which has the appearance of genuine, was put into the editor's hands many years ago by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver), with this account of the way in which it descended to him : Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in the year 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakespeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park ; and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition—that the ballad written against Sir Thomas by Shakespeare was stuck upon his park-gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones had put down in writing the first stanza of the ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it in writing." This, then, is the entire evidence as to the deer-stealing tradition. According to Rowe, the young Shakspere was engaged more than once in robbing a park, for which he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy ; he made a ballad upon his prosecutor, and then, being more severely pursued, fled to London. According to Davies, he was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits ; for which he was often whipped, sometimes imprisoned, and at last forced to fly the country. According to Jones, the tradition of Rowe was correct as to robbing the park ; and the obnoxious ballad being stuck upon the park-gate, a lawyer of Warwick was authorised to prosecute the offender. The tradition is thus full of contradictions upon the face of it. It necessarily would be so, for each of the witnesses speaks of circumstances that must have happened a hundred years before his time. We must examine the credibility of the tradition therefore by inquiring what was the state of the law as to the offence for which William Shakspere is said to have been prosecuted ; what was the state of public opinion as to the offence ; and what was the position of Sir Thomas Lucy as regarded his immediate neighbours.

The law in operation at the period in question was the 5th of Elizabeth, chapter 21. The ancient forest-laws had regard only to the possessions of the Crown ; and therefore

in the 32nd of Henry VIII. an Act was passed for the protection of "every inheritor and possessor of manors, land, and tenements," which made the killing of deer, and the taking of rabbits and hawks, felony. This Act was repealed in the 1st of Edward VI.; but it was quickly re-enacted in the 3rd and 4th of Edward VI. (1549 and 1550), it being alleged that unlawful hunting prevailed to such an extent throughout the realm, in the royal and private parks, that in one of the king's parks within a few miles of London five hundred deer were slain in one day. For the due punishment of such offences the taking of deer was again made felony. But the Act was again repealed in the 1st of Mary. In the 5th of Elizabeth it was attempted in Parliament once more to make the offence a capital felony. But this was successfully resisted; and it was enacted that, if any person by night or by day "wrongfully or unlawfully break or enter into any park empaled, or any other several ground closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping, breeding, and cherishing of deer, and so wrongfully hunt, drive, or chase out, or take, kill, or slay any deer within any such empaled park, or closed ground with wall, pale, or other enclosure, and used for deer, as is aforesaid," he shall suffer three months' imprisonment, pay treble damages to the party offended, and find sureties for seven years' good behaviour. But there is a clause in this Act (1562-3) which renders it doubtful whether the penalties for taking deer could be applied twenty years after the passing of the Act, in the case of Sir Thomas Lucy. "Provided always, That this Act, or anything contained therein, extend not to any park or enclosed ground hereafter to be made and used for deer, without the grant or licence of our sovereign Lady the Queen, her heirs, successors, or progenitors." At the date of this statute Charlote, it is said, was not a deer-park; was not an enclosed ground royally licensed. For the space of forty-two years after the passing of this Act of Elizabeth there was no remedy for deer-stealing (except by action for trespass) in grounds not enclosed at the passing of that Act. The statute of the 3rd of James I. recites that for offences within such grounds there is no remedy provided by the Act of Elizabeth, or by any other Act. It appears to us, however, that Malone

puts the case against the tradition too strongly when he maintains that Charlote was not a licensed park in 1562, and that, therefore, its venison continued to be unprotected till the statute of James. The Act of Elizabeth clearly contemplates any "several ground" "closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping of deer ;" and as Sir Thomas Lucy built the mansion at Charlote in 1558, it may reasonably be supposed that at the date of the statute the domain of Charlote was closed with wall, pale, or hedge. The deer-stealing tradition, however, has grown more minute as it has advanced in age. Charlote, according to Mr. Samuel Ireland, was not the place of Shakspere's unlucky adventures. The Park of Fulbrooke, he says, was the property of Sir Thomas Lucy ; and he gives us a drawing of an old house where the young offender was conveyed after his detection. Upon the Ordnance Map of our own day is the Deer Barn, where, according to the same veracious tradition, the venison was concealed. A word or two disposes of this part of the tradition : Fulbrooke did not come into the possession of the Lucy family till the grandson of Sir Thomas purchased it in the reign of James I. We have seen, then, that for ten years previous to the passing of the Act of Elizabeth for the preservation of deer there had been no laws in force except the old forest-laws, which applied not to private property. The statute of Elizabeth makes the bird-nesting boy, who climbs up to the hawk's eyrie, as liable to punishment as the deer-stealer. The taking of rabbits, as well as deer, was felony by the statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. ; but from the time of Henry VIII. to James I. there was no protection for rabbits ; they were *ferre naturae*. Our unhappy poet, therefore, could not be held to steal rabbits, however fond he might be of hunting them ; and certainly it would have been legally unsafe for Sir Thomas Lucy to have whipped him for such a disposition. Pheasants and partridges were free for men of all condition to shoot with gun or cross-bow, or capture with hawk. There was no restriction against taking hares except a statute of Henry VIII., which, for the protection of hunting, forbade tracking them in the snow. With this general right of sport it is scarcely to be expected that the statute against the taking of deer should be very strictly

observed by the bold yeomanry of the days of Elizabeth ; or that the offence of a young man should have been visited by such severe prosecution as should have compelled him to fly the country. The penalty for the offence was a defined one. The short imprisonment might have been painful for a youth to bear, but it would not have been held disgraceful. All the writers of the Elizabethan period speak of killing a deer with a sort of jovial sympathy, worthy the descendants of Robin Hood. "I'll have a buck till I die, I'll slay a doe while I live," is the maxim of the Host in 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton ;' and even Sir John, the priest, reproves him not : he joins in the fun. With this loose state of public opinion, then, upon the subject of venison, is it likely that Sir Thomas Lucy would have pursued for such an offence the eldest son of an alderman of Stratford with any extraordinary severity ? The knight was nearly the most important person residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford. In 1578 he had been High Sheriff. At the period when the deer-stealing may be supposed to have taken place he was seeking to be member for the county of Warwick, for which he was returned in 1584. He was in the habit of friendly intercourse with the residents of Stratford, for in 1583 he was chosen as an arbitrator in a matter of dispute by Hamnet Sadler, the friend of John Shakspere and of his son. All these considerations tend, we think, to show that the improbable deer-stealing tradition is based, like many other stories connected with Shakspere, on that vulgar love of the marvellous which is not satisfied with the wonder which a being eminently endowed himself presents, without seeking a contrast of profligacy, or meanness, or ignorance in his early condition, amongst the tales of a rude generation who came after him, and, hearing of his fame, endeavoured to bring him as near as might be to themselves.

Charlcote, then, shall not, at least by us, be surrounded by unpleasant associations in connection with the name of Shakspere. It is, perhaps, the most interesting locality connected with that name ; for in its great features it is essentially unchanged. There stands, with slight alterations, and those in good taste, the old mansion as it was reared in the days of Elizabeth. A broad avenue leads to its great gate-

way, which opens into the court and the principal entrance. We would desire to people that hall with kindly inmates ; to imagine the fine old knight, perhaps a little too puritanical, indeed, in his latter days, living there in peace and happiness with his family ; merry as he ought to have been with his first wife, Jocosa (whose English name, Joyce, soundeth not quite so pleasant), whose epitaph, by her husband, is honourable alike to the deceased and to the survivor. We can picture him planting the second avenue, which leads obliquely across the park from the great gateway to the porch of the parish church. It is an avenue too narrow for carriages, if carriages then had been common ; and the knight and his lady walk in stately guise along that grassy pathway, as the Sunday bells summon them to meet their humble neighbours in a place where all are equal. Charlote is full of rich woodland scenery. The lime-tree avenue may, perhaps, be of a later date than the age of Elizabeth ; and one elm has evidently succeeded another from century to century. But there are old gnarled oaks and beeches dotted about the park. Its little knolls and valleys are the same as they were two centuries ago. The same Avon flows beneath the gentle elevation on which the house stands, sparkling in the sunshine as brightly as when that house was first built. There may we still lie

“Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,”

and doubt not that there was the place to which

“A poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish.”

There may we still see

“A careless herd,  
Full of the pasture,”

leaping gaily along, or crossing the river at their own will in search of fresh fields and low branches whereon to browse. The village of Charlote is now one of the prettiest of objects. Whatever is new about it—and most of the cottages are new—looks like a restoration of what was old. The same character prevails in the neighbouring village of Hampton

Lucy ; and it may not be too much to assume that the memory of him who walked in these pleasant places in his younger days, long before the sound of his greatness had gone forth to the ends of the earth, has led to the desire to preserve here something of the architectural character of the age in which he lived.

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## CHAPTER V.

THE hospitality of our ancestors was founded upon their sympathies with each other's joys and sorrows. The festivals of the church, the celebrations of sheep-shearing and harvest-home, the Mayings, were occasions of general gladness. But upon the marriage of a son or of a daughter, at the christening of a child, the humblest assembled their neighbours to partake of their particular rejoicing. So was it also with their sorrows. Death visited a family, and its neighbours came to mourn. To be absent from the house of mourning would have seemed as if there were not a fellowship in sorrow as well as in joy. Christian neighbours in those times looked upon each other as members of the same family. Their intimacy was much more constant and complete than in days that are thought more refined. Privacy was not looked upon as a desirable thing. The latch of every door was lifted without knocking, and the dance in the hall was arranged the instant some young taborer struck a note ; or the gossip's bowl was passed around the winter fire-side, to jest and song :—

“ And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.”<sup>a</sup>

Young men married early. In the middle ranks there was little outfit required to begin housekeeping. A few articles of useful furniture satisfied their simple tastes ; and we doubt not there was as much happiness seated on the wooden bench as now on the silken ottoman, and as light hearts tripped over the green rushes as over the Persian carpet.

\* *A Midsummer Night's Dream,' Act II., Scene 1.*

A silver bowl or two, a few spoons, constituted the display of the more ambitious ; but for use, the treen platter was at once clean and substantial, though the pewter dish sometimes graced a solemn merry-making. Employment, especially agricultural, was easily obtained by the industrious ; and the sons of the yeomen, whose ambition did not drive them into the towns to pursue commerce, or to the universities to try for the prizes of professions, walked humbly and contentedly in the same road as their fathers had walked before them. They tilled a little land with indifferent skill, and their herds and flocks gave food and raiment to their household. Surrounded by the cordial intimacies of the class to which he belonged, it is not difficult to understand how William Shakspere married early ; and the very circumstance of his so marrying is tolerably clear evidence of the course of life in which he was brought up.

Shakspere's marriage-bond, which was discovered a few years since, has set at rest all doubt as to the name and residence of his wife. She is there described as Anne Hathaway, of Stratford, in the diocese of Worcester, maiden. Rowe, in his 'Life,' says,—“Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him ; and in order to settle in the world, after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford.” At the hamlet of Shottery, which is in the parish of Stratford, the Hathaways had been settled forty years before the period of Shakspere's marriage ; for in the Warwickshire Surveys, in the time of Philip and Mary, it is recited that John Hathaway held property at Shottery, by copy of Court-Roll, dated 20th of April, 34th of Henry VIII. (1545)<sup>a</sup>. The Hathaway of Shakspere's time was named Richard ; and the intimacy between him and John Shakspere is shown by a precept in an action against Richard Hathaway,

<sup>a</sup> The Shottery property, which was called Hewland, remained with the descendants of the Hathaways till 1838. Amongst the valuable objects of the Shakspere Club of Stratford was the purchase and preservation of this property. That has been abandoned for want of means.

dated 1566, in which John Shakspere is his bondman. Before the discovery of the marriage-bond, Malone had found a confirmation of the traditional account that the maiden name of Shakspere's wife was Hathaway; for Lady Barnard, the grand-daughter of Shakspere, makes bequests in her will to the children of Thomas Hathaway, "her kinsman." But Malone doubts whether there were not other Hathaways than those of Shottery, residents in the town of Stratford, and not in the hamlet included in the parish. This is possible. But, on the other hand, the description in the marriage-bond of Anne Hathaway, as of Stratford, is no proof that she was not of Shottery; for such a document would necessarily have regard only to the parish of the persons described. Tradition, always valuable when it is not opposed to evidence, has associated for many years the cottage of the Hathaways of Shottery with the wife of Shakspere. Garrick purchased relics out of it at the time of the Stratford Jubilee; Samuel Ireland afterwards carried off what was called Shakspere's courting-chair; and there is still in the house a very ancient carved bedstead, which has been handed down from descendant to descendant as an heirloom. The house was no doubt once adequate to form a comfortable residence for a substantial and even wealthy yeoman. It is still a pretty cottage, embosomed by trees, and surrounded by pleasant pastures; and here the young poet might have surrendered his prudence to his affections:

"As in the sweetest buds  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all."<sup>a</sup>

The very early marriage of the young man, with one more than seven years his elder, has been supposed to have been a rash and passionate proceeding. Upon the face of it, it appears an act that might at least be reproved in the words which follow those we have just quoted:—

"As the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes."

<sup>a</sup> 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act I., Scene 1.

This is the common consequence of precocious marriages ; but we are not therefore to conclude that "the young and tender wit" of our Shakspere was "turned to folly"—that his "forward bud" was "eaten by the canker"—that "his verdure" was lost "even in the prime," by his marriage with Anne Hathaway before he was nineteen. The influence which this marriage must have had upon his destinies was no doubt considerable ; but it is too much to assume, as it has been assumed, that it was an unhappy influence. All that we *really* know of Shakspere's family life warrants the contrary supposition. We believe, to go no farther at present, that the marriage of Shakspere was one of affection ; that there was no disparity in the worldly condition of himself and the object of his choice ; that it was with the consent of friends ; that there were no circumstances connected with it which indicate that it was either forced or clandestine, or urged on by an artful woman to cover her apprehended loss of character.

There is every reason to believe that Shakspere was remarkable for manly beauty :—"He was a handsome, well-shaped man," says Aubrey. According to tradition, he played Adam in '*As You Like It*,' and the Ghost in '*Hamlet*.' Adam says,—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty."

Upon his personation of the Ghost, Mr. Campbell has the following judicious remarks :—"It has been alleged, in proof of his mediocrity, that he enacted the part of his own Ghost, in '*Hamlet*'. But is the Ghost in '*Hamlet*' a very mean character? No: though its movements are few, they must be awfully graceful; and the spectral voice, though subdued and half-monotonous, must be solemn and full of feeling. It gives us an imposing idea of Shakspere's stature and mien to conceive him in this part. The English public, accustomed to see their lofty nobles, their Essexes, and their Raleighs, clad in complete armour, and moving under it with a majestic air, would not have tolerated the actor Shakspeare, unless he had presented an appearance worthy of the buried majesty of Denmark."<sup>a</sup> That he per-

<sup>a</sup> Remarks prefixed to Moxon's edition of the Dramatic Works

formed *kingly parts* is indicated by these lines, written, in 1611, by John Davies, in a poem inscribed ‘To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakespeare.’—

“ Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,  
Hast thou not play'd some *kingly parts* in sport,  
Thou hadst been a companion for a king,  
And been a king among the meanner sort.”

The portrait by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the edition of 1623, when Shakspere would be well remembered by his friends, gives a notion of a man of remarkably fine features, independent of the wonderful development of forehead. The lines accompanying it, which bear the signature B. I. (most likely Ben Jonson), attest the accuracy of the likeness. The bust at Stratford bears the same character. The sculptor was Gerard Johnson. It was probably erected soon after the poet’s death; for it is mentioned by Leonard Digges, in his verses upon the publication of Shakspere’s collected works by his “pious fellows.” All the circumstances of which we have any knowledge imply that Shakspere, at the time of his marriage, was such a person as might well have won the heart of a mistress whom tradition has described as eminently beautiful. Anne Hathaway at this time was of mature beauty. The inscription over her grave in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon states that she died on “the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years.” In November 1582, therefore, she would be of the age of twenty-six. This disparity of years between Shakspere and his wife has been, we think, somewhat too much dwelt upon. Malone holds that “such a disproportion of age seldom fails at a subsequent period of life to be productive of unhappiness.” Malone had, no doubt, in his mind the belief that Shakspere left his wife wholly dependent upon her children,—a belief of which we had the satisfaction of showing the utter groundlessness. He suggests that in the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream’ this disproportion is alluded to, and he quotes a speech of Lysander in Act I., Scene 1, of that play, not however giving the comment of Hermia upon it. The lines in the original stand thus:—

“ *Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read.  
Could ever hear by tale or history,

The course of true love never did run smooth:  
 But either it was different in blood;—  
*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!  
*Lys.* Or else *misgrafted, in respect of years,*—  
*Her.* O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!  
*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;—  
*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eye!  
*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it."

Difference in blood, disparity of years, the choosing of friends, are opposed to sympathy in choice. But was Shakspere's own case such as he would bear in mind in making Hermia exclaim, "O spite! *too old* to be engag'd to *young?*" The passage was in all probability written about ten years after his marriage, when his wife would still be in the prime of womanhood. When Mr. de Quincey, therefore, connects the saying of Parson Evans with Shakspere's early love,—"I like not when a woman has a great peard,"—he scarcely does justice to his own powers of observation and his book-experience. The history of the most imaginative minds, probably of most men of great ability, would show that in the first loves, and in the early marriages, of this class, the choice has generally fallen upon women older than themselves, and this without any reference to interested motives. But Mr. de Quincey holds that Shakspere, "looking back on this part of his youthful history from his maturest years, breathes forth pathetic counsels against the errors into which his own inexperience had been ensnared. The disparity of years between himself and his wife he notices in a beautiful scene of the 'Twelfth Night.'"<sup>a</sup> In this scene Viola, disguised as a page, a very boy, one of whom it is said—

"For they shall yet belie thy happy years  
 That say thou art a man,"—

is pressed by the Duke to own that his eye "hath stay'd upon some favour." Viola, who is enamoured of the Duke, punningly replies,—"A little, by your favour;" and being still pressed to describe the "kind of woman," she says of the Duke's "complexion" and the Duke's "years." Any one who in the stage representation of the Duke should do

<sup>a</sup> Life of Shakespeare in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

otherwise than make him a grave man of thirty-five or forty, a staid and dignified man, would not present Shakspere's whole conception of the character. There would be a difference of twenty years between him and Viola. No wonder, then, that the poet should make the Duke dramatically exclaim,—

“*Too old, by heaven!* Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.”

And wherefore?—

{ “For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women's are.”

The pathetic counsels, therefore, which Shakspere is here supposed to breathe in his maturer years, have reference only to his own giddy and unfirm fancies. We are of opinion, with regard to this matter, that upon the general principle upon which Shakspere subjects his conception of what is individually true to what is universally true, he would have rejected instead of adopted whatever was peculiar in his own experience, if it had been emphatically recommended to his adoption through the medium of his self-consciousness. Shakspere wrote these lines at a time of life (about 1602) when a slight disparity of years between himself and his wife would have been a very poor apology to his own conscience that his affection could not hold the bent; and it certainly does happen, as a singular contradiction to his supposed “earnestness in pressing the point as to the *inverted* disparity of years, which indicates pretty clearly an appeal to the lessons of his personal experience,”\* that at this precise period he should have retired from his constant attendance upon the stage, purchasing land in his native place, and thus seeking in all probability the more constant companionship of that object of his early choice of whom he is thus supposed to have expressed his distaste. It appears to us that this is a tolerably convincing proof

\* Life in ‘Encyclopædia Britannica.’

that his affections could hold the bent, however he might dramatically and poetically have said,

“ Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:  
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.”

There can be little doubt that the ancient ceremony of betrothing had not fallen into disuse at the period of Shakspere's marriage. Shakspere himself, who always, upon his great principle of presenting his audiences with matters familiar to them, introduces the manners of his own country in his own times, has several remarkable passages upon the subject of the trothplight. In ‘Measure for Measure’ we learn that the misery of the “poor dejected Mariana” was caused by a violation of the trothplight:—

“ *Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinante husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

“ *Isabella.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

“ *Duke.* Left her in tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.”

Angelo and Mariana were bound then “by oath;” the nuptial was appointed; there was a prescribed time between the contract and the performance of the solemnity of the Church. But, the lady having lost her dowry, the contract was violated by her “combinante” or affianced husband. The oath which Angelo violated was taken before witnesses; was probably tendered by a minister of the Church. In ‘Twelfth Night’ we have a minute description of such a ceremonial. When Olivia is hastily espoused to Scbastian, she says,—

“ Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
 May live at peace: He shall conceal it  
 Whilst you are willing it shall come to note,  
 What time we will our celebration keep  
 According to my birth."

This was a private ceremony before a single witness, who would conceal it till the proper period of the public ceremonial. Olivia, fancying she has thus espoused the page, repeatedly calls him "husband;" and, being rejected, she summons the priest to declare

"What dost thou know  
 Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me."

The priest answers,—

'A contract of eternal bond of love,  
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
 Attested by the holy close of lips,  
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.  
 And all the ceremony of this compact  
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
 Since when, my watch has told me, toward my grave  
 I have travell'd but two hours.'

But from another passage in Shakspere, it is evident that the trothplight was exchanged without the presence of a priest, but that witnesses were essential to the ceremony\*. The scene in the 'Winter's Tale' where this occurs, is altogether so perfect a picture of rustic life, that we may fairly assume that Shakspere had in view the scenes with which his own youth was familiar, where there was mirth without grossness, and simplicity without ignorance:—

*Flo.* O, hear me breathe my life  
 Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
 Hath sometime lov'd: *I take thy hand*; this hand,  
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
 That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Po.* What follows this?—  
 How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
 The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
 But to your protestation; let me hear  
 What you profess.

\* Holinshed states that at a synod held at Westminster, in the reign of Henry I., it was decreed "that contracts made between man and woman, without witnesses, concerning marriage, should be void if either of them denied it."

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to 't.  
*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more  
 Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;  
 That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
 That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,  
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,  
 Without her love: for her, employ them all;  
 Command them, and condemn them, to her service,  
 Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.  
*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter  
*Say you the like to him?*

*Per.* I cannot speak  
 So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
 The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;—  
 And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't.  
 I give my daughter to him, and will make  
 Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
 I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
 Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,  
*Contract us 'fore these witnesses.*

*Shep.* Come, your hand;  
*And daughter, yours."*

To the argument of Polixenes that the father of Florizel  
 ought to know of his proceeding, the young man answers,—

"*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:—  
*Mark our contract.*"

And then the father, discovering himself, exclaims,—

"*Mark your divorce, young sir.*"

Here, then, in the publicity of a village festival, the hand  
 of the loved one is solemnly taken by her "servant," he  
 breathes his life before the ancient stranger who is acci-  
 dentally present. The stranger is called to be witness to  
 the protestation; and so is the neighbour who has come  
 with him. The maiden is called upon by her father to  
 speak, and then the old man adds,—

"Take hands, a bargain."

The friends are to bear witness to it:—

“ I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.”

The impatient lover then again exclaims,—

“ Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

The shepherd takes the hands of the youth and the maiden.  
Again the lover exclaims,—

“ Mark our contract.”

The ceremony is left incomplete, for the princely father discovers himself with,—

“ Mark your divorce, young sir.”

We have thus shown, by implication, that in the time of Shakspere betrothal was not an obsolete rite. Previous to the Reformation it was in all probability that civil contract derived from the Roman law, which was confirmed indeed by the sacrament of marriage, but which usually preceded it for a definite period,—some say forty days,—having perhaps too frequently the effect of the marriage of the Church as regarded the unrestrained intercourse of those so espoused. In a work published in 1543, ‘The Christian State of Matrimony,’ we find this passage: “ Yet in this thing also must I warn every reasonable and honest person to beware that in the contracting of marriage they dissemble not, nor set forth any lie. Every man likewise must esteem the person to whom he is handfasted none otherwise than for his own spouse; though as yet it be not done in the church, nor in the street. After the handfasting and making of the contract the church-going and wedding should not be deferred too long.” The author then goes on to rebuke a custom, “ that at the handfasting there is made a great feast and superfluous banquet;” and he adds words which imply that the Epithalamium was at this feast sung, without a doubt of its propriety, “ certain weeks afore they go to the church,” where

“ All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd.”

The passage in ‘The Tempest’ from which we quote these

lines has been held to show that Shakspere denounced, with peculiar solemnity, that impatience which waited not for "all sanctimonious ceremonies."<sup>a</sup> But it must be remembered that the solitary position of Ferdinand and Miranda prevented even the solemnity of a betrothment; there could be no witnesses of the public contract; it would be of the nature of those privy contracts which the ministers of religion, early in the reign of Elizabeth, were commanded to exhort young people to abstain from. The proper exercise of that authority during half a century had not only repressed these privy contracts, but had confined the ancient practice of espousals, with their almost inevitable freedoms, to persons in the lower ranks of life, who might be somewhat indifferent to opinion. A learned writer on the Common Prayer, Sparrow, holds that the Marriage Service of the Church of England was both a betrothment and a marriage. It united the two forms. At the commencement of the service the man says, "I plight thee my troth;" and the woman, "I give thee my troth." This form approaches as nearly as possible to that of a civil contract; but then comes the religious sanction to the obligation,—the sacrament of matrimony. In the form of espousals so minutely recited by the priest in 'Twelfth Night,' he is only present to seal the compact by his "testimony." The marriage customs of Shakspere's youth and the opinions regarding them might be very different from the practice and opinions of thirty years later, when he wrote 'The Tempest.' But in no case does he attempt to show, even through his lovers themselves, that the public trothplight was other than a preliminary to a more solemn and binding ceremonial, however it might approach to the character of a marriage. It is remarkable that Webster, on the contrary, who was one of Shakspere's later contemporaries, has made the heroine of one of his noblest tragedies, 'The Duchess of Malfi,' in the warmth of her affection for her steward, exclaim—

"I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber  
*Per verba præsentis* is absolute marriage."

<sup>a</sup> Life of Shakespeare by Mr. de Quincey, in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

This is an allusion to the distinctions of the canon law between betrothing and marrying—the betrothment being espousals with the *verba de futuro*; the marriage, espousals with the *verba de presenti*. The Duchess of Malfi had misinterpreted the lawyers when she believed that a secret “contract in a chamber” was “absolute marriage,” whether the engagement was for the present or the future.

It is scarcely necessary to point out to our readers that the view we have taken presupposes that the licence for matrimony, obtained from the Consistorial Court at Worcester, was a permission sought for under no extraordinary circumstances;—still less that the young man who was about to marry was compelled to urge on the marriage as a consequence of previous imprudence. We believe, on the contrary, that the course pursued was strictly in accordance with the customs of the time, and of the class to which Shakspere belonged. The espousals before witnesses, we have no doubt, were then considered as constituting a valid marriage, if followed up within a limited time by the marriage of the Church. However the Reformed Church might have endeavoured to abrogate this practice, it was unquestionably the ancient habit of the people. It was derived from the Roman law, the foundation of many of our institutions. It prevailed for a long period without offence. It still prevails in the Lutheran Church. We are not to judge of the customs of those days by our own, especially if our inferences have the effect of imputing criminality where the most perfect innocence existed. Because Shakspere’s marriage-bond is dated in November, 1582, and his daughter is born in May, 1583, we are not to believe that here was “haste and secrecy.” Mr. Halliwell has brought sound documentary evidence to bear upon this question; he has shown that the two bondsmen, Sandels and Richardson, were respectable neighbours of the Hathaways of Shottery, although, like Anne herself, they are described as of Stratford. This disposes of the “secrecy.” In the same year that Shakspere was married, Mr. Halliwell has shown that there were two entries in the Stratford Register, recording the church rite of marriage to have preceded the baptism of a child, by shorter periods than indicated by Shakspere’s

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marriage-bond; and that in cases where the sacredness of the marriage has been kept out of view, illegitimacy is invariably noted in these registers. The "haste" was evidently not required in fear of the scandal of Stratford. We believe that the course pursued was strictly in accordance with the custom of the time, and of the class to which the Shaksperes and Hathaways belonged.

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## CHAPTER VI.

"THIS William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. Now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He began early to make Essays at Dramatic Poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well." So writes honest Aubrey, in the year 1680, in his 'Minutes of Lives' addressed to his "worthy friend Mr. Anthony à Wood, Antiquary of Oxford." Of the value of Aubrey's evidence we may form some opinion from his own statement to his friend:—"T is a task that I never thought to have undertaken till you imposed it upon me, saying that I was fit for it by reason of my general acquaintance, having now not only lived above half a century of years in the world, but have also been much tumbled up and down in it; which hath made me so well known. Besides the modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted but with their own relations or societies, I might add that I come of a longævous race, by which means I have wiped some feathers off the wings of time for several generations, which does reach high."<sup>a</sup> It must not be forgotten that Aubrey's account of Shakspere, brief and imperfect as it is, is the earliest known to exist. Rowe's 'Life' was not published

<sup>a</sup> This letter, which accompanies the 'Lives,' is dated London, June 15. 1680.

till 1707; and although he states that he must own a particular obligation to Betterton, the actor, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this Life—"his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration"—we have no assistance in fixing the date of Betterton's inquiries. Betterton was born in 1635. From the Restoration until his retirement from the stage, about 1700, he was the most deservedly popular actor of his time; "such an actor," says 'The Tatler,' "as ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans." He died in 1710; and looking at his busy life, it is probable that he did not make this journey into Warwickshire until after his retirement from the theatre. Had he set about these inquiries earlier, there can be little doubt that the 'Life' by Rowe would have contained more precise and satisfactory information. Shakspeare's sister was alive in 1646; his eldest daughter, Mrs. Hall, in 1649; his second daughter, Mrs. Quiney, in 1662; and his grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, in 1670. The information which might be collected in Warwickshire; after the death of Shakspeare's lineal descendants, would necessarily be mixed up with traditions, having for the most part some foundation, but coloured and distorted by that general love of the marvellous which too often hides the fact itself in the inference from it. Thus, Shakspeare's father might have sold his own meat, as the land-owners of his time are reproached by Harrison for doing, and yet in no proper sense of the word have been a butcher. Thus, the supposition that the poet had intended to satirise the Lucy family, in an allusion to their arms, might have suggested that there was a grudge between him and the knight; and what so likely a subject of dispute as the killing of venison? The tradition might have been exact as to the dispute; but the laws of another century could alone have suggested that the quarrel would compel the poet to fly the country. Aubrey's story of Shakspeare's coming to London is a simple and natural one, without a single marvellous circumstance about it:—"This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London." This, the elder

story, appears to us to have much greater verisimilitude than the later:—"He was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." Aubrey, who has picked up all the gossip "of coffee-houses in this great city," hears no word of Rowe's story, which would certainly have been handed down amongst the traditions of the theatre to Davenant and Shadwell, from whom he does hear something:—"I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian we have now) say, that he had a most prodigious wit." Neither does he say, nor indeed any one else till two centuries and a quarter after Shakspere is dead, that, "after four years' conjugal discord, he would resolve upon that plan of solitary emigration to the metropolis, which, at the same time that it released him from the humiliation of domestic feuds, succeeded so splendidly for his worldly prosperity, and with a train of circumstances so vast for all future ages."<sup>a</sup> It is certainly a singular vocation for a writer of genius to bury the legendary scandals of the days of Rowe, for the sake of exhuming a new scandal, which cannot be received at all without the belief that the circumstance must have had a permanent and most evil influence upon the mind of the unhappy man who thus cowardly and ignominiously is held to have severed himself from his duty as a husband and a father. We cannot trace the evil influence, and therefore we reject the scandal. It has not even the slightest support from the weakest tradition. It is founded upon an imperfect comparison of two documents, judging of the habits of that period by those of our own day; supported by quotations from a dramatist of whom it would be difficult to affirm that he ever wrote a line which had strict reference to his own feelings and circumstances, and whose intellect in his dramas went so completely out of itself that it almost realises the description of the soul in its first and pure nature—that it "hath no idiosyncrasies; that is, hath no proper natural inclinations which are not competent to others of the same kind and condition."<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> 'Encyclopaedia Britannica.'

<sup>b</sup> 'Enquiry into the Opinion of the Eastern Sages concerning the Pre-existence of Souls.' By the Rev Joseph Glanvil.

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In the baptismal register of the parish of Stratford for the year 1583 is the entry of the birth of Susanna.

" May 26 Susanna daughter to William Shakspere"

This record necessarily implies the residence of the wife of William Shakspere in the parish of Stratford. Did he himself continue to reside in this parish? There is no evidence of his residence. His name appears in no suit in the Bailiff's Court at this period. He fills no municipal office such as his father had filled before him. But his wife continues to reside in the native place of her husband, surrounded by his relations and her own. His father and his mother no doubt watch with anxious solicitude over the fortunes of their first son. He has a brother Gilbert, seventeen years of age, and a sister of fourteen. His brother Richard is nine years of age; but Edmund is young enough to be the playmate of his little Susanna. In 1585 there is another entry in the parochial register, the birth of a son and daughter.

" February 2 Hamnet & Judeth sonne & daughter to  
William Shakspere"

William Shakspere has now nearly attained his majority. While he is yet a minor he is the father of three children. The circumstance of his minority may perhaps account for the absence of his name from all records of court-leet, or bailiff's court, or common-hall. He was neither a constable, nor an ale-conner, nor an overseer, nor a jury-man, because he was a minor. We cannot affirm that he did not leave Stratford before his minority expired; but it is to be inferred, that, if he had continued to reside at Stratford after he was legally of age, we should have found traces of his residence in the records of the town. If his residence were out of the borough, as we have supposed his father's to have been at this period, some trace would yet have been found of him, in all likelihood, within the parish. Just before the termination of his minority we have an undeniable record that he was a second time a father within the parish. It is at this period, then, that we would place his removal from Stratford; his flight, according to the old legend; his solitary emigration, his unamiable separation from his family, accord-

ing to the new discovery. That his emigration was even solitary we have not a tittle of evidence. The one fact we know with reference to Shakspere's domestic arrangements in London is this: that as early as 1596 he was the occupier of a house in Southwark. "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596."<sup>a</sup> Malone does not describe this paper; but Mr. Collier found it at Dulwich College, and it thence appears that the name of "Mr. Shaksper" was in a list of "Inhabitants of Sowtherk as have complained, this — of Jully, 1596." It is immaterial to know of what Shakspere complained, in company with "Wilson the piper," and sundry others. The neighbourhood does not seem to have been a very select one, if we may judge from another name in this list. We cannot affirm that Shakspere was the solitary occupier of this house in Southwark. Chalmers says, "It can admit of neither controversy nor doubt, that Shakspere in very early life settled in a family way where he was bred. Where he thus settled, he probably resolved that his wife and family should remain through life; although he himself made frequent excursions to London, the scene of his profit, and the theatre of his fame." Mr. Hunter has discovered a document which shows that William Shakspere was, in 1598, assessed in a large sum to a subsidy upon the parish of St. Helen's, Bishops-gate. He was assessed, also, in the Liberty of the Clink, Southwark, in 1609; but whether for a dwelling-house, or for his property in the Globe, is not evident. His occupation as an actor both at the Blackfriars and the Globe, the one a winter, the other a summer theatre, continued till 1603 or 1604. His interest as a proprietor of both theatres existed in all probability till 1612. In 1597 Shakspere became the purchaser of the largest house in Stratford, and he resided there with his family till the time of his death in 1616. Many circumstances show that his interests and affections were always connected with the place of his birth.

William Shakspere, "being inclined naturally to poetry and acting," naturally became a poet and an actor. He would

<sup>a</sup> Malone: 'Inquiry,' &c., p. 215.

become a poet, without any impelling circumstances not necessarily arising out of his own condition. "He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low." Aubrey's account of his early poetical efforts is an intelligible and consistent account. Shakspere was familiar with the existing state of dramatic poetry, through his acquaintance with the stage in the visits of various companies of actors to Stratford. In 1584, there had been three sets of players at Stratford, remunerated for their performances out of the public purse of the borough. These were the players of "my Lord of Oxford," the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Essex. In 1585 we have no record of players in the borough. In 1586 there is only one performance paid for by the Corporation. But in 1587 the Queen's players, for the first time, make their appearance in that town ; and their performances are rewarded at a much higher rate than those of any previous company. Two years after this, that is in 1589, we have undeniable evidence that Shakspere had not only a casual engagement, was not only a salaried servant, as many players were, but was a shareholder in this very Queen's company, with other shareholders below him in the list. The fair inference is, that he did not at once jump into his position. Rowe says that, after having settled in the world in a family manner, and continued in this kind of settlement for some time, the extravagance of which he was guilty in robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park obliged him to leave his business and family. He could not have so left, even according to the circumstances which were known to Rowe, till after the birth of his son and daughter in 1585. But the story goes on :—"It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank ; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer." Sixty years after the time of Rowe the story assumed a more circumstantial shape, as far as regards the *mean rank* which Shakspere filled in his early connection with the theatre. Dr. Johnson adds one passage to the 'Life,' which he says "Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by

Mr. Rowe." It is so remarkable an anecdote that it is somewhat surprising that Rowe did not himself add it to his own meagre account :—

" In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves,—‘I am Shakspeare’s boy, Sir.’ In time, Shakspeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakspeare’s boys."

Steevens has attempted to impugn the credibility of this anecdote by saying,—“That it was once the general custom to ride on horseback to the play I am yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition.” Steevens is here in error; he has a vague notion—which is still persevered in with singular obstinacy, even by those who have now the means of knowing that Shakspere had acquired property in the chief theatre in 1589—that the great dramatic poet had felt no inspiration till he was about eight-and-twenty, and that, therefore, his connection with the theatre began in the palmy days of the Globe on the Bankside—a theatre not built till 1592. To the earlier theatres, if they were fre-

quented by the gallants of the Court, they would have gone on horses. They did so go, as we learn from Dekker, long after the Bankside theatres were established. The story first appeared in a book entitled 'The Lives of the Poets,' considered to be the work of Theophilus Cibber, but said to be written by a Scotchman of the name of Shiels, who was an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson. Shiels had certainly some hand in the book; and there we find that Davenant told the anecdote to Betterton, who communicated it to Rowe, who told it to Pope, who told it to Dr. Newton. Improbable as the story is as it now stands, there may be a scintillation of truth in it, as in most traditions. It is by no means impossible that the Blackfriars Theatre might have had Shakspere's boys to hold horses, but not Shakspere himself. As a proprietor of the theatre, Shakspere might sagaciously perceive that its interest would be promoted by the readiest accommodation being offered to its visitors; and further, with that worldly adroitness which, in him, was not incompatible with the exercise of the highest genius, he might have derived an individual profit by employing servants to perform this office. In an age when horse-stealing was one of the commonest occurrences, it would be a guarantee for the safe charge of the horses that they were committed to the care of the agents of one then well known in the world,—an actor, a writer, a proprietor of the theatre. Such an association with the author of 'Hamlet' must sound most anti-poetical; but the fact is scarcely less prosaic that the same wondrous man, about the period when he wrote 'Macbeth,' had an action for debt in the Bailiff's Court, at Stratford, to recover thirty-five shillings and tenpence for corn by him sold and delivered.

Familiar, then, with theatrical exhibitions, such as they were, from his earliest youth, and with a genius so essentially dramatic that all other writers that the world has seen have never approached him in his power of going out of himself, it is inconsistent with probability that he should not have attempted some dramatic composition at an early age. The theory that he was first employed in repairing the plays of others we hold to be altogether untenable; supported only by a very narrow view of the great essentials to a dramatic work, and by verbal criticism, which, when carefully examined,

utterly fails even in its own petty assumptions. There can be no doubt that the three Parts of 'Henry VI.' belong to the early stage. We believe them to be wholly and absolutely the early work of Shakspere. But we do not necessarily hold that they were his earliest work; for the proof is so absolute of the continual improvements and elaborations which he made in his best productions, that it would be difficult to say that some of the plays which have the most finished air, but of which there were no early editions, may not be founded upon very youthful compositions. Others may have wholly perished; thrown aside after a season; never printed; and neglected by their author, to whom new inventions would be easier than remodellings of pieces probably composed upon a false theory of art. For it is too much to imagine that his first productions would be wholly untainted by the taste of the period. Some might have been weak delineations of life and character, overloaded with mythological conceits and pastoral affectations, like the plays of Lylly, which were the Court fashion before 1590. Others might have been prompted by the false ambition to produce effect, which is the characteristic of 'Locrine,' and partly so of 'Titus Andronicus.' But of one thing we may be sure—that there would be no want of power even in his first productions; that real poetry would have gushed out of the bombast, and true wit sparkled amidst the conceits. His first plays would, we think, fall in with the prevailing desire of the people to learn the history of their country through the stage. If so, they would certainly not exhibit the feebleness of some of those performances which were popular about the period of which we are now speaking, and which continued to be popular even after he had most successfully undertaken

"To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse."

The door of the theatre was not a difficult one for him to enter. It is a singular fact, that several of the most eminent actors of this very period are held to have been his immediate neighbours. The petition to the Privy Council, which has proved that Shakspere was a sharer in the Blackfriars playhouse in 1589, contains the names of sixteen shareholders,

he being the twelfth on the list. The head of the Company was James Burbage; the second, Richard Burbage his son. Malone suspected that both John Heminge, one of the editors of Shakspere's Collected Works, and Richard Burbage, "were Shakspere's countrymen, and that Heminge was born at Shottery." His conjecture with regard to Heminge was founded upon entries in the baptismal register of Stratford, which show that there was a John Heminge at Shottery in 1567, and a Richard Heminge in 1570. Mr. Collier has shown that a John Burbadge was bailiff of Stratford in 1555; and that many of the same name were residents in Warwickshire. But Mr. Hunter believes that Richard Burbage was a native of London. A letter addressed by Lord Southampton to Lord Ellesmere in 1608, introducing Burbage and Shakspere to ask protection of that nobleman, then Lord Chancellor, against some threatened molestation from the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, says, "they are both of one county, and indeed almost of one town." This would be decisive, had some doubts not been thrown upon the authenticity of this document. We do not therefore rely upon the assumption that William Shakspere and Richard Burbage were originally neighbours. But from the visits of the Queen's players to Stratford, Shakspere might have made friends with Burbage and Heminge, and have seen that the profession of an actor, however disgraced by some men of vicious manners, performing in the inn-yards and smaller theatres of London, numbered amongst its members men of correct lives and honourable character. Even the enemy of plays and players, Stephen Gosson, had been compelled to acknowledge this: "It is well known that some of them are sober, discreet, properly learned, honest householders, and citizens well thought on among their neighbours at home."<sup>a</sup> It was a lucrative profession, too; especially to those who had the honour of being the Queen's Servants. Their theatre was frequented by persons of rank and fortune; the prices of admission were high; they were called upon not unfrequently to present their performances before the Queen herself, and their reward was a royal one. The object thus offered to the ambition of

<sup>a</sup> 'School of Abuse,' 1579.

a young man, conscious of his own powers, would be glittering enough to induce him, not very unwillingly, to quit the tranquil security of his native home. But we inverse the usual belief in this matter. We think that Shakspere became an actor because he was a dramatic writer, and not a dramatic writer because he was an actor. He very quickly made his way to wealth and reputation, not so much by a handsome person and pleasing manners, as by that genius which left all other competitors far behind him in the race of dramatic composition; and by that prudence which taught him to combine the exercise of his extraordinary powers with a constant reference to the course of life he had chosen, not lowering his art for the advancement of his fortune, but achieving his fortune in showing what mighty things might be accomplished by his art.

There is a subject, however, which we are now called upon to examine, which may have had a material influence upon the determination of Shakspere to throw himself upon the wide and perilous sea of London dramatic society. We have uniformly contended against the assertion that the poverty of John Shakspere prevented him giving his son a grammar-school education. We believe that all the supposed evidences of that poverty, at the period of Shakspere's boyhood, are extremely vague and contradictory\*. But, on the other hand, it appears to us more than probable that after William Shakspere had the expenses of a family to meet, there were changes, and very natural ones, in the worldly position of his father, and consequently of his own, which might have rendered it necessary that the son should abandon the tranquil course of a rural life which he probably contemplated when he married, and make a strenuous and a noble exertion for independence, in a career which his peculiar genius opened to him. We will first state the facts which appear to bear upon the supposed difficulties of John Shakspere about the period when William may be held to have joined Burbage's company in London—facts which are far from indicating anything like ruin, but which exhibit some involvements and uneasiness.

\* See p. 33, &c.

In 1578 John Shakspere mortgaged his property of Asbies, acquired by marriage. Four years before this he purchased two freehold houses in Stratford, which he always retained. In 1578, therefore, he wanted capital. In 1579 he sold an interest in some property at Snitterfield. But then, in 1580, he tendered the mortgage money to the mortgagee of the Asbies' estate, which was illegally refused, on the pretence that other money was owing. A Chancery suit was the consequence, which was undetermined in 1597. In an action for debt in the bailiff's court in 1586, the return of the serjeants-at-mace upon a warrant of distress against John Shakspere is, that he had nothing to distrain upon. It is held, therefore, that all the household gear was then gone. Is it not more credible that the family lived elsewhere? Mr. Hunter has discovered that a John Shakspere lived at Clifford, a pretty village near Stratford, in 1579, he being described in a will of 1583 as indebted to the estate of John Ashwell, of Stratford. His removal from Stratford borough as a resident, is corroborated by the fact that he was irregular in his attendance at the halls of the corporation, after 1578; and was finally, in 1586, removed from the body, for that he "doth not come to the halls when they be warned." And yet, as there were fines for non-attendance, as pointed out by Mr. Halliwell, there is some proof that he clung to the civic honours, even at a personal cost; though, from some cause, and that probably non-residence, he did not perform the civic duties. Lastly, he is returned in 1592, with other persons, as not attending church, and this remark is appended to a list of nine persons, in which is the name of "*Mr. John Shackespere*,"—"It is said that these last nine come not to church for fear of process for debt." If he had been residing in the borough it would have been quite unnecessary to execute the process in the sacred precincts;—he evidently lived and was occupied out of the borough. It is tolerably clear that the traffic of Henley Street, whether of wool, or skins, or carcases, was at an end. John Shakspere, the yeoman, was farming; and, like many other agriculturists, in all districts, and all times, was a sufferer from causes over which he had no control. There were peculiar circumstances

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at that period which, temporarily, would have materially affected his property.

In 1580 John Shakspere tendered the mortgage-money for his wife's inheritance at Asbies. The property was rising in value ;—the mortgagor would not give it up. He had taken possession, and had leased it, as we learn from the Chancery proceedings. He alleges, in 1597, that John Shakspere wanted to obtain possession, because the lease was expiring, "whereby a greater value is to be yearly raised." Other property was sold to obtain the means of making this tender. John Shakspere would probably have occupied his estate of Asbies, could he have obtained possession. But he was unlawfully kept out ; and he became a tenant of some other land, in addition to what he held of his own. There was, at this particular period, a remarkable pressure upon proprietors and tenants who did not watchfully mark the effects of an increased abundance of money—a prodigious rise in the value of all commodities, through the greater supply of the precious metals. In 'A Briefe Conceipte touching the Commonweale,' already quoted \*, there is, in the dialogue between the landowner, the husbandman, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the doctor of divinity, a complaint on the part of the landowner, which appears to offer a parallel case to that of John Shakspere :—"All of my sort—I mean all gentlemen—have great cause to complain, now that the prices of things are so risen of all hands, that you may better live after your degree than we ; for you may and do raise the price of your wares as the prices of victuals and other necessaries do rise, and so cannot we so much ; for though it be true, that of such lands as come to hands either by purchase or by determination and ending of such terms of years that I or my ancestors had granted them in time past, I do receive a better fine than of old was used, or enhance the rent thereof, being forced thereto for the charge of my household, that is so encreased over that it was; yet in all my lifetime I look not that the third part of my land shall come to my disposition, that I may enhance the

\* Page 15.

rent of the same, but it shall be in men's holding either by leases or by copy granted before my time, and still continuing, and yet like to continue in the same state for the most part during my life, and percase my sons. \* \* \* \* \* We are forced therefore to minish the third part of our household, or to raise the third part of our revenues, and for that we cannot so do of our own lands that is already in the hands of other men, many of us are enforced to keep pieces of our own lands when they fall in our own possession, or to purchase some farm of other men's lands, and to store it with sheep or some other cattle, to help make up the decay of our revenues, and to maintain our old estate withal, and yet all is little enough."

In such a transition state, we may readily imagine John Shakespere to have been a sufferer. But his struggle was a short one. He may have owed debts he was unable to pay, and have gone through some seasons of difficulty, deriving small rents from his own lands, "in the hands of other men," and enforced to hold "some farm of other men's lands" at an advanced rent. Yet this is not ruin and degradation. He maintained his social position; and it is pleasant to imagine that his illustrious son devoted some portion of the first rewards of his labour to make the condition of his father easier in that time of general uneasiness and difficulty. In ten years prosperity brightened the homes of that family. The poet bought the best house in Stratford; the yeoman applied to the College of Arms for bearings that would exhibit his gentle lineage, and asserted that he was a man of landed substance, sufficient to uphold the pretension. But in the period of rapid changes in the value of property,—a transition which, from the time of Latimer, was producing the most remarkable effects on the social condition of all the people of England, pressing severely upon many, although it was affording the sure means of national progress,—it is more than probable that Shakespere's father gradually found himself in straitened circumstances. This change in his condition might have directed his son to a new course of life which might be entered upon without any large pecuniary means, and which offered to his ambition a fair field for the exercise of his peculiar genius. There was probably a combination of neces-

sity and of choice which gave us 'Hamlet' and 'Lear.' If William Shakspere had remained at Stratford he would have been a poet—a greater, perhaps, than the author of 'The Faery Queene'; but that species of literature which it was for him to build up, almost out of chaos, and to carry onward to a perfection beyond the excellence of any other age, might have been for him "an unweeded garden."

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## CHAPTER VII.

AMONGST those innumerable by-ways in London which are familiar to the hurried pedestrian, there is a well-known line of streets, or rather lanes, leading from the hill on which St. Paul's stands to the great thoroughfare of Blackfriars Bridge. Between Apothecaries' Hall and Printing-house Square is a short lane, leading into an open space called Playhouse Yard. It is one of those shabby places of which so many in London lie close to the glittering thoroughfares; but which are known only to their own inhabitants, and have at all times an air of quiet which seems like desolation. The houses of this little square or yard are neither ancient nor modern. Some of them were probably built soon after the great fire of London; for a few present their gable fronts to the streets, and the wide casements of others have evidently been filled up and modern sashes inserted. But there is nothing here, nor indeed in the whole precinct, with the exception of the few yards of ancient wall, that has any pretension to belong to what may be called the antiquities of London. In the heart of this precinct, close by the church of a suppressed monastery, surrounded by the new houses of the nobility, in the very spot which is now known as Playhouse Yard, was built, in 1575, the Blackfriars Theatre.

The history of the early stage, as it is to be deduced from statutes, and proclamations, and orders of council, exhibits a constant succession of conflicts between the civic authorities and the performers of plays. The Act of the 14th of Elizabeth, "for the punishment of vagabonds, and for relief of the poor and impotent," was essentially an Act of protection for the established companies of players. We have here, for the

first time, a definition of rogues and vagabonds ; and it includes not only those who can "give no reckoning how he or she doth lawfully get his or her living," but "all fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes, and minstrels, not belonging to any baron of this realm, or towards any other honourable personage of greater degree ; all jugglers, pedlers, tinkers, and petty chapmen ; which said fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes, minstrels, jugglers, pedlers, tinkers, and petty chapmen, shall wander abroad, and have not licence of two justices of the peace, at the least, whereof one to be of the quorum, where and in what shire they shall happen to wander." The circumstance of belonging to any baron, or person of greater degree, was in itself a pretty large exception ; and if in those times of rising puritanism the licence of two justices of the peace was not always to be procured, the large number of companies enrolled as the servants of the nobility offers sufficient evidence that the profession of a player was not a persecuted one, but one expressly sanctioned by the ruling powers. There was one company of players, the Earl of Leicester's, which, withiu two years after the legislative protection of this Act, received a more important privilege from the Queen herself. In 1574 a writ of privy seal was issued to the keeper of the great seal, commanding him to set forth letters patent addressed to all justices, &c., licensing and authorising James Burbage, and four other persons, servants to the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise, and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, stage-plays, and such other like as they have already used and studied, or hereafter shall use and study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." And they were to exhibit their performances "as well within our City of London and liberties of the same," as "throughout our realm of England." Without knowing how far the servants of the Earl of Leicester might have been molested by the authorities of the City of London, in defiance of this patent, it is clear that this patent was of itself insufficient to insure their kind reception within the city ; for it appears that, within three months after the date of the patent, a letter was written from the Privy Council to the Lord

Mayor, directing him "to admit the comedy players within the city of London, and to be otherwise favourably used." This mandate was probably obeyed; but in 1575 the Court of Common Council, without any exception for the objects of the patent of 1574, made certain orders, in the city language termed an Act, which assumed that the whole authority for the regulation of plays was in the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; that they only could license theatrical exhibitions within the city; and that the players whom they did license should contribute half their receipts to charitable purposes. The civic authorities appear to have stretched their power somewhat too far; for in that very year James Burbage, and the other servants of the Earl of Leicester, erected their theatre amidst the houses of the great in the Blackfriars, within a stone's throw of the city walls, but absolutely out of the control of the city officers. The immediate neighbours of the players were the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Hunsdon, as we learn from a petition against the players from the inhabitants of the precinct. The petition was unavailing. The rooms which it states "one Burbadge hath lately bought" were converted "into a common playhouse;" and within fourteen years from the period of its erection William Shakspere was one of its proprietors.

The royal patent of 1574 authorised in the exercise of their art and faculty "James Burbadge, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson," who are described as the servants of the Earl of Leicester. Although on the early stage the characters were frequently doubled, we can scarcely imagine that these five persons were of themselves sufficient to form a company of comedians. They had, no doubt, subordinate actors in their pay; they being the proprietors or shareholders in the general adventure. Of these five original patentees four remained as the "sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse" in 1589, the name only of John Perkyn being absent from the subscribers to a certificate to the Privy Council that the company acting at the Blackfriars "have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion." This certificate—which bears the date of November, 1589—exhibits to us the list of the

professional companions of Shakspere in an early stage of his career, though certainly not in the very earliest. The certificate describes the persons subscribing it as "her Majesty's poor players," and sets forth that they are "all of them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse." Their names are presented in the following order:—1. James Burbadge. 2. Richard Burbadge. 3. John Laneham. 4. Thomas Greene. 5. Robert Wilson. 6. John Taylor. 7. Anth. Wadeson. 8. Thomas Pope. 9. George Peele. 10. Augustine Phillipps. 11. Nicholas Towley. 12. William Shakespeare. 13. William Kempe. 14. William Johnson. 15. Baptiste Goodale. 16. Robert Ardyn.

It would not be an easy matter, without some knowledge of minute facts and a considerable effort of imagination, to form an accurate notion of that building in the Blackfriars—rooms converted into a common playhouse—in which we may conclude that the first plays of Shakspere were exhibited. The very expression used by the petitioners against Burbage's project would imply that the building was not very nicely adapted to the purposes of dramatic representation. They say, "which rooms the said Burbage is now altering, and meaneth very shortly to convert and turn the same into a common playhouse." And yet we are not to infer that the rooms were hastily adapted to their object by the aid of a few boards and drapery, like the barn of a strolling company. In 1596 the shareholders say, in a petition to the Privy Council, that the theatre, "by reason of its having been so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that, besides the reparation thereof, it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto." The structure, no doubt, was adapted to its object, without any very great regard to durability; and the accommodations, both for actors and audience, were of a somewhat rude nature. The Blackfriars was a winter theatre; so that, differing from the Globe, which belonged to the same company, it was, there can be little doubt, roofed in. It appears surprising that, in a climate like that of England, even a summer theatre should be without a roof; but the surprise is lessened when we consider that, when the Globe was built in 1594, not

twanty years had elapsed since plays were commonly represented in the open yards of the inns of London. The Belle Savage was amongst the most famous of these inn-yard theatres; and even the present area of that inn will show how readily it might be adapted for such performances. The Blackfriars Theatre was probably little more than a large space, arranged pretty much like the Belle Savage yard, but with a roof over it. Indeed, so completely were the public theatres adapted after the model of the temporary ones, that the space for the "groundlings" long continued to be called the yard. One of the earliest theatres, built probably about the same time as the Blackfriars, was called the Curtain, from which we may infer that the refinement of separating the actors from the audience during the intervals of the representation was at first peculiar to that theatre.

In the continuation of Stow's 'Chronicle,' by Edmund Howes, there is a very curious passage, which carries us back from the period in which he was writing (1631) for sixty years. He describes the destruction of the Globe by fire in 1613, the burning of the Fortune Playhouse four years after, the rebuilding of both theatres, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars." He then adds,—"And this is the seventeenth stage or common playhouse, which hath been new made within the space of threescore years within London and the suburbs, viz.: five inns, or common hostelries, turned to playhouses, one Cockpit, St. Paul's singing-school, one in the Blackfriars, and one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one thousand six hundred twenty-nine. All the rest not named were erected only for common playhouses, besides the new-built bear-garden, which was built as well for plays, and fencers' prizes, as bull-baiting; besides one in former time at Newington Butts. Before the space of three-score years abovesaid I neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory." It would appear, as far as we can judge from the very imperfect materials which exist, that in the early period of Shakspere's connection with the Blackfriars it was the only private theatre. It is na-

tural to conclude that the proprietors of this theatre, being the Queen's servants, were the most respectable of their vocation; conformed to the ordinances of the State with the utmost scrupulousness; endeavoured to attract a select audience rather than an uncritical multitude; and received higher prices for admission than were paid at the public theatres. The performances at the Blackfriars were for the most part in the winter. Whether the performances were in the day or evening, artificial lights were used. The audience in what we now call the pit (then also so called) sat upon benches, and did not stand, as in the yard open to the sky of the public playhouses. There were small rooms corresponding with the private boxes of existing theatres. A portion of the audience, including those who aspired to the distinction of critics, sat upon the stage. It is possible, and indeed there is some evidence, that the rate of admission varied according to the attraction of the performance; and we may be pretty sure that a company like that of Shakspere's generally charged at a higher rate than the larger theatres, which depended more upon the multitude.

At an early period, but not so early as the date of the certificate of 1589, which shows that Shakspere was a sharer in the company acting at the Blackfriars, he is mentioned by contemporaries. Henry Chettle is one of the very few persons who have left us any distinct memorial of Shakspere. He appears to have had some connection with the writers of his time, in preparing their manuscripts for the press. He so prepared Greene's posthumous tract, 'The Groat's-worth of Wit,' copying out the author's faint and blotted sheets, written on his sick-bed. In this pamphlet of Greene's an insult was offered to Shakspere; and it would appear from the allusions of Chettle that he was justly offended. Marlowe, also, resented, as well he might, a charge of impiety which was levelled against him. Chettle says, "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted." By acquaintance he means companionship, if not friendship. He goes on, "And with one of them I care not if I never be." He is supposed here to point at Marlowe. But to the other he tenders an apology, in all sincerity: "The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had,

for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that improves his art." In the Induction to 'Cynthia's Revels' Ben Jonson makes one of the personified spectators on the stage say, "I would speak with your author; where is he?" It may be presumed, therefore, that it was not uncommon for the author to mix with that part of the audience; and thus Henry Chettle may be good evidence of the civil demeanour of William Shakspere. We may thus imagine the young author composedly moving amidst the throng of wits and critics that fill the stage. He moves amongst them modestly, but without any false humility. In worldly station, if such a consideration could influence his demeanour, he is fully their equal. They are for the most part, as he himself is, actors, as well as makers of plays. Phillips says Marlowe was an actor. Greene is reasonably conjectured to have been an actor. Peele and Wilson were actors of Shakspere's own company; and so was Anthony Wadeson. There can be little doubt that upon the early stage the occupations for the most part went together. The dialogue was less regarded than the action. A plot was hastily got up, with rude shows and startling incidents. The characters were little discriminated; one actor took the tyrant line, and another the lover; and ready words were at hand for the one to rant with and the other to whine. The actors were not very solicitous about the words, and often discharged their mimic passions in extemporaneous eloquence. In a few years the necessity of pleasing more refined audiences changed the economy of the stage. Men of high talent sought the theatre as a ready mode of maintenance by their writings; but their connection with the stage would naturally begin in acting rather than in authorship. The managers, themselves actors, would think, and perhaps rightly, that an actor would be the best judge of dramatic effect.

The rewards of authorship through the medium of the press were in those days small indeed; and paltry as was the dramatist's fee, the players were far better paymasters than the stationers. To become a sharer in a theatrical speculation offered a reasonable chance of competence, if not of wealth. If a sharer existed who was "excellent" enough in "the quality" he professed to fill the stage creditably, and added to that quality "a facetious grace in writing," there is no doubt that with "uprightness of dealing" he would, in such a company as that of the Black-friars, advance rapidly to distinction, and have the countenance and friendship of "divers of worship."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

A BELIEF has been long entertained in England, that Greene and Peele either wrote in conjunction the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., originally published as the two parts of the 'Contention,' or that Greene wrote one Part, and Peele the other Part; or that, at any rate, Greene had some share in these dramas. This was a theory propagated by Malone in his 'Dissertation,' and it rests not upon the slightest examination of the works of these writers, but solely on a far-famed passage in Greene's posthumous pamphlet (already referred to), the 'Groat's-worth of Wit,' in which he points out Shakspere as "a crow beautified with our feathers."

The entire pamphlet of Greene's is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary fragments of autobiography that the vanity or the repentance of a sinful man ever produced. The recital which he makes of his abandoned course of life involves not only a confession of crimes and follies which were common to a very licentious age, but of particular and especial depravities, which even to mention argues as much shamelessness as repentance. The portion, however, which relates to the subject before us stands alone, in conclusion, as a friendly warning out of his own terrible example:—"To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities."

To three of his quondam acquaintance the dying man addresses himself. To the first, supposed to be Marlowe—"thou famous gracer of tragedians"—he speaks in words as terrible as came from

"that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' Apocaypsee heard cry in heaven aloud."

In exhorting his friend to turn from atheism, he ran the risk of consigning him to the stake, for Francis Kett was burnt for his opinions only three years before Greene's death. That Marlowe resented this address to him we have the testimony of Chettle. With his second friend, supposed to be Lodge, his plain speaking is much more tender: "Be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words." He addresses the third, supposed to be Peele, as one "driven as myself to extreme shifts;" and he adds, "thou art unworthy better hap sith thou dependest on so mean a stay." What is the stay? "Making plays." The exhortation then proceeds to include the three "gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays."—"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths: those antics garnished in our colours." Up to this point the meaning is perfectly clear. The puppets, the antics,—by which names of course are meant the players, whom he held, and justly, to derive their chief importance from the labours of the poet, in the words which they uttered, and the colours with which they were garnished,—had once cleaved to him like burs.

But a change had taken place: "Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding—is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be, both, of them at once forsaken?" This is a lamentable picture of one whose powers, wasted by dissipation and enfeebled by sickness, were no longer required by those to whom they had once been serviceable. As he was forsaken, so he holds that his friends will be forsaken. And chiefly for what reason? "Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with *his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's*

*hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you: and, being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." There can be no doubt that Shakspere was here pointed at; that the starving man spoke with exceeding bitterness of the successful author; that he affected to despise him as a player; that, if "beautified with our feathers" had a stronger meaning than "garnished in our colours," it conveyed a vague charge of borrowing from other poets; and that he parodied a line from the 'Contention.' This is literally every word that can be supposed to apply to Shakspere. Greene proceeds to exhort his friends "to be employed in more profitable courses."—"Let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."—"Seek you better masters." It is perfectly clear that these words refer only to the players generally; and, possibly, to the particular company of which Shakspere was a member. As such, and such only, must he take his share in the names which Greene applies to them, of "apes,"—"rude grooms,"—"buckram gentlemen,"—"peasants,"—and "painted monsters." It will be well to give the construction that has been put upon these words, in the form in which the "hypothesis" was first propounded by Malone:—

"Shakspeare having therefore, probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote his dying exhortation to his friend, new-modelled and amplified these two pieces (the two parts of the 'Contention'), and produced on the stage what in the folio edition of his works are called the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI., and having acquired considerable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame, and that of his associate, both of them old and admired playwrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer (for so he calls our great poet) who had then first perhaps attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. He therefore in direct terms charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himself with their feathers*; in other words, with having acquired fame

*furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wishing to depreciate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces which Shakspere had thus *rewritten*, a proceeding which the authors of the original plays considered as an invasion both of their literary property and character. This line, with many others, Shakspere adopted without any alteration. The very term that Greene uses,—‘to *bombast* out a blank verse,’—exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and swell out a blank verse. *Bumbast* was a soft stuff of a loose texture, by which garments were rendered more swelling and protuberant.”

Thus, then, the starving and forsaken man—rejected by those who had been “beholding” to him; wanting the very bread of which he had been robbed, in the appropriation of his property by one of those who had rejected him; a man, too, prone to revenge, full of irascibility and self-love—contents himself with calling his plunderer “an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers”—“a Johannes fac-totum”—“the only Shake-scene in the country.” “He could not conceal his mortification!” It would have been miraculous if he could. And how does he exhibit it? He parodies a line from one of the productions of which he had been so plundered, to carry the point home—to leave no doubt as to the sting of his allusion. But, as has been most justly observed, the epigram would have wanted its sting, if the line parodied had not been that of the very writer attacked<sup>a</sup>. Be this as it may, the dying man, for some cause or other, chose to veil his deep wrongs in a sarcastic allusion. He left the manuscript containing this allusion to be published by a friend; and it was so published. It was “a perilous shot out of an elder gun.” But the matter did not stop here. The editor of the posthumous work actually apologised to the “upstart crow.” This apology was not written by Chettle at some distant period; it came out in the same year with the pamphlet which contained the insult. The terms which he uses—“uprightness of dealing,” and “facetious grace in writing”

<sup>a</sup> ‘Edin. Review’ July, 1840.

—seem as if meant distinctly to refute the vague accusation of “beautified with our feathers.” It is perfectly clear that Chettle could not have used these terms if Shakspere had been the wholesale plunderer, either of Greene or of any other writer, that it is assumed he was by those who deprive him of the authorship of the two Parts of the ‘Contention.’

It appears to us that Greene, in his attack on the reputation of our great poet, has rendered to his memory the most essential service. He has fixed the date of the ‘Second Part of the ‘Contention.’ However plausible may be the conjectures as to the early production of two or three of Shakspere’s comedies, the ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ and even the first ‘Hamlet,’ there is no *positive* landmark on them for our direction. But in the case of the First Part of ‘Henry VI.,’ and the two Parts of the ‘Contention,’ we have the most unquestionable proof, in Greene’s parody of a line from the Second Part (the third of the series), that they were popularly known in 1592. The three Parts are so dependent each upon the other, that the order of their production must have been the order of the historical events. They either belonged, therefore, to the first half of the decad between 1585 and 1595, or they touched very closely upon it.

It is highly probable that, when the First Part of ‘Henry VI.’ was originally produced, the stage had possession of a complete series of chronicle histories, rudely put together, aspiring to little poetical elevation, and managed pretty generally after the fashion described by Gosson, in a pamphlet against the stage printed about 1581:—“If a true history be taken in hand, it is made like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it most commonly into such points as may best show the majesty of their pen in tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love, or paint a few antics to fit their own humours with scoffs and taunts, or bring in a show to furnish the stage when it is bare: when the matter of itself comes short of this, they follow the practice of a cobbler, and set their teeth to the leather to pull it out.” The truth is, that up to the period when Shakspere reached the age of manhood, there were no artists in existence competent to produce an historical play superior

to these rude performances. The state of the drama generally is thus succinctly, but most correctly, noticed by an anonymous writer :—"From the commencement of Shakspere's boyhood, till about the earliest date at which his removal to London can be possibly fixed, the drama lingered in the last stage of a semi-barbarism. Perhaps we do not possess any monument of the time except Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra ;' but neither that play, nor any details that can be gathered respecting others, indicate the slightest advance beyond a point of development which had been reached many years before by such writers as Edwards and Gascoyne. About 1585, or Shakspere's twenty-first year, there opened a new era, which, before the same decad was closed, had given birth to a large number of dramas, many of them wonderful for the circumstances in which they rose, and several possessing real and absolute excellence."\* Of the poets who belong to this remarkable decad, we possess undoubted specimens of the works of Lylly, Peele, Marlowe, Lodge, Greene, Kyd, and Nashe. There are one or two other inferior names, such as Chettle and Munday, connected with the latter part of this decad. We ourselves hold that Shakspere belongs to the first as well as to the second half of this short but most influential period of our literature. Of those artists to whom can be possibly imputed the composition of the First Part of 'Henry VI,' there are only five in whom can be traced any supposed resemblance of style. They are—Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, and Kyd. The First Part of 'Henry VI' was therefore either written by one of these five poets, or by some unknown author whose name has perished, or by Shakspere. We believe that it was written by Shakspere in his earliest connection with the dramatic art. We hold that the First Part of 'Henry VI,' in all the essentials of its dramatic construction, is, with reference to the object which its author had in view of depicting a series of historical events with poetical truth, immeasurably superior to any other chronicle history which existed between 1585 and 1590. It has been called a "drum-and-trumpet thing." The age in which it was produced was one in which the most accomplished of

\* 'Edin. Review,' July, 1840, p. 469.

its courtiers said, “ I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet : and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style ; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar ! ” \* He who made the “ drum-and-trumpet thing ” desired to move men’s hearts as Sydney’s was moved. He saw around him thousands who crowded to the theatres to witness the heroic deeds of their forefathers, although “ evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age ; ” and it was he who first seized upon the great theme for his own, and “ trimmed ” it in his own “ gorgeous eloquence.” And what, if the music which he first uttered had a savour of the rough voice and the rude style which had preceded him ? What, if his unpractised hand sometimes struck the notes of timidity and unskilfulness ? What, if he now and then hurried away even from the principles of his own art, and appeared to start at “ sounds himself had made ? ” He did what no other man up to that day had done, and long after did,—he banished the “ senseless and soulless shows ” of the old historical drama, and at once raised up a stage “ ample and true with life.”

It has long been the fashion to consider Marlowe as the precursor of Shakspere ; to regard Marlowe as one of the founders of the regular drama, and Shakspere only as an improver. We may say a few words as to the external evidence for this belief. Marlowe was killed in a wretched brawl on the 1st of June, 1593. He was then in his thirty-first year, being born in February, 1563-4. He was only two months older than Shakspere. We owe this discovery of Marlowe’s age to the Rev. A. Dyce, whose labours in connection with the old Drama are so valuable and meritorious. A native of Canterbury, he was educated at the King’s School in that city ; and was matriculated as a pensioner of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1580-1. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1583 ; and that of Master of Arts in 1587. Phillips, in his ‘*Theatrum Poetarum*,’ thus speaks of him :—“ Christopher Marlowe, a kind of a second

\* Sir Philip Sydney’s ‘*Defence of Poetry*.

Shakspere (whose contemporary he was), not only because like him he rose from an actor to be a maker of plays, though inferior both in fame and merit," &c. We have no distinct record of Marlowe as an actor. We know that he was early a maker of plays. He probably became a dramatic writer about the time he took his Master's degree in 1587. 'Tamburlaine' is mentioned by Greene in 1588. But 'Hamlet' is mentioned by Nashe in 1589, in his address prefixed to Greene's 'Menaphon:' "It is a common practice now-a-day, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinise their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candlelight, yields many good sentences, as *Bloud is a Beggar*, and so forth: and, if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole 'Hamlets,' I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches." This quotation is held to furnish the external evidence that Shakspere had been an attorney, by the connection here implied of "the trade of Noverint" and "whole Hamlets." Noverint was the technical beginning of a bond. It is imputed, then, by Nashe, to a sort of shifting companions, that, running through every art and thriving by none, they attempt dramatic composition, drawing their tragical speeches from English Seneca. Does this description apply to Shakspere? Was he thriving by no art? In 1589 he was established in life as a sharer in the Blackfriars' theatre. Does the use of the term "whole Hamlets" fix the allusion upon him? It appears to us only to show that some tragedy called 'Hamlet,' it may be Shakspere's, was then in existence; and that it was a play also at which Nashe might sneer as abounding with tragical speeches. But it does not seem to us that there is any absolute connection between the Noverint and the 'Hamlet.' Suppose, for example, that the 'Hamlet' alluded to was written by Marlowe, who was educated at Cambridge, and was certainly not a lawyer's clerk. The sentence will read as well; the sarcasm upon the tragical speeches of the 'Hamlet' will be as pointed; the shifting companion whc has thriven by no art, and has left the calling to which he was born, may

study English Seneca till he produces “whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches.” In the same way Nashe might have said whole Tamburlaines of tragical speeches, without attempting to infer that the author of ‘Tamburlaine’ had left the trade of Noverint. We believe that the allusion was to Shakspere’s ‘Hamlet,’ but that the first part of the sentence had no allusion to Shakspere’s occupation. The context of the passage renders the matter even clearer. Nashe begins,—“I will turn back to my first text of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators.” Nashe aspired to the reputation of a scholar; and he directs his satire against those who attempted the labours of scholarship without the requisite qualifications. The trivial translators could scarcely latinise their neck-verse—they could scarcely repeat the verse of Scripture which was the ancient form of praying the benefit of clergy. Seneca, however, might be read in English. We have then to ask, was ‘Hamlet’ a translation or an adaptation from Seneca? Did Shakspere ever attempt to found a play upon the model of Seneca; to be a trivial translator of him; even to transfuse his sentences into a dramatic composition? If this imputation does not hold good against Shakspere, the mention of ‘Hamlet’ has no connection with the shifting companion who is thus talked to as a trivial translator. Nashe does not impute these qualities to ‘Hamlet,’ but to those who busy themselves with the endeavours of art in adapting sentences from Seneca which should rival whole ‘Hamlets’ in tragical speeches. And then he immediately says, “But, O grief! Tempus edax rerum;—what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be clay; and Seneca, let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage.”

The young Shakspere and the young Marlowe were of the same age. What right have we to infer that the one could produce a ‘Tamburlaine’ at the age of twenty-four, and the other not produce an imperfect outline of his own ‘Hamlet’ at the same age, or even a year earlier? Malone connects the supposed date of Shakspere’s commencement as a dramatic writer with the notice of him by some of his con-

temporaries. He passes over Nashe's "whole Hamlets ;" he maintains that Spenser's description, in 1591, of the "gentle spirit," who

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell  
Than so himself to mockery to sell,"

applied not to Shakspere, but to Lyl, who was at that instant most active in "mockery ;" but he fixes Shakspere with having *begun* to write in 1592, because Greene in that year sneers at him as "the only Shake-scene in a country." Does a young writer *suddenly* jump into the distinction of a sneer of envy from one much older in reputation, as Greene was ? In an age when there were no newspapers and no reviews, it must be extremely difficult to trace the course of any man, however eminent, by the notices of the writers of his times. An author's fame, then, was not borne through every quarter of the land in the very hour in which it was won. More than all, the reputation of a dramatic writer could scarcely be known, except to a resident in London, until his works were committed to the press. The first play of Shakspere's (according to our belief) which was printed was the First Part of the Contention ('Henry VI, Part II.'), and did not appear till 1594. Now, Malone says, "In Webbe's 'Discourse of English Poetry,' published in 1586, we meet with the names of most of the celebrated poets of that time ; particularly those of George Whetstone and Anthony Munday, who were dramatic writers ; but we find no trace of our author, or of any of his works." But Malone does not tell us that in Webbe's 'Discourse of Poetry,' we find the following passage :—"I am humbly to desire pardon of the learned company of gentlemen scholars, and students of the universities and inns of court, if I omit their several commendations in this place, which I know a great number of them have worthily deserved, in many rare devices and singular inventions of poetry : for neither hath it been my good hap to have seen all which I have heard of, neither is my abiding in such place where I can with facility get knowledge of their works."

"Three years afterwards," continues Malone, "Puttenham printed his 'Art of English Poesy ;' and in that work also we look in vain for the name of Shakspere." The book

speaks of the one-and-thirty years' space of Elizabeth's reign ; and thus puts the date of the writing a year earlier than the printing. But we here look in vain for some other illustrious names besides that of Shakspere. Malone has not told us that the *name* of Edmund Spenser is not found in Puttenham ; nor, what is still more uncandid, that not one of Shakspere's early dramatic contemporaries is mentioned—neither Marlowe, nor Greene, nor Peele, nor Kyd, nor Lylly. The author evidently derives his knowledge of “poets and poesy” from a much earlier period than that in which he publishes. He does not mention Spenser by *name*, but he does “that other gentleman who wrote the late ‘Shepherd’s Calendar.’” The ‘Shepherd’s Calendar’ of Spenser was published in the year 1579.

Malone goes on to argue that the omission of Shakspere's name, or any notice of his works, in Sir John Harrington's ‘Apology of Poetry,’ printed in 1591, in which “he takes occasion to speak of the theatre, and mentions some of the celebrated dramas of that time,” is a proof that none of Shakspere's dramatic compositions had then appeared. The reader will be in a better position to judge of the value of this argument by a reference to the passage of Sir John Harrington :—“For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that, that was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrify all tyrannous-minded men.” [This was a Latin play, by Dr. Legge, acted some years before 1588.] “Then for comedies. How full of harmless mirth is our Cambridge ‘Pedantius’ and the Oxford ‘Bellum Grammaticale !’” [Latin plays again.] “Or, to speak of a London comedy, how much good matter, yea, and matter of state, is there in that comedy called ‘The Play of the Cards,’ in which it is showed how four parasitical knaves robbed the four principal vocations of the realm ; videlicet the vocation of soldiers, scholars, merchants, and husbandmen ! Of which comedy, I cannot forget the saying of a notable wise counsellor that is now dead, who, when some (to sing Placebo) advised that it should be forbidden, because it was somewhat too plain, and indeed as the old saying is (sooth boord is no boord), yet he would have it allowed, adding it was fit that they

which do that they should not, should hear that they would not." Nothing, it will be seen, can be more exaggerated than Malone's statement, "He takes occasion to speak of the theatre, and mentions some of the celebrated dramas of that time." Does he mention 'Tamburlaine,' or 'Faustus,' or 'The Massacre of Paris,' or 'The Jew of Malta?' As he does not, it may be assumed with equal justice that none of these plays of Marlowe had appeared in 1591; and yet we know that he died in 1593. So of Lylly's 'Galathea,' 'Alexander and Campaspe,' 'Endymion,' &c. So of Greene's 'Orlando and Furioso,' 'Friar Bacon,' 'James IV.' So of the 'Spanish Tragedy' of Kyd. The truth is, that Harrington, in his notice of celebrated dramas, was even more antiquated than Puttenham; and his evidence, therefore, in this matter, is utterly worthless.

But Malone has given his crowning proof that Shakspere had not written before 1591, in the following words:—"Sir Philip Sydney, in his 'Defence of Poesie,' speaks at some length of the low state of dramatic literature at the time he composed this treatise, but has not the slightest allusion to Shakspere, whose plays, had they then appeared, would doubtless have rescued the English stage from the contempt which is thrown upon it by the accomplished writer; and to which it was justly exposed by the wretched compositions of those who preceded our poet. 'The Defence of Poesie' was not published till 1595, but must have been written some years before." There is one slight objection to this argument: Sir Philip Sydney was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in the year 1586; and it would really have been somewhat surprising if the illustrious author of the 'Defence of Poesy' could have included Shakspere in his account "of the low state of dramatic literature at the time he composed this treatise," which was in effect a reply to 'The School of Abuse' of Gosson, and to other controversialists of the puritanical faction, who were loudest about 1580. At that time Shakspere was sixteen years of age.

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## CHAPTER IX.

IN the spring of 1588, and through the summer also, we may well believe that Shakspere abided in London. The course of public events was such that he would scarcely have left the capital, even for a few weeks. For the hearts of all men in the vast city were mightily stirred ; and whilst in that “shop of war” might be heard on every side the din of “anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice,”<sup>a</sup> the poet had his own work to do, in urging forward the noble impulse through which the people, of whatever sect, or whatever party, willed that they would be free. It was the year of the Armada. It had gone forth to all lands that England was to be invaded. Philip of Spain was preparing the greatest armament that the combined navies of Spain and Portugal, of Naples and Sicily, of Genoa and Venice, could bear across the seas, to crush the arch-heretic of England. Rome had blessed the enterprise. Prophecies had been heard, in divers languages, that the year 1588 “should be most fatal and ominous unto all estates,” and it was “now plainly discovered that England was the main subject of that time’s operation.”<sup>b</sup> Yet England did not quail. “The whole commonalty,” says the annalist, “became of one heart and mind.” The Council of War demanded five thousand men and fifteen ships of the City of London. Two days were craved for an answer ; and the City replied that ten thousand men and thirty ships were at the service of their country. In every field around the capital were the citizens who had taken arms practising the usual points of war. The Camp at Tilbury was formed. “It was a pleasant sight to behold the soldiers, as they marched towards Tilbury, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came ; and in the camp their most felicity was hope of fight with the enemy : where oftentimes divers rumours ran of their foes’ approach, and that present battle would be given them ; then were they joyful at such news, as if lusty giants

<sup>a</sup> Milton: ‘Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.’  
<sup>b</sup> Stowe’s ‘Annals.’

were to run a race." There is another description of an eager and confident army that may parallel this :—

" All furnish'd, all in arms;  
 All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind  
 Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd:  
 Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer:  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls."<sup>a</sup>

He who wrote this description had, we think, looked upon the patriot trainbands of London in 1588. But, if we mistake not, he had given an impulse to the spirit which had called forth this "strong and mighty preparation," in a voice as trumpet-tongued as the proclamations of Elizabeth. The chronology of Shakspere's 'King John' is amongst the many doubtful points of his literary career. The authorship of the 'King John' in two Parts is equally doubtful. But if that be an older play than Shakspere's, and be not, as the Germans believe with some reason, written by Shakspere himself, the drama which we receive as his is a work peculiarly fitted for the year of the great Armada. The other play is full of matter that would have offended the votaries of the old religion. This, in a wise spirit of toleration, attacks no large classes of men—excites no prejudices against friars and nuns, but vindicates the independence of England against the interference of the papal authority, and earnestly exhorts her to be true to herself. This was the spirit in which even the undoubted adherents of the ancient forms of religion acted while England lay under the ban of Rome in 1588. The passages in Shakspere's 'King John' appear to us to have even a more pregnant meaning, when they are connected with that stirring time :—

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories  
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
 Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
 But as we under Heaven are supreme head  
 So under Him, that great supremacy,

<sup>a</sup> 'Henry IV., Part I.,' Act iv., Scene 1.

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phil.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy o't;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;  
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive?

This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

The patriotism of Shakspeare is less displayed in set speeches than in the whole life of historical plays—incident and character. Out of the inferior writers might be collected more laudatory sentences flattering to national pride; but his words are bright and momentary as the spark which fires the mine. The feeling is in the audience, and he causes it to burst out in shouts or tears. He learnt the management of this power, we think, during the excitement of the great year of 1588.

The Armada is scattered. England's gallant sons have done their work; the winds, which a greater Power than that of sovereigns and councils holds in His hand, have been let loose. The praise is to Him. Now, a mighty procession is on the way to St. Paul's. The banners taken from the Spanish ships are hung out on the battlements of the cathedral; and now, surrounded by all the nobles and mighty men

who have fought her battles, the Queen descends from her “chariot throne” to make her “hearty prayers on her bended knees.” Leicester, the favourite to whose weak hand was nominally intrusted the command of the troops, has not lived to see this triumph. But Essex, the new favourite, would be there; and Hunsdon, the General for the Queen. There too would be Raleigh, and Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Drake, and Howard of Effingham—one who forgot all distinctions of sect in the common danger of his country. Well might the young poet thus apostrophise this country:—

“This royal throne of kings, this soepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
 Against infection and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.”

But, glorious as was the contemplation of the attitude of England during the year of the Armada, the very energy that had called forth this noble display of patriotic spirit exhibited itself in domestic controversy when the pressure from without was removed. The poet might then, indeed, qualify his former admiration:—

“O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,  
 What mightst thou do that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural ! ”

The same season that witnessed the utter destruction of the armament of Spain saw London excited to the pitch of fury by polemical disputes. It was not now the quarrel between Protestant and Romanist, but between the National Church and Puritanism. The theatres, those new and powerful teachers, lent themselves to the controversy. In some of these their licence to entertain the people was abused by the introduction of matters connected with religion and politics; so that in 1589 Lord Burghley not only directed the Lord Mayor to inquire what companies of players had offended, but a commission was appointed for the same purpose. How Shakspere's company proceeded during this inquiry has been

made out most clearly by a valuable document discovered at Bridgewater House, by Mr. Collier, wherein they disclaim to have conducted themselves amiss. "These are to certify your right Honourable Lordships that her Majesty's poor players, James Burbage, Richard Burbage, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespere, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Arnyn, being all of them sharers in the Blackfriars playhouse, have never given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion, unfit to be handled by them or to be presented before lewd spectators : neither hath any complaint in that kind ever been preferred against them or any of them. Wherefore they trust most humbly in your Lordships' consideration of their former good behaviour, being at all times ready and willing to yield obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdom may think in such case meet," &c.

" Nov. 1589."

In this petition, Shakspere, a sharer in the theatre, but with others below him in the list, says, and they all say, that "they have never brought into their plays matters of state and religion." The public mind in 1589-90 was furiously agitated by "matters of state and religion." A controversy was going on which is now known as that of *Martin Marprelate*, in which the constitution and discipline of the church were most furiously attacked in a succession of pamphlets ; and they were defended with equal violence and scurrility. The theatres took part in the controversy, as we learn from a tract by Gabriel Harvey.

Shakspere's great contemporary, Edmund Spenser, in a poem entitled 'The Tears of the Muses,' originally published in 1591, describes, in the 'Complaint' of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, the state of the drama at the time in which he is writing :—

"Where be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,  
That wont with comic sock to beautify  
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure  
The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody;  
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,  
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,  
 Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,  
 Is laid a-bed, and nowhere now to see;  
 And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,  
 With hollow brows and griesly countenance,  
 Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.  
 And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,  
 And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late  
 Out of dread darkness of the deep abyss,  
 Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate;  
 They in the minds of men now tyrannise,  
 And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.  
 All places they with folly have possess'd,  
 And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;  
 But me have banished, with all the rest  
 That whilom wont to wait upon my train,  
 Fine Counterfeance, and unhurtful Sport,  
 Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort.\*

Spenser was in England in 1590-91, and it is probable that 'The Tears of the Muses' was written in 1590. The four stanzas which we have quoted are descriptive, as we think, of a period of the drama when it had emerged from the semi-barbarism by which it was characterised, "from the commencement of Shakspere's boyhood, till about the earliest date at which his removal to London can be possibly fixed."\* This description has nothing in common with those accounts of the drama which have reference to this "semi-barbarism." Nor does the writer of it belong to the school which considered a violation of the unities of time and place as the great defect of the English theatre. Nor does he assert his preference of the classic school over the romantic, by objecting, as Sir Philip Sydney objects, that "plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns." There had been, according to Spenser, a state of the drama that would

" Fill with pleasure  
 The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody."

Can any comedy be named, if we assume that Shakspere had, in 1590, not written any, which could be celebrated—and by the exquisite versifier of 'The Faery Queen'—for its "melody"? Could any also be praised for

" That goodly glee  
 Which wont to be the glory of gay wits"?

\* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. lxxi., p. 469.

Could the plays before Shakspere be described by the most competent of judges—the most poetical mind of that age next to Shakspere—as abounding in

“Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,  
Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort”?

We have not seen such a comedy, except some three or four of Shakspere's, which could have existed before 1590. We do not believe there is such a comedy from any other pen. What, according to the ‘Complaint’ of Thalia, has banished such comedy? “Unseemly Sorrow,” it appears, has been fashionable;—not the properties of tragedy, but a Sorrow

“With hollow brows and griesly countenance;”—

the violent scenes of blood which were offered for the excitement of the multitude, before the tragedy of real art was devised. But this state of the drama is shortly passed over. There is something more defined. By the side of this false tragic sit “ugly Barbarism and brutish Ignorance.” These are not the barbarism and ignorance of the *old* stage;—they are

“Ycrecht of late  
Out of dread darkness of the deep abyss.”

They “now tyrannise;” they now “disguise” the fair scene “with rudeness.” The Muse of Tragedy, Melpomene, had previously described the “rueful spectacles” of “the stage.” It was a stage which had no “true tragedy.” But it *had* possessed

“Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort.”

The four stanzas which we have quoted are immediately followed by these four others:—

‘All these, and all that else the comic stage  
With season'd wit and goodly pleasure graced  
By which man's life in his likest image  
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;  
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,  
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.

( And he, the man whom Nature self had made  
To mock herself, and truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter, under mimic shade,  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:  
With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour dreut.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,  
 And scornful Folly, with Contempt, is crept,  
 Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry,  
 Without regard or due decorum kept;  
 Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
 And doth the Learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen  
 Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,  
 Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,  
 Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,  
 Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell  
 Than so himself to mockery to sell."

The love of personal abuse had driven out real comedy ; and there was *one* who, for a brief season, had left the madness to take its course. We cannot doubt that

"He, the man whom Nature self had made  
 To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,"

was *William Shakspere*.

England was sorely visited by the plague in 1592 and 1593. The theatres were shut ; there were no performances at Court. Shakspere, we may believe, during the long period of the continuance of the plague in London, had no occupation at the Blackfriars Theatre ; and the pastimes of the Lord Chamberlain's servants were dispensed with at the palaces. It is probable that he was residing at his own Stratford. The leisure, we think, afforded him opportunity of preparing the most important of that wonderful series of historical dramas which unquestionably appeared within a few years of this period ; and of producing some other dramatic compositions of the highest order of poetical excellence. It appears to us, looking at the printed labours of Shakspere at this exact period, that there was some pause in his professional occupation ; and that many months' residence in Stratford, from the autumn of 1592 to the summer of 1593, enabled him more systematically to cultivate those higher faculties which placed him, even in the opinion of his contemporaries, at the head of the living poets of England.

It is easy to believe that if any external impulse were wanting to stimulate the poetical ambition of Shakspere—to make him aspire to some higher character than that of the most popular of dramatists—such might be found in 1593 in the clear field which was left for the exercise of his

peculiar powers. Robert Greene had died on the 3rd of September, 1592, leaving behind him a sneer at the actor who aspired "to bombast out a blank verse." Had his genius not been destroyed by the wear and tear, and the corrupting influences, of a profligate life, he never could have competed with the mature Shakspere. But as we know that "the only Shake-scene in a country," at whom the unhappy man presumed to scoff, felt the insult somewhat deeply, so we may presume he took the most effectual means to prove to the world that he was not, according to the malignant insinuation of his envious compeer, "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers." We believe that in the gentleness of his nature, when he introduced into 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning late deceas'd in beggary,"

he dropped a tear upon the grave of Grecne, whose demerits were to be forgiven in his misery. On the 1st of June, 1593, Christopher Marlowe perished in a wretched brawl, "slain by Francis Archer," as the Register of Burials of the parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, informs us. Who was left of the dramatists that could enter into competition with William Shakspere, such as he then was? He was almost alone. The great disciples of his school had not arisen.. Jonson had not appeared to found a school of a different character. It was for him, thenceforth, to sway the popular mind after his own fashion; to disregard the obligation which the rivalry of high talent might have imposed upon him of listening to other suggestions than those of his own lofty art; to make the multitude bow before that art, rather than that it should accommodate itself to their habits and prejudices. But at a period when the exercise of the poetical power in connection with the stage was scarcely held amongst the learned and the polite in itself to be poetry, Shakspere vindicated his reputation by the publication of the 'Venus and Adonis.' It was, he says, "the first heir of my invention." There may be a doubt whether Shakspere meant to say literally that this was the first poetical work that he had produced; or whether he held, in deference to some critical opinions, that his dramatic productions could not be classed

amongst the heirs of “invention.” We think that he meant to use the words literally ; and that he used them at a period when he might assume, without vanity, that he had taken his rank amongst the poets of his time. He dedicates to the Earl of Southampton something that had not before been given to the world. He calls his verses “unpolished lines ;” he vows to take advantage of all idle hours till he had honoured the young patron of the Muses with “some graver labour.” But *invention* was received then, as it was afterwards, as the highest quality of the poet. Dryden says, —“A poet is a maker, as the word signifies ; and he who cannot make, that is *invent*, hath his name for nothing.” We consider, therefore, that “my invention” is not the language of one unknown to fame. He was exhibiting the powers which he possessed upon a different instrument than that to which the world was accustomed ; but the world knew that the power existed. We employ the word *genius* always with reference to the inventive or creative faculty. Substitute the word *genius* for *invention*, and the expression used by Shakspere sounds like arrogance. But the substitution may indicate that the actual expression could not have been used by one who came forward for the first time to claim the honours of the poet. It has been argued from this expression that Shakspere had produced nothing original before the ‘Venus and Adonis’—that up to the period of its publication, in 1593, he was only a repairer of the works of other men. We hold that the expression implies the direct contrary.

We have a distinct record when the theatres were reopened after the plague. The ‘Diary’ of Philip Henslowe records that “the Earl of Sussex his men” acted ‘Huon of Bordeaux’ on the 28th of December, 1593. Henslowe appears to have had an interest in this company. It is probable that Shakspere’s theatre of the Blackfriars was opened about the same period. We have some evidence to show what was the duration of the winter season at this theatre ; for the same diary shows that from June, 1594, the performances of the theatre at Newington Butts were a joint undertaking by the Lord Admiral’s men and the Lord Chamberlain’s men. How long this association of two companies lasted is not easy to determine ; but during the month of

June we have entries of the exhibition of ‘Andronicus,’ of ‘Hamlet,’ and of ‘The Taming of a Shrew.’ No subsequent entries exhibit the names of plays which have any real or apparent connection with Shakspere. It appears that in December, 1593, Richard Burbage entered into a bond with Peter Streete, a carpenter, for the performance on the part of Burbage of the covenants contained in an indenture of agreement by which Streete undertook to erect a new theatre for Burbage’s company. This was the famous Globe on the Bankside, of which Shakspere was unquestionably a proprietor. We thus see that in 1594 there were new demands to be made upon his invention ; and we may reasonably conclude that the reliance of Burbage and his other fellows upon their poet’s unequalled powers was one of their principal inducements to engage in this new enterprise.

In the midst of his professional engagements, which doubtless were renewed with increased activity after their long suspension, Shakspere published his ‘Rape of Lucrece.’ He had vowed to take advantage of all idle hours till he had honoured Lord Southampton with some graver labour than the first heir of his invention. The ‘Venus and Adonis’ was entered in the Registers of the Stationers’ Company on the 18th of April, 1593. The ‘Lucrece’ appears in the same Registers on the 9th of May, 1594. That this elaborate poem was wholly or in part composed in that interval of leisure which resulted from the shutting of the theatres in 1593 may be reasonably conjectured ; but it is evident that during the year which had elapsed between the publication of the first and the second poem, Shakspere had been brought into more intimate companionship with his noble patron. The language of the first dedication is that of distant respect, the second is that of grateful friendship. At the period when Shakspere dedicated to him his ‘Venus and Adonis,’ Lord Southampton was scarcely twenty years of age. He is supposed to have become intimate with Shakspere from the circumstance that his mother had married Sir Thomas Heneage, who filled the office of Treasurer of the Chamber, and in the discharge of his official duties would be brought into frequent intercourse with the Lord Chamberlain’s players. This is Drake’s theory. ‘The more

natural belief appears to be that he had a strong attachment to literature, and, with the generous impetuosity of his character, did not regard the distinctions of rank to the extent with which they were regarded by men of colder temperaments and more worldly minds. Shakspere appears to have been the first amongst the writers of his day that offered a public tribute to the merits of the young nobleman. Both the dedications, and especially that of 'Lucrece,' are conceived in a modest and a manly spirit, entirely different from the ordinary language of literary adulation. There is evidence in the second dedication of a higher sort of intercourse between the two minds than consists with any forced adulation of any kind, and especially with any extravagant compliments to the learning and to the abilities of a superior in rank. Such testimonies are always suspicious ; and probably honest old Florio, when he dedicated his 'World of Words' to the Earl in 1598, shows pretty correctly what the race of panegyrists expected in return for their compliments : "In truth, I acknowledge an entire debt, not only of my best knowledge, but of all ; yea of more than I know, or can, to your bounteous lordship, in whose pay and patronage I have lived some years ; to whom I owe and vow the years I have to live. But, as to me and many more, the glorious and gracious sunshine of your honour hath infused light and life." There is an extraordinary anecdote told by Rowe of Lord Southampton's munificence to Shakspere, which seems to bring the poet somewhat near to Florio's plain-speaking association of pay and patronage :—"What grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of 'Venus and Adonis.' There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted ;

that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian singers." This is one of the many instances in which we are not warranted in rejecting a tradition, however we may look suspiciously upon the accuracy of its details. D'Avenant could scarcely be very well acquainted with Shakspere's affairs, for he was only ten years old when Shakspere died. The sum mentioned as the gift of the young nobleman to the poet is so large, looking at the value of money in those days, that it could scarcely consist with the independence of a generous spirit to bear the load of such a prodigality of bounty. The notions of those days were, however, different from ours. Examples will readily suggest themselves of the most lavish rewards bestowed by princes and nobles upon great painters. They received such gifts without any compromise of their intellectual dignity. It was the same then with poets. According to the habits of the time Shakspere might have received a large gift from Lord Southampton, without any forfeiture of his self-respect. Nevertheless, Rowe's story must still appear sufficiently apocryphal : "My Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." It is not necessary to account for the gradual acquisition of property by Shakspere that we should yield our assent to this tradition, without some qualification. In 1589, when Lord Southampton was a lad at College, Shakspere had already acquired that property which was to be the foundation of his future fortune. He was then a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. That the adventure was a prosperous one, not only to himself but to his brother shareholders, may be inferred from the fact that four years afterwards they began the building of another theatre. The Globe was commenced in December, 1593 ; and being constructed for the most part of wood, was ready to be opened, we should imagine, in the summer of 1594. In 1596 the same prosperous company were prepared to expend considerable sums upon the

repair and extension of their original theatre, the Blackfriars. The name of Shakspere occupies a prominent position in the document from which we collect this fact : it is a petition to the Lords of the Privy Council from " Thomas Pepe, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Philips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servants to the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty ;" and it sets forth that they are "the owners and players of the private theatre in the Blackfriars ; that it hath fallen into decay ; and that it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto." It then states what is important to the present question :— "To this end your petitioners have all and each of them put down sums of money according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their quality of stage-players." It then alleges that certain inhabitants of the precinct had besought the Council not to allow the said private house to remain open, "but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injury of your petitioners, who have no other means whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their quality as they have heretofore done." The common proprietorship of the company in the Globe and Blackfriars is also noticed :—"In the summer season your petitioners are able to play at their new-built house on the Bankside, called the Globe, but in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars." If the winter theatre be shut up, they say they will be "unable to practise themselves in any plays or interludes when called upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Majesty and her honourable Court, as they have been heretofore accustomed." Though the Registers of the Council and the Office-books of the Treasurer of the Chamber are wanting for this exact period, we have here the distinct evidence of the intimate relation between Shakspere's company and the Court. The petitioners, in concluding by the prayer that their "honourable Lordships will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun," add as a reason for this favour, that they "have hitherto been well

ordered in their behaviour and just in their dealings." The performances at the Blackfriars went on without interruption. Shakspere, in 1597, bought "all that capital messuage or tenement in Stratford, called the New Place." This appears to have been his first investment in property distinct from his theatrical speculations. By the purchase of the best house in his native town at a period of his life when his professional occupations could have allowed him little leisure to reside in it, he would appear to have had in view an early retirement from a pursuit which probably was little agreeable to him. His powers as a dramatic writer might be profitably exercised without being associated with the actor's vocation. We know from other circumstances that at this period Stratford was nearest to his heart. On the 24th of January, 1598, Mr. Abraham Sturley, an alderman of Stratford, writes to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, then in London :—"I would write nothing unto you now—but come home. I pray God send you comfortably home. This is one special remembrance, from your father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countryman Mr. Shakspere is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard land or other at Shottery, or near about us. He thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and by the friends he can make therefore, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not impossible to hit. It obtained would advance him indeed, and would do us much good." We thus see that in a year after the purchase of New Place, Shakspere's accumulation of money was going on. The worthy alderman and his connections appear to look confidently to their countryman, Mr. Shakspere, to assist them in their needs. On the 4th of November, in the same year, Sturley again writes a very long letter "to his most loving brother Mr. Richard Quiney, at the Bell, in Carter Lane, in London," in which he says, of a letter written by Quiney to him on the 21st of October, that it imported, amongst other matters, "that our countryman Mr. W. Shakspere would procure us money, which I well like of, as I shall hear when, and where, and how; and I pray let not go that occasion, if it may sort to any indifferent conditions."

Quiney himself at this very time writes the following characteristic letter to his "loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakspere":—"Loving countryman, I am bold of you as of a friend, craving your help with thirty pounds upon Mr. Bushell and my security, or Mr. Myttens with me. Mr. Rosswell is not come to London as yet, and I have especial cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London, I thank God, and much quiet to my mind which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court in hope your answer for the dispatch of my business. You shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord willing; and now but persuade yourself so as I hope, and you shall not need to fear but with all hearty thankfulness I will hold my time, and content your friend, and if we bargain farther, you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me to hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care, and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste. The Lord be with you and with us all. Amen. From the Bell in Carter Lane the 25th October, 1598. Yours in all kindness, Ryc. Quiney." The anxious dependence which these honest men appear to have upon the good offices of their townsman is more satisfactory even than the evidence which their letters afford of his worldly condition.

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## CHAPTER X.

IN the midst of this apparent prosperity the registers of the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon present to us an event which must have thrown a shade over the brightest prospects. The burial of the only son of the poet is recorded in 1596. Hamnet was born on the 2nd of February, 1585; so that at his death he was eleven years and six months old. He was a twin child; and it is not unlikely that he was constitutionally weak. Some such cause interfered probably with the education of the twin-sister Judith; for whilst Susanna, the elder, is recorded to have been "witty above her sex," and wrote a firm and vigorous hand, as we may judge from her signature to a deed in 1639, the mark of Ju-

dith appears as an attesting witness to a conveyance in 1611.

With the exception of this inevitable calamity, the present period may probably be regarded as a happy epoch in Shakspere's life. He had conquered any adverse circumstances by which his earlier career might have been impeded. He had taken his rank among the first minds of his age; and, above all, his pursuits were so engrossing as to demand a constant exercise of his faculties, and to demand that exercise in the cultivation of the highest and the most pleasurable thoughts. This was the period to which belong the great histories of 'Richard II,' 'Richard III,' and 'Henry IV,' and the delicious comedies of the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and 'Twelfth Night.' These productions afford the most abundant evidence that the greatest of intellects was in the most healthful possession of its powers. These were not hasty adaptations for the popular appetite, as we may well believe some of the earlier plays were in their first shape; but highly-wrought performances, to which all the method of his cultivated art had been strenuously applied. It was at this period that the dramatic poet appears not to have been satisfied with the applause of the Globe or the Blackfriars, or even with the gracious encouragements of a refined Court. During three years he gave to the world careful editions of some of these plays, as if to vindicate the drama from the pedantic notion, that the Muses of tragedy and comedy did not meet their sisters upon equal ground. 'Richard II' and 'Richard III' were published in 1597; 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and 'Henry IV, Part I,' in 1598; 'Romeo and Juliet,' corrected and augmented, in 1599; 'Henry IV, Part II,' the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' in 1600. The system of publication then ceased. It no doubt interfered with the interests of his fellows; and Shakspere was not likely to assert an exclusive interest, or to gratify an exclusive pride, at the expense of his associates. But his reputation was higher than that of any other man, when only four of his plays were accessible to the *readers* of poetry. In 1598 it was proclaimed, not timidly or questionably, that "as Plautus and Seneca are

accounted the best for tragedy and comedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage : " and " As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." It was certainly not at this period of Shakspere's life that he wrote, with reference to himself, unlocking his heart to some nameless friend :—

" When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state."

Sonnets of Shakspere were in existence in 1598, when Meres tells us of " his sugared sonnets among his private friends." We do not receive these Sonnets altogether as evidences of Shakspere's personal history or feelings. We believe that the order in which they were printed is an arbitrary one ; that some form a continuous poem or poems ; that others are isolated in their subjects and the persons to whom they are addressed ; that some may express the poet's personal feelings ; that others are wholly fictitious, dealing with imaginary loves and jealousies, and not attempting to separate the personal identity of the artist from the sentiments which he expressed, and the situations which he delineated. We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the Sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Drayton, of Shakspere, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings and be outpourings of the inmost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. Even of those portions of these remarkable lyrics which appear to have an obvious reference to the poet's feelings and circumstances, we cannot avoid rejecting the principle of continuity ; for they clearly belong to different periods of his life, if they are the reflection of his real sentiments. We have the playfulness of an early love, and the agonizing throes of an unlawful passion. They speak of a period when the writer had won no honour or substantial rewards—" in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," the period of his youth, if the allusion was at all real ; and yet the writer is

" With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn."

One little dedicatory poem says,

“Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit.”

Another (and it is distinctly associated with what we hold to be a continued little poem, wholly fictitious, in which the poet dramatises, as it were, the poetical character) boasts that

“Not marble, not the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.”

Without attempting therefore to disprove that these Sonnets were addressed to the Earl of Southampton, or to the Earl of Pembroke, we must leave the reader who fancies he can find in them a shadowy outline of Shakspere's life to form his own conclusion from their careful perusal. They want unity and consistency too much to be received as credible illustrations of this life. The 71st to the 74th Sonnets seem bursting from a heart oppressed with a sense of its own unworthiness, and surrendered to some overwhelming misery. There is a line in the 74th which points at suicide. We cling to the belief that the sentiments here expressed are essentially dramatic. But in the 32nd Sonnet, where we recognise the man Shakspere speaking in his own modest and cheerful spirit, death is to come across his “well-contented day.” We must place one sentiment in opposition to the other, and then the effect is neutralised. The opinion which we have formed of the probable admixture of the artificial and the real in the Sonnets, arising from their supposed original fragmentary state, necessarily leads to the belief that some are accurate illustrations of the poet's situation and feelings. It is collected from these Sonnets, for example, that his profession as a player was disagreeable to him; and this complaint is found amongst those portions which may be separated from the series of verses which appear to us to be written in an artificial character. It might be addressed to any one of his family, or some honoured friend, such as Lord Southampton :—

“O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds

That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

But if from his professional occupation his nature was felt by him to be subdued to what it worked in,—if thence his name received a brand,—if vulgar scandal sometimes assailed him,—he had high thoughts to console him, such as were never before imparted to mortal. This was probably written in some period of dejection, when his heart was ill at ease, and he looked upon the world with a slight tinge of indifference, if not of dislike. Every man of high genius has felt something of this. It was reserved for the highest to throw it off, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane." But the profound self-abasement and despondency of the 74th Sonnet, exquisite as the diction is, appear to us unreal, as a representation of the mental state of William Shakspere; written, as it most probably was, at a period of his life when he revels and luxuriates (in the comedies which belong to the close of the sixteenth century) in the spirit of enjoyment, gushing from a heart full of love for his species, at peace with itself and with all the world.

About the close of the year 1599, the Blackfriars Theatre was remarkable for the constant presence of two men of high rank, who were there seeking amusement and instruction as some solace for the bitter mortifications of disappointed ambition. "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the Court; the one doth but very seldom; they pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day."<sup>a</sup> Essex had arrived from Ireland on the 28th of September, 1599—not

"Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,"—  
 not surrounded with swarms of citizens who  
 "Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in,"—  
 but a fugitive from his army; one who in his desire for  
 peace had treated with rebels, and had brought down upon

<sup>a</sup> Letter of Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, in the 'Sydney Papers'

him the censures of the Court ; one who knew that his sovereign was surrounded with his personal enemies, and who in his reckless anger once thought to turn his army homeward to compel justice at their hands ; one who at last rushed alone into the Queen's presence, "full of dirt and mire," and found that he was in the toils of his foes. From that Michaelmas till the 26th of August, 1600, Essex was in the custody of the Lord Keeper ; in free custody as it was termed, but to all intents a prisoner. It was at this period that Southampton and Rutland passed "away the time in London merely in going to plays every day." Southampton, in 1598, had married Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of Lord Essex. The marriage was without the consent of the Queen ; and therefore Southampton was under the ban of the Court, having been peremptorily dismissed by Elizabeth from the office to which Essex had appointed him in the expedition to Ireland. Rutland was also connected with Essex by family ties, having married the daughter of Lady Essex, by her first husband, the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney. The season when these noblemen sought recreation at the theatre was one therefore of calamity to themselves, and to the friend who was at the head of their party in the State. At Shakspere's theatre there was at this period abundant materials for the highest intellectual gratification. Of Shakspere's own works we know that at the opening of the seventeenth century there were twenty plays in existence. Thirteen (considering 'Henry IV.' as two parts) are recorded by Meres in 1598 ; 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and 'Henry V.' (not in Meres' list), were printed in 1600 ; and we have to add the three parts of 'Henry VI.,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and the original 'Hamlet,' which are also wanting in Meres' record, but which were unquestionably produced before this period. We cannot with extreme precision fix the date of any novelty from the pen of Shakspere when Southampton and Rutland were amongst his daily auditors ; but there is every reason to believe that 'As You Like It' belongs as nearly as possible to this exact period. It is pleasant to speculate upon the tranquillizing effect that might have been produced upon the minds of the banished courtiers by the exquisite philosophy of this most

delicious play. It is pleasant to imagine Southampton visiting Essex in the splendid prison of the Lord Keeper's house, and there repeating to him from time to time those lessons of wisdom that were to be found in the woods of Arden. We could almost slide into the belief that '*As You Like It*' had an especial reference to the circumstances in which Essex and Southampton were placed in the spring of 1600. There is nothing desponding in its tone, nothing essentially misanthropical in its philosophy. Jaques stands alone in his railing against mankind. The healing influences of nature fall sweetly and fruitfully upon the exiled Duke and his co-mates. But, nevertheless, the ingratitude of the world is emphatically dwelt upon, even amidst the most soothing aspects of a pure and simple life "under the greenwood tree."

The period at which Essex fell upon the block, and Southampton was under condemnation, must have been a gloomy period in the life of Shakspere. The friendship of Southampton in all likelihood raised the humble actor to that just appreciation of himself which could alone prevent his nature being subdued to what it worked in. There had been a compromise between the inequality of rank and the inequality of intellect, and the fruit had been a continuance and a strengthening of that "love" which seven years earlier had been described as "without end." Those ties are now broken by calamity. The accomplished noble, a prisoner looking daily for death, could not know the depth of the love of his "especial friend."<sup>a</sup> He was beyond the reach of any service that this friend could render him. All was gloom and uncertainty. It has been said, and we believe without any intention to depreciate the character of the great poet, that "There seems to have been a period of Shakspere's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with 'ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly

<sup>a</sup> The expression is used by Southampton in his letter to Lord Ellesmere introducing Shakspere and Burbage in 1608. See Cellier's 'New Facts,' p. 33.

teaches ;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censor of mankind.”<sup>a</sup> The genius of Shakspere was so essentially dramatic, that neither Lear, nor Timon, nor Jaques, nor the Duke in ‘Measure for Measure,’ nor Hamlet, whatever censure of mankind they may express, can altogether be held to reflect “a period of Shakspere’s life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world.” That period is referred to the beginning of the seventeenth century, to which the plays belong that are said to exhibit these attributes<sup>b</sup>. But from this period there is certainly a more solemn cast of thought in all the works of the great poet. The influence of time in the formation and direction of the poetical power must yet be taken into account, as well as any temper arising out of passing events. Shakspere was now thirty-seven years of age. He had attained to the consciousness of his own intellectual strength, and he had acquired by long practice the mastery of his own genius. He had already learnt to direct the stage to higher and nobler purposes than those of mere amusement. It might be carried farther into the teaching of the highest philosophy through the medium of the grandest poetry. The epoch which produced ‘Othello,’ ‘Lear,’ and ‘Macbeth,’ has been described as exhibiting the genius of Shakspere in full possession and habitual exercise of power, “at its very point of culmination.”

The year 1601 was also a year which brought to Shakspere a great domestic affliction. His father died on the 8th of September of that year. It is impossible not to feel that Shakspere’s family arrangements, imperfectly as we know them, had especial reference to the comfort and honour of his parents. When he bought New Place in 1597, his occupations then demanding his presence in London through great part of the year, his wife and children, we may readily imagine, were under the same roof with his father and mother. They had sighed over the declining health of his little Hamnet,—they had watched over the growth of his

<sup>a</sup> Hallam’s ‘Literature of Europe,’ vol. iii. p. 568.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Hallam refers to ‘Hamlet’ in its altered form.

Susanna and Judith. If restricted means had at any previous period assailed them, he had provided for the comforts of their advanced age. And now that father, the companion of his boyhood—he who had led him forth into the fields and had taught him to look at nature with a practical eye—was gone. More materials for deep thought in the year 1601. The Register of Stratford attests the death of this earliest friend.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE fortieth volume of the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen contains some entries bearing date the 9th of October, and the 22nd of October, 1601, which are not without their reference to the life of Shakspere. These documents present the facts, that a company of players, specially recommended by the King, were paid a gratuity from the Corporation of Aberdeen for their performances in that town, one of them subsequently receiving the freedom of the borough. The provost, baillies, and council, ordain that thirty-two marks should be given to the *King's servants* then in that borough, who played comedies and stage plays, recommended by the King's special letter. Thirteen days after the entry of the 9th of October, at which first period these servants of the King had played some of their comedies, Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted a burgess of Guild of the borough of Aberdeen—the greatest honour which the Corporation could bestow. He is admitted to this honour in company with a nobleman of France visiting Aberdeen for the gratification of his curiosity, and recommended by the King to be favourably entertained; as well as with three men of rank, and others, who were directed by his Majesty to accompany "the said Frenchman." All the party are described in the document as knights and gentlemen. We have to inquire, then, who was Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty? Assuredly the King had not in his service a company of Scotch players. In 1599 he had licensed a company of English comedians to play at Edinburgh. Fond as James was of theatrical exhi-

bitions, he had not the means of gratifying his taste, except through the visits of English comedians. Scotland had no drama in the proper sense of the word. We may safely conclude that King James would have no Scottish company of players, because Scotland had no dramas to play.

"Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty," was undoubtedly an Englishman; and "the King's servants presently in this borough who play comedies and stage plays" were as certainly English players. There are not many facts known by which we can trace the history of Lawrence Fletcher. He is not mentioned amongst "the names of the principal actors in all these plays," which list is given in the first folio edition of Shakspere; but he undoubtedly belonged to Shakspere's company. Augustine Phillipps, who, by his will, in 1605, bequeathed a thirty-shilling piece of gold to his "fellow" William Shakspere, also bequeathed twenty shillings to his "fellow" Lawrence Fletcher. But there is more direct evidence than this of the connection of Fletcher with Shakspere's company. The patent of James I., dated at Westminster on the 19th of May, 1603, in favour of the players acting at the Globe, is headed "Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakespeare et aliis;" and it licenses and authorises the performances of "Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemings, Henrie Condel, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates." The connection in 1603 of Fletcher and Shakspere cannot be more distinctly established than by this document. Chalmers says that Fletcher "was placed before Shakspere and Richard Burbage in King James's licence as much perhaps by accident as by design." The Aberdeen Register is evidence against this opinion. Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted to honours which are not bestowed upon the other King's servants who had acted plays in the borough of Aberdeen in 1601. Lawrence Fletcher is first named in the letters patent of 1603. It is evident, we think, that he was admitted a burgess of Aberdeen as the head of the company, and that he was placed first in the royal licence for the same reason. But there is a circumstance, we apprehend, set forth in the Aberdeen Registers

which is not only important with reference to the question of Shakspere having visited Scotland, but which explains a remarkable event in the history of the stage. The company rewarded by the Corporation of Aberdeen on the 9th of October, 1601, were not only recommended by his Majesty's special letter, but they were the King's servants. Lawrence Fletcher, according to the second entry, was comedian to his Majesty. This English company, then, had received an honour from the Scottish King, which had not been bestowed upon them by the English Queen. They were popularly termed the Queen's players about 1590; but, subsequently, we find them invariably mentioned in the official entries as the Lord Chamberlain's servants. Mr. Collier, in noticing the licence "Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakespeare et aliis," says that the Lord Chamberlain's company "by virtue of this instrument, in which they are termed 'our servants,' became the King's players, and were so afterwards constantly distinguished." But the instrument did not create Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspere, and others, the King's servants: it recognises them as the King's servants already appointed: "Know you that we, of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have licensed and authorised, and by these presents do license and authorise, these our servants," &c. They are licensed to use and exercise their art and faculty "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." They are "to show and exercise publicly to their best commodity when the infection of the plague shall decrease, within their now usual house called the Globe," as in all other places. The justices, mayors, sheriffs, and others, to whom the letters patent are addressed, are called upon to aid and assist them, and to do them courtesies; and the instrument thus concludes: "And also what further favour you shall show to these our servants for our sake we shall take kindly at your hands." The terms of this patent exhibit towards the players of the Globe a favour and countenance, almost an affectionate solicitude for their welfare, which is scarcely reconcilable with a belief that they first became the King's players by virtue of this instrument. James arrived in London, at the Charter House, on the 7th

of May, 1603. He then removed to the Tower, and subsequently to Greenwich on the 13th. The Privy Seal, directing the letters patent to Fletcher, Shakspere, and others, is dated from Greenwich on the 17th of May ; and in that document the exact words of the patent are prescribed. The words of the Privy Seal and of the patent undoubtedly imply some previous appointment of the persons therein named as the King's servants. It appears scarcely possible that during the three days which elapsed between James taking up his residence at Greenwich, and the day on which the Privy Seal is issued, the Lord Chamberlain's servants, at the season of the plague, should have performed before the King, and have so satisfied him that he constituted them his own servants. It would at first seem improbable that amidst the press of business consequent upon the accession, the attention of the King should have been directed to the subject of players at all, especially in the selection of a company as his own servants, contrary to the precedent of the former reign. If these players had been the servants of Elizabeth, their appointment as the servants of James might have been asked as a matter of course ; but certain players were at once to be placed above all their professional brethren, by the King's own act, carried into effect within ten days after his arrival within his new metropolis. But all these objections are removed when we refer to the facts opened to us by the council registers of Aberdeen. King James the Sixth of Scotland had recommended his servants to the magistrates of Aberdeen ; and Lawrence Fletcher, there can be no doubt, was one of those servants so recommended. The patent of James the First of England directed to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspere, and others, eighteen months after the performances at Aberdeen, is directed to those persons as "our servants." It does not appoint them the King's servants, but recognises the appointment as already existing. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the appointment was originally made by the King in Scotland, and subsisted when the same King ascended the English throne ? Lawrence Fletcher was admitted a burgess of Guild of the borough of Aberdeen as comedian to his Majesty, in company with other persons who were ser-

vitors to his Majesty. He received that honour, we may conclude, as the head of the company, also the King's servants. We know not how he attained this distinction amongst his fellows, but it is impossible to imagine that accident so favoured him in two instances. The King's servant who was most favoured at Aberdeen, and the King's servant who is first in the patent in 1603, was surely placed in that position by the voice of his fellows, the other King's servants. William Shakspere is named with him in a marked manner in the heading of the patent. Seven of their fellows are also named, as distinguished from "the rest of their associates." There can be no doubt of the identity of the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James VI. of Scotland, and the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James I. of England. Can we doubt that the King's servants who played comedies and stage plays in Aberdeen, in 1601, were, taken as a company, the King's servants who were licensed to exercise the art and faculty of playing, throughout all the realm, in 1603? If these points are evident, what reason have we to doubt that William Shakspere, the second named in the licence of 1603, was amongst the King's servants at Aberdeen in 1601? Every circumstance concurs in the likelihood that he was of that number recommended by the King's special letter; and his position in the licence, even before Burbage, was, we may well believe, a compliment to him who in 1601 had taught "our James" something of the power and riches of the English drama. These circumstances give us, we think, warranty to conclude that the story of Macbeth might have been suggested to Shakspere upon Scottish ground; that the accuracy displayed in the local descriptions and allusions might have been derived from a rapid personal observation; and that some of the peculiarities of his witchcraft imagery might have been found in Scottish superstitions, and more especially in those which were rife at Aberdeen at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In May, 1602, Shakspere made a large addition to his property at Stratford by the purchase, from William and John Combe, for the sum of three hundred and twenty pounds, of one hundred and seven acres of arable land in

the town of Old Stratford. The indenture, which is in the possession of Mr. Wheler of Stratford, is dated the 1st of May, 1602. The conveyance bears the signatures of the vendors of the property. But although it concludes in the usual form, "The parties to these presents having interchangeably set to their hands and seals," the counterpart (also in the possession of Mr. Wheler) has not the hand and seal of the purchaser of the property described in the deed as "William Shakspere, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the countie aforesaide, Gentleman." The counterpart is not signed, and the piece of wax which is affixed to it is unimpressed with any seal. The acknowledgment of possession is however recorded. The property is delivered to Gilbert Shakspere to the use of William. Gilbert was two years and a half younger than William, and in all likelihood was the cultivator of the land which the poet thus bought, or assisted their father in the cultivation.

Amongst the few papers rescued from "time's devouring maw" which enable us to trace Shakspere's career with any exactness, there is another which relates to the acquisition of property in the same year. It is a copy of Court Roll for the Manor of Rowington, dated the 28th of September, 1602, containing the surrender by Walter Getley to the use of William Shakspere of a house in Stratford, situated in Walker Street. This tenement was opposite Shakspere's house of New Place. It is now taken down; it was in existence a few years ago. This document, which is in the possession of Mr. Hunt, the town clerk of Stratford, also shows that at the latter end of September, 1602, William Shakspere, the purchaser of this property, was not at Stratford. It could not legally pass to him, being a copyhold, till he had done suit and service in the lord's court; and the surrender therefore provides that it should remain in the possession of the lord till he, the purchaser, should appear.

In the September of 1602 the Earl of Worcester, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury, says, "We are frolic here in Court, much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country-dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith." In the December she was entertained at Sir Robert Cecil's house in the Strand, and some of the usual devices

of flattering mummery were exhibited before her. A few months saw a period to the frolic and the flattery. The last entry in the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber during the reign of Elizabeth, which pertains to Shakspere, is the following;—melancholy is the contrast between the Candlemas-Day of 1603, the 2nd of February, and the following 24th of March, when Elizabeth died:—“To John Hemynge and the rest of his companie, seruaunts to the Lorde Chamberlayne, uppon the Councells Warraunte, dated at Whitehall the xxth of Aprill, 1603, for their paines and expences in presentinge before the late Queenes Ma<sup>t</sup>e twoe playes, the one uppon St. Stephens day at nighte, and thother upon Candlemas day at night, for ech of which they were allowed, by way of her Ma<sup>t</sup>e rewarde, tenne poundes, amounting in all to xx<sup>ll</sup>.”

King James I. of England left his good city of Edinburgh on the 5th of April, 1603. He was nearly five weeks on the road. On the 7th of May he was safely lodged at the Charter House; and one of his first acts of authority was, as already noticed, after creating four new peers, and issuing a proclamation against robbery on the Borders, to order the Privy Seal for the patent to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspere, and others. We learn from the patent itself that the King’s servants were to perform publicly “when the infection of the plague shall decrease.” It is clear that the King’s servants were not at liberty then to perform publicly. How long the theatres were closed we do not exactly know; but a document is in existence, dated April 9th, 1604, directing the Lord Mayor of London and Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, “to permit and suffer the three companies of players to the King, Queen, and Prince, to exercise their plays in their several and usual houses.” On the 20th of October, 1603, Joan, the wife of the celebrated Edward Alleyn, writes to her husband from London,—“About us the sickness doth cease, and likely more and more, by God’s help, to cease. All the companies be come home, and well, for aught we know.” Her husband is hawking in the country, and Henslow, his partner, is at the Court. Shakspere is in London. Some one propounded a theory that there was no real man called William Shakspere, and that the plays which passed with his name were the works of Marlowe and others. This

very letter of good Mrs. Alleyn shows that William Shakspere not only lived, but went about pretty much like other people, calling common things by their common names, giving advice about worldly matters in the way of ordinary folk, and spoken of by the wife of his friend without any wonder or laudation, just as if he had written no ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ or ‘Othello :’—“Aboute a weeke a goe there came a youthe, who said he was Mr. Francis Chaloner, who would have borrowed x<sup>ii</sup> to have bought things for . . . . and said he was known unto you, and Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, who came . . . . said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a roge . . . . so he was glade we did not lend him the monney . . . . Richard Johnes [went] to seeke and inquire after the fellow, and said he had lent hym a horse. I feare me he gulled hym, though he gulled not us. The youthe was a pretty youthe, and hansome in appayrell : we knowe not what became of hym.”<sup>a</sup> But although Shakspere was in London on the 20th of October, 1603, it is tolerably clear that the performances at the public theatres were not resumed till after the order of the 9th of April, 1604. In the Office Books of the Treasurer of the Chamber there is an entry of a payment of thirty-two pounds upon the Council’s warrant dated at Hampton Court, February 8th, 1604, “by way of his Majesty’s free gift” to Richard Burbage, one of his Majesty’s comedians, “for the maintenance and relief of himself and the rest of his company, being prohibited to present any plays publicly in or near London, by reason of great peril that might grow through the extraordinary concourse and assembly of people, to a new increase of the plague, till it shall please God to settle the city in a more perfect health.”<sup>b</sup> But though the public playhouses might be closed through the fear of an “extraordinary concourse and assembly of people,” the King, a few months previous, had sent for his own players to a considerable distance to perform before the Court at Wilton. There is an entry in the same Office Book of a payment of thirty pounds to John Hemings “for the pains

<sup>a</sup> From the Papers in Dulwich College, printed in Mr. Collier’s Memoirs of Edward Alleyn.’

<sup>b</sup> Cunningham’s ‘Revels at Court.’ p. xxxv.

and expenses of himself and the rest of his company in coming from Mortlake in the county of Surrey unto the Court aforesaid, and there presenting before his Majesty one play on the 2nd of December last, by way of his Majesty's reward." Wilton was the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom it has been held that Shakspere's Sonnets were addressed. We know from good authority that this nobleman, "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age," (according to Clarendon,) befriended Shakspere, and that his brother joined him in his acts of kindness. The dedication by John Heminge and Henry Condell, prefixed to the first collected edition of the works of Shakspere, is addressed "To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery." In the submissive language of poor players to their "singular good lords" they say, "When we value the places your Honours sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their author living, with so much favour: we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent." They subsequently speak of their Lordships liking the several parts of the volume when they were acted; but their author was the object of their personal regard and favour. The call to Wilton of Shakspere's company might probably have arisen from Lord Pembroke's desire to testify this favour. It would appear to be the first theatrical performance before James in England. The favour of the Herberts towards Shakspere thus began early. The testimony of the player-editors would imply that it lasted during the poet's life.

At the Christmas of the same year the King had taken up his residence at Hampton Court. It was here, a little before the period when the Conference on Conformity in Religion was begun, that the Queen and eleven ladies of

honour were presenting Daniel's Masque ; and Shakspere and his fellows performed six plays before the King and Prince, receiving twenty nobles for each play\*. The patronage of the new King to his servants, players acting at the Globe, seems to have been constant and liberal. To Shakspere this must have been a season of prosperity and of honour. The accession of the King gave him something better. His early friend and patron Southampton was released from a long imprisonment. Enjoying the friendship of Southampton and Pembroke, who were constantly about the King, their tastes may have led the monarch to a just preference of the works of Shakspere before those of any other dramatist. The six plays performed before the King and Prince in the Christmas of 1603-4 at Hampton Court, were followed at the succeeding Christmas by performances "at the Banqueting-House at Whitehall," in which the plays of Shakspere were preferred above those of every other competitor. There were eleven performances by the King's players, of which eight were plays of Shakspere. Jonson shared this honour with him in the representation of 'Every One in his Humour,' and 'Every One out of his Humour.' A single play by Heywood, another by Chapman, and a tragedy by an unknown author, completed the list of these revels at Whitehall. It is told, Malone says, "upon authority which there is no reason to doubt, that King James bestowed especial honour upon Shakspere." The story is told in the Advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakspere's Poems—"That most learned Prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare ; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Was the honour bestowed as a reward for the compliment to the King in 'Macbeth,' or was the compliment to the King a tribute of gratitude for the honour ?

\* Cunningham's 'Revels at Court,' p. xxxv.

## CHAPTER XII.

We have seen that in the year 1602 Shakspere was investing the gains of his profession in the purchase of property at Stratford. It appears from the original Fines of the Court of King's Bench, preserved in the Chapter-house, that a little before the accession of James, in 1603, Shakspere had also purchased a messuage at Stratford, with barns, gardens, and orchards, of Hercules Underhill, for the sum of sixty pounds. There can be little doubt that this continued acquisition of property in his native place had reference to the ruling desire of the poet to retire to his quiet fields and the placid intercourse of society at Stratford, out of the turmoil of his professional life and the excitement of the companionship of the gay and the brilliant. And yet it appears highly probable that he was encouraged, at this very period, through the favour of those who rightly estimated his merit, to apply for an office which would have brought him even more closely in connection with the Court, that of Master of the Queen's Revels, to which office Samuel Daniel was appointed. It is not impossible that Shakspere looked to this appointment as a compensation for his retirement from the profession of an actor, retaining his interest, however, as a theatrical proprietor. Be that as it may, he still carried forward his ruling purpose of the acquisition of property at Stratford. In 1605 he accomplished a purchase which required a larger outlay than any previous investment. On the 24th of July, in the third year of James, a conveyance was made by Ralph Huband, Esq., to William Shakspere, gentleman, of a moiety of a lease of the great and small tithes of Stratford, for the remainder of a term of ninety-two years, and the amount of the purchase was four hundred and forty pounds. There can be little doubt that he was the cultivator of his own land, availing himself of the assistance of his brother Gilbert, and, in an earlier period, probably of his father. An account in 1597 of the stock of malt in the borough of Stratford, is said to exhibit ten quarters in the possession of William Shakspere, of Chapel Street Ward. New Place was situated in Chapel Street.

The purchase of a moiety of the tithes of so large a parish as Stratford might require extensive arrangements for their collection. Tithes in those days were more frequently collected in kind than by a *modus*. But even if a modus was taken, it would require a knowledge of the value of agricultural produce to farm the tithes with advantage. But before the date of this purchase it is perfectly clear that William Shakspere was in the exercise of the trading part of a farmer's business. He bought the hundred and seven acres of land of John and William Combe, in May, 1602. In 1604 a declaration was entered in the Borough Court of Stratford, on a plea of debt, William Shakspere against Philip Rogers, for the sum of thirty-five shillings and ten-pence, for corn delivered. The precept was issued in the usual form upon this declaration, the delivery of the corn being stated to have taken place at several times in the first and second years of James. There cannot be more distinct evidence that William Shakspere, at the very period when his dramas were calling forth the rapturous applause of the new Sovereign and his Court, and when he himself, as it would seem, was ambitious of a courtly office, did not disdain to pursue the humble though honourable occupation of a farmer in Stratford, and to exercise his just rights of property in connection with that occupation. We must believe that he looked forward to the calm and healthful employment of the evening of his days, as a tiller of the land which his father had tilled before him, at the same time working out noble plans of poetical employment in his comparative leisure, as the best scheme of life in his declining years. The exact period when he commenced the complete realization of these plans is somewhat doubtful. He had probably ceased to appear as an actor before 1605. If the date 1608 be correctly assigned to a letter held to be written by Lord Southampton, it is clear that Shakspere was not then an actor, for he is there described as "till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same." His partial freedom from his professional labours certainly preceded his final settlement at Stratford.

In the conveyance by the Combess to Shakspere in 1602, he is designated as William Shakspere of Stratford-upon-

Avon. The same designation holds in subsequent legal documents connected with Stratford ; but there is no doubt that, at the period of the conveyance from the Combes, he was an actor in the company performing at the Blackfriars and at the Globe ; and in tracing therefore the "whereabout" of Shakspere, from the imperfect records which remain to us, we have assumed that where the fellows of Shakspere are to be found, there is he to be also located. But in the belief that before 1608 he had ceased to be an actor, we are not required to assume that he was so constantly with his company as before that partial retirement. His interest would no doubt require his occasional presence with them, for he continued to be a considerable proprietor in their lucrative concerns. That prudence and careful management which could alone have enabled him to realize a large property out of his professional pursuits, and at the same time not to dissipate it by his agricultural occupations, appears to have been founded upon an arrangement by which he secured the assistance of his family, and at the same time made a provision for them. We have seen that in 1602 his brother Gilbert was his representative at Stratford. Richard, who was ten years his junior, and who, dying a year before him, was buried at Stratford, would also appear to have been resident there. His youngest brother Edmund, sixteen years his junior, was, there can be little question, associated with him in the theatre ; and he probably looked to him to attend to the management of his property in London, after he retired from any active attention to its conduct. But Edmund died early. He lived in the parish of St. Saviour's, in all probability at his brother's house in the liberty of the Clink ; and the register of burials of that parish has the following record :—" 1607, December 31st, Edmond Shakespeare, a player, in the church." The death of his brother might probably have had a considerable influence upon the habits of his life, and might have induced him to dispose of all his theatrical property, as there is reason to believe he did, several years before his death. The value of a portion of this property has been ascertained, as far as it can be, upon an estimate for its sale ; and by this estimate the amount of his portion, as compared with that of his co-proprietors, is

distinctly shown. In 1608 the question of the jurisdiction of the City in the Blackfriars, and especially with reference to the playhouse, was brought before Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor. The proprietors of the theatre remained in undisturbed possession. Out of this attempt a negotiation appears to have arisen for the purchase of the property by the City ; for amongst the documents connected with this attempt of the Corporation is found a paper headed, "For avoiding of the playhouse in the precinct of the Blackfriars." The document states, in conclusion, that "in the whole it will cost the Lord Mayor and the citizens at the least 7000*l.*" Richard Burbage claims 1000*l.* for the fee, and for his four shares 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Laz. Fletcher owns three shares, which he rates at 700*l.*, that is, at seven years' purchase. "W. Shakspere asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500*l.*, and for his four shares, the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*" Heminge and Condell have each two shares, Taylor and Lowin each a share and a half ; four more players each a half share ; which they all value at the same rate. The hired men of the company also claim recompense for their loss ; "and the widows and orphans of players who are paid by the shares at divers rates and proportions."<sup>a</sup> It thus appears that, next to Richard Burbage, Shakspere was the largest proprietor in the theatre ; that Burbage was the exclusive owner of the real property, and Shakspere of the personal. If the valuation be correct, Shakspere's annual income derived from his shares in the Blackfriars alone, was 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* His wardrobe and properties, being perishable matters, were probably valued at five years' purchase, giving him an additional income of 100*l.* This income was derived from the Blackfriars alone. His property in the Globe Theatre was in all likelihood quite equal. He would, besides, derive additional advantages as the author of new plays. With a professional income, then, of 400*l.* or 500*l.* per annum, which may be held to be equal to six times the amount in our present money, it is evident that Shakspere possessed the means not only of a liberal expenditure at his

<sup>a</sup> This valuable document was discovered by Mr Collier, and published by him in his 'New Facts.'

houses in London and at Stratford, but from the same source was enabled to realize considerable sums, which he invested in real property in his native place. All the records of Shakspere's professional life, and the results of his success as exhibited in the accession of property, indicate a steady and regular advance. They show us that perseverance and industry were as much the characteristics of the man as the greatness of his genius; that he held with constancy to the course of life which he had early adopted; that year by year it afforded him increased competence and wealth; and that if he had the rare privilege of pursuing an occupation which called forth the highest exercise of his powers, rendering it in every essential a pleasurable occupation, he despised not the means by which he had risen; he lived in a free and genial intercourse with his professional brethren, and to the last they were his friends and fellows.

Aubrey says of Shakspere, "He was wont to go to his native country once a year." This statement, which there is no reason to disbelieve, has reference to the period when Shakspere was engaged as an actor. There is another account of Shakspere's mode of life, which does not contradict Aubrey, but brings down his information to a later period. In the 'Diary of the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon,' the manuscript of which was discovered in the library of the Medical Society of London, we find the following curious record of Shakspere's later years:—"I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; hee frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard." The Diary of John Ward extends from 1648 to 1679; and it is in many respects interesting, from the circumstance that he united the practice of medicine to the performance of his duties as a parish priest. He was appointed to the vicarage of Stratford in 1662.

It is evident that, although forty-six years had elapsed since the death of Shakspere, his memory was the leading association with Stratford-upon-Avon. After noticing that Shakspere had two daughters, we find the entry presented

above. It is just possible that the new vicar of Stratford might have seen Shakspere's younger daughter Judith, who was born in 1585, and having married Thomas Quiney in 1616, lived to the age of seventy-seven, having been buried on the 9th of February, 1662. The descendants of Shakspere's family and of his friends surrounded the worthy vicar on every side; and he appears to have thought it absolutely necessary to acquire such a knowledge of the productions of the great poet as might qualify him to speak of them in general society:—"Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays, and bee much versed in them, that I may not bee ignorant in that matter." The honest vicar was not quite certain whether the fame of Shakspere was only a provincial one, for he adds—"Whether Doctor Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramatick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare?" The good man is not altogether to be blamed for having previously to 1662 been "ignorant" of Shakspere's plays. He was only thirty-three years of age; and his youth had been passed in the stormy period when the Puritans had well nigh banished all literature, and especially dramatic literature, from the minds of the people, in their intolerant proscription of all pleasure and recreation. At any rate we may accept the statements of the good vicar as founded upon the recollections of those with whom he was associated in 1662. It is wholly consistent with what we otherwise know of Shakspere's life, that "he frequented the plays all his younger time." It is equally consistent that he "in his elder days lived at Stratford." There is nothing improbable in the belief that he "supplied the stage with two plays every year." The last clause of the sentence is somewhat startling:—"And for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard." And yet the assertion must not be considered wholly an exaggeration. "He spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year," must mean the rate of the time when Mr. Ward is writing. During the half century which had preceded the Restoration there had been a more important decrease in the value of money than had even taken place in the reign of Elizabeth. During that reign the prices of all commodities were con-

stantly rising ; but after the reduction of the legal rate of interest from ten per cent. to eight in 1624, and from eight to six in 1651, the change was still more remarkable. Sir Josias Child, in 1688, says that five hundred pounds with a daughter, sixty years before, was esteemed a larger portion than two thousand pounds now. It would appear, therefore, that the thousand a-year in 1662 was not more than one-third of the amount in 1612 ; and this sum, from 300*l.* to 400*l.*, was, as near as may be, the amount which Shakspere appears to have derived from his theatrical property. In all probability he held that property during the greater part of the period when he "supplied the stage with two plays every year ;" and this indirect remuneration for his poetical labours might readily have been mistaken, fifty years afterwards, as "an allowance so large" for authorship that the good vicar records it as a memorable thing.

It is established that 'Othello' was performed in 1602 ; 'Hamlet,' greatly enlarged, was published in 1604 ; 'Measure for Measure' was acted before the Court on St. Stephen's night in the same year. If we place Shakspere's partial retirement from his professional duties about this period, and regard the plays whose dates up to this point have not been fixed by any authentic record, or satisfactory combination of circumstances, we have abundant work in reserve for the great poet in the maturity of his intellect. 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Timon of Athens,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Cymbeline,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'The Tempest,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' eleven of the noblest productions of the human intellect, so varied in their character,—the deepest passion, the profoundest philosophy, the wildest romance, the most comprehensive history—what a glorious labour to fill the nine or ten remaining years of the life of the man who had left his native fields twenty years before to seek for advancement in doubtful and perilous paths,—in a profession which was denounced by some and despised by others,—amongst companions full of genius and learning, but who had perished early in their pride and their self-abandonment ! And he returns wealthy and honoured to the bosom of those who are dearest to him—his wife and daughters, his mother, his sisters and

brothers. The companions of his boyhood are all around him. They have been useful members of society in their native place. He has constantly kept up his intercourse with them. They have looked to him for assistance in their difficulties. He is come to be one of them, to dwell wholly amongst them, to take a deeper interest in their pleasures and in their cares, to receive their sympathy. He is come to walk amidst his own fields, to till them, to sell their produce. His labour will be his recreation. In the activity of his body will the energy of his intellect find its support and its rest. His nature is eminently fitted for action as well as contemplation. Were it otherwise, he would have "bad dreams," like his own Hamlet. Morbid thoughts may have come over him "like a summer cloud ;" but from this time his mind will be eminently healthful. The imagination and the reason henceforth will be wonderfully balanced. Much of this belongs to the progressive character of his understanding ; something to his favourable position.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

THERE is a memorandum existing, by Thomas Greene, a contemporary of Shakspere, residing at Stratford, which, under the date of November 17th, 1614, has this record :—"My cousin Shakspere coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did." We cite this memorandum here, as an indication of Shakspere's habit of occasionally visiting London ; for Thomas Greene was then in the capital, with the intent of opposing the project of an inclosure at Stratford. The frequency of Shakspere's visits to London would essentially depend upon the nature of his connection with the theatres. He was a permanent shareholder, as we have seen, at the Blackfriars ; and no doubt at the Globe also. His interests as a sharer might be diligently watched over by his fellows ; and he might only have visited London when he had a new play to bring forward, the fruit of his leisure in the country. But until he disposed of his wardrobe and other properties, more frequent demands might be made upon his personal attendance than if he were totally

free from the responsibilities belonging to the charge of such an embarrassing stock in trade. Mr. Collier has printed a memorandum in the handwriting of Edward Alleyn, dated April, 1612, of the payment of various sums "for the Blackfryers," amounting to 599*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Mr. Collier adds, "To whom the money was paid is nowhere stated; but, for aught we know, it was to Shakespeare himself, and just anterior to his departure from London." The memorandum is introduced with the observation, "It seems very likely, from evidence now for the first time to be adduced, that Alleyn became the purchaser of our great dramatist's interest in the theatre, properties, wardrobe, and stock of the Blackfriars." Certainly the document itself says nothing about properties, wardrobe, and stock. It is simply as follows:—

"1612.

Money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfryers . . . . .	160 li
More for the Blackfryers . . . . .	126 li
More againe for the Leasse . . . . .	310 ii
The writings for the same, and other small charges . . .	3 li 6 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i>

More than half of the entire sum is paid "again for the lease." If the estimate "For avoiding of the playhouse" \* be not rejected as an authority, the conjecture of Mr. Collier that the property purchased by Alleyn belonged to Shakspere is wholly untenable; for the Fee, valued at a thousand pounds, was the property of Burbage, and to the owner of the Fee would be paid the sum for the lease. Subsequent memoranda by Alleyn show that he paid rent for the Blackfriars, and expended sums upon the building—collateral proofs that it was not Shakspere's personal property that he bought in April, 1612. There is distinct evidence furnished by another document that Shakspere was not a resident in London in 1613; for in an indenture executed by him on the 10th of March in that year, for the purchase of a dwelling-house in the precinct of the Blackfriars, he is described as "William Shakespeare of Stratforde Upon Avon in the Countie of Warwick gentleman;" whilst his fellow John Hemyn, who is a party to the same deed, is described as "of London, gentleman." From the situation of the property it would appear to have been bought either as an appurtenance to the theatre, or for some protection of the

\* See page 143.

interests of the sharers. In the deed of 1602, Shakspere is also described as of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is natural that he should be so described, in a deed for the purchase of land at Stratford ; but upon the same principle, had he been a resident in London in 1613, he would have been described as of London, in a deed for the purchase of property in London. Yet we also look upon this conveyance as evidence that Shakspere had in March, 1613, not wholly severed himself from his interest in the theatre. He is in London at the signing of the deed, attending, probably, to the duties which still devolved upon him as a sharer in the Blackfriars. He is not a resident in London ; he has come to town, as Thomas Greene describes in 1614. But we have no evidence that he sold his theatrical property at all. Certainly the evidence that he sold it to Edward Alleyn may be laid aside in any attempt to fix the date of Shakspere's departure from London.

Every one agrees that during the last three or four years of his life Shakspere ceased to write. Yet we venture to think that every one is in error. The opinion is founded upon a belief that he only finally left London towards the close of 1613. We have shown, from his purchase of a large house at Stratford, his constant acquisition of landed property there, his active engagements in the business of agriculture, the interest which he took in matters connected with his property in which his neighbours had a common interest, that he must have partially left London before this period. There were no circumstances, as far as we can collect, to have prevented him finally leaving London several years before 1613. But his biographers, having fixed a period for the termination of his connection with the active business of the theatre, assume that he became wholly unemployed ; that he gave himself up, as Rowe has described, to "ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." His income was enough, they say, to dispense with labour ; and therefore he did not labour. But when the days of leisure arrived, is it reasonable to believe that the mere habit of his life would not assert its ordinary control ; that the greatest of intellects would suddenly sink to the condition of an every-day man—cherishing no high plans for the fu-

ture, looking back with no desire to equal and excel the work of the past? At the period of life when Chaucer began to write the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakspere, according to his biographers, was suddenly and utterly to cease to write. We cannot believe it. Is there a parallel case in the career of any great artist who had won for himself competence and fame? Is the mere applause of the world, and a sufficiency of the goods of life, "the end-all and the be-all" of the labours of a mighty mind? These attained, is the voice of his spiritual being to be heard no more? If those who reason thus could present a satisfactory record of the dates of all Shakspere's works, and especially of his later works, we should still cling to the belief that some fruits of the last years of his literary industry had wholly perished. It is unnecessary, as it appears to us, to adopt any such theory. Without the means of fixing the precise date of many particular dramas, we have indisputable traces, up to this period, of the appearance of at least five-sixths of all Shakspere's undoubted works. Are there any dramas whose individual appearance is not accounted for by those who have attempted to fix the exact chronology of other plays? There are such dramas, and they form a class. They are the three great Roman plays of 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

The happy quiet of Shakspere's retreat was not wholly undisturbed by calamity, domestic and public. His brother Richard, who was ten years his junior, was buried at Stratford on the 4th of February, 1613. Of his father's family his sister Joan, who had married Mr. William Hart of Stratford, was probably the only other left. There is no record of the death of his brother Gilbert; but as he is not mentioned in the will of William, in all likelihood he died before him. Oldys, in his manuscript notes upon Langbaine, has a story of "One of Shakspere's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of king Charles II." Gilbert was born in 1566; so that if he had lived some years after the restoration of Charles II. it is not surprising that "his memory was weakened," as Oldys reports, and that he could give "the most noted actors" but "little satisfaction in their

endeavours to learn something from him of his brother." The story of Oldys is clearly apocryphal, as far as regards any brother of Shakspere's. They were a short-lived race. His sister, indeed, survived him thirty years. The family at New Place, at this period, would be composed therefore of his wife only, and his unmarried daughter Judith; unless his elder daughter and his son-in-law formed a part of the same household, with their only child Elizabeth, who was born in 1608. The public calamity to which we have alluded was a great fire, which broke out at Stratford on the 9th of July, 1614. That Shakspere assisted with all the energy of his character in alleviating the miseries of this calamity, and in the restoration of his town, we cannot doubt. In the same year we find him taking some interest in the project of an inclosure of the common fields of Stratford. The inclosure would probably have improved his property, and especially have increased the value of the tithes, of the moiety of which he held a lease. The Corporation of Stratford were opposed to the inclosure. They held that it would be injurious to the poorer inhabitants, who were then deeply suffering from the desolation of the fire; and they appear to have been solicitous that Shakspere should take the same view of the matter as themselves. His friend William Combe, then high sheriff of the county, was a principal person engaged in forwarding the inclosure. The Corporation sent their common clerk, Thomas Greene, to London, to oppose the project; and a memorandum in his hand-writing, which still remains, exhibits the business-like manner in which Shakspere informed himself of the details of the plan. The first memorandum is dated the 17th of November, 1614, and is as follows:—"My Cosen Shakspeare comyng yesterday to town, I went to see how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospel Bush, and so upp straight (leaving out pt. of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisbury's peece; and that they mean in Aprill to svey. the land and then to gyve satisfacion, and not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think yr. will be nothyng done at all." Mr. Greene appears to have returned to Stratford in about a fortnight after the

date of this memorandum, and Shakspere seems to have remained in London; for according to a second memorandum, which was damaged and partly illegible, an official letter was written to Shakspere, by the Corporation, accompanied by a private letter from Mr. Greene, moving him to exert his influence against this plan of the inclosure:—"23 Dec. A. Hall, Lres. wrytten, one to Mr. Manyring—another to Mr. Shakspeare, with almost all the company's hands to eyther. I also wrytte myself to my Csn. Shakspear, the copyes of all our . . . . then also a note of the inconvenyences wold . . . . by the inclosure." Arthur Mannering, to whom one of these letters was written by the Corporation, was officially connected with the Lord Chancellor, and then residing at his house; and from the letter to him, which has been preserved, "it appears that he was apprised of the injury to be expected from the intended inclosure; reminded of the damage that Stratford, then 'lying in the ashes of desolation,' had sustained from recent fires; and entreated to forbear the inclosure." The letter to Shakspere has not been discovered. The fact of its having been written leaves no doubt of the importance which was attached to his opinion by his neighbours. Truly in his later years he had

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The younger daughter of Shakspere was married on the 10th of February, 1616, to Thomas Quiney, as the register of Stratford shows. Thomas Quiney was the son of Richard Quiney of Stratford, whom we have seen in 1598 soliciting the kind offices of his loving countryman Shakspere. Thomas, who was born in 1588, was probably a well-educated man.

The last will of Shakspere would appear to have been prepared in some degree with reference to this marriage. It is dated the 25th of March, 1616; but the word "Januarii" seems to have been first written and afterwards struck out, "Martii" having been written above it. It is not unlikely, and indeed it appears most probable, that the document was prepared before the marriage of Judith; for the elder daughter is mentioned as Susanna Hall,—the younger simply as Judith. To her, one hundred pounds is bequeathed, and

fifty pounds conditionally. The life-interest of a further sum of one hundred and fifty pounds is also bequeathed to her, with remainder to her children ; but if she died without issue within three years after the date of the will, the hundred and fifty pounds was to be otherwise appropriated. We pass over the various legacies to relations and friends, to come to the bequest of the great bulk of the property. All the real estate is devised to his daughter Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life. It is then entailed upon her first son and his heirs male ; and in default of such issue, to her second son and his heirs male ; and so on : in default of such issue, to his grand-daughter Elizabeth Hall (called in the language of the time his "niece") : and in default of such issue to his daughter Judith, and her heirs male. By this strict entailment it was manifestly the object of Shakspere to found a family. Like many other such purposes of short-sighted humanity, the object was not accomplished. His elder daughter had no issue but Elizabeth, and she died childless. The heirs male of Judith died before her. The estates were scattered after the second generation ; and the descendants of his sister were the only transmitters to posterity of his blood and lineage.

"Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed with the furniture." This is the clause of the will upon which, for half a century, all men believed that Shakspere recollect ed his wife only to mark how little he esteemed her,—to "cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed." We had the satisfaction of first showing the utter groundlessness of this opinion, and it is pleasant to know, that the statement which we originally published, some ten years ago, is now fully acquiesced in by all writers on Shakspere. But it was once very different. To show the universality of the former belief in such a charge, we will first exhibit it in the words of one, himself a poet, who cannot be suspected of any desire to depreciate the greatest master of his art. Mr. Moore, in his 'Life of Byron,' speaking of unhappy marriages with reference to the domestic misfortune of his noble friend, thus expresses himself :—

"By whatever austerity of temper, or habits, the poet

Dante and Milton may have drawn upon themselves such a fate, it might be expected that, at least, the ‘gentle Shakspere’ would have stood exempt from the common calamity of his brethren. But, among the very few facts of his life that have been transmitted to us, there is none more clearly proved than the unhappiness of his marriage. The dates of the births of children, compared with that of his removal from Stratford,—the total omission of his wife’s name in the first draft of his will, and the bitter sarcasm of the bequest by which he remembers her afterwards, all prove beyond a doubt both his separation from the lady early in life, and his unfriendly feeling towards her at the close of it.

“In endeavouring to argue against the conclusion naturally to be deduced from this will, Boswell, with a strange ignorance of human nature, remarks,—‘If he had taken offence at any part of his wife’s conduct, I cannot believe he would have taken this petty mode of expressing it.’”

Steevens, amongst many faults of taste, has the good sense and the good feeling to deny the inferences of Malone, in this matter of the “old bed.” He considers this bequest “a mark of peculiar tenderness ;” and he assumes that she was provided for by settlement. Steevens was a conveyancer by profession. Malone, who was also at the bar, says, “What provision was made for her by settlement does not appear.” A writer in ‘Lardner’s Cyclopædia’ doubts the legal view of the matter which Steevens charitably takes :—“Had he already provided for her ? If so, he would surely have alluded to the fact ; and if he had left her the interest of a specific sum, or the rent of some messuage, there would, we think, have been a stipulation for the reversion of the property to his children after her decease.” Boswell, a third legal editor, thus writes upon the same subject :—“If we may suppose that some provision had been made for her during his lifetime, the bequest of his second-best bed was probably considered in those days neither as uncommon or reproachful.” As a somewhat parallel example Boswell cites the will of Sir Thomas Lucy, in 1600, who gives his son his second-best horse, but no land, because his father-in-law had promised to provide for him. We will present our readers

with a case in which the parallel is much closer. In the will of David Cecil, Esq., grandfather to the great Lord Burghley, we find the following bequest to his wife :—

“Item—I will that my wife have all the plate that was hers before I married her; and twenty kye and a bull.”<sup>a</sup>

Our readers will recollect the query of the Cyclopedist,— “Had he already provided for her? If so, he would surely have alluded to the fact.” Poor Dame Cecil, according to this interpretation, had no resource but that of milking her twenty kye, kept upon the common, and eating sour curds out of a silver bowl.

The “forgetfulness” and the “neglect” by Shakspere of the partner of his fortunes for more than thirty years is good-naturedly imputed by Steevens to “the indisposed and sickly fit.” Malone will not have it so :—“The various regulations and provisions of our author’s will show that at the time of making it *he had the entire use of his faculties.*” We thoroughly agree with Malone in this particular. Shakspere bequeaths to his second daughter three hundred pounds under certain conditions; to his sister money, wearing apparel, and a life interest in the house where she lives; to his nephews five pounds each; to his grand-daughter his plate; to the poor ten pounds; to various friends, money, rings, his sword. The chief bequest, that of his *real* property, is as follows :—

“Item—I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter, Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of

<sup>a</sup> Peck’s ‘Desiderata Curiosa,’ lib. iii., No. 2.

Warwick ; and also that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe ; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever : to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life ; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing," &c.

Immediately after this clause,—by which all the *real* property is bequeathed to Susanna Hall, for her life, and then entailed upon her heirs male ; and in default of such issue upon his grand-daughter, and her heirs male ; and in default of such issue upon his daughter Judith and her heirs male,—comes the clause relating to his wife :—

*“Item—I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture.”*

It was the object of Shakspere by this will to perpetuate a *family estate*. In doing so did he neglect the duty and affection which he owed to his wife ? He did not.

Shakspere knew the law of England better than his legal commentators. His estates, with the exception of a copy-hold tenement, expressly mentioned in his will, were *freehold*. HIS WIFE WAS ENTITLED TO DOWER. She was provided for, as the wife of David Cecil was provided for, who, without doubt, was not “cut off” with her own plate and twenty kye and a bull. She was provided for amply, *by the clear and undeniable operation of the English law*. Of the lands, houses, and gardens which Shakspere *inherited* from his father, she was assured of the life-interest of a third, should she survive her husband, the instant that old John Shakspere died. Of the capital messuage, called New Place, the best house in Stratford, which Shakspere purchased in 1597, she was assured of the same life-interest, from the moment of the conveyance, provided it was a direct conveyance to her husband. That it was so conveyed we may infer from the terms of the conveyance of the lands in Old Stratford, and other places, which were purchased by Shakspere in 1602, and were then conveyed “to the onlye proper use and behoofe of the saide William Shakespere, his heires and

assignes, for ever." Of a life-interest in a third of these lands also was she assured. The tenement in Blackfriars, purchased in 1614, was conveyed to Shakspere and *three other persons*; and after his death was re-conveyed by those persons to the uses of his will, "for and in performance of the confidence and trust in them reposed by William Shakspere deceased." In this estate certainly the widow of our poet had not dower. The reason is pretty clear—it was theatrical property. It has been remarked to us that even the express mention of the second-best bed was anything but unkindness and insult; that the best bed was in all probability an heir-loom: it might have descended to Shakspere himself from his father as an heir-loom, and, as such, was the property of his own heirs. The best bed was considered amongst the most important of those chattels which went to the heir by custom with the house. "And note that in some places chattels as heir-looms (as the best bed, table, pot, pan, cart, and other dead chattels moveable) may go to the heir, and the heir in that case may have an action for them at the common law, and shall not sue for them in the ecclesiastical court; but the heir-loom is due by custom, and not by the common law."<sup>a</sup>

It is unnecessary for us more minutely to enter into the question before us. It is sufficient for us to have the satisfaction of having first pointed out the *absolute certainty* that the wife of Shakspere was provided for by the natural operation of the law of England. She could not have been deprived of this provision except by the legal process of Fine,—the *voluntary* renunciation of her own right. If her husband had alienated his real estates she might still have held her right, even against a purchaser. In the event, which we believe to be improbable, that she and the "gentle Shakspere" lived on terms of mutual unkindness, she would have refused to renounce the right which the law gave her. In the more probable case, that, surrounded with mutual friends and relations, they lived at least amicably, she could not have been asked to resign it. In the most probable case, that they lived affectionately, the legal provision of

<sup>a</sup> 'Coke upon Littleton,' 18 b.

dower would have been regarded as the natural and proper arrangement—so natural and usual as not to be referred to in a will. By reference to other wills of the same period it may be seen how unusual it was to make any other provision for a wife than by *dower*. Such a provision in those days, when the bulk of property was *real*, was a matter of course. The solution which we have here offered to this long-disputed question supersedes the necessity of any *conjecture* as to the nature of the provision which those who reverence the memory of Shakspere *must* hold he made for his wife.

The will of Shakspere thus commences :—"I, William Shakspere, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised !) do make and ordain this my last will and testament." And yet within one month of this declaration William Shakspere is no more :

OBIIT ANO. DOI. 1616. ETATIS 53. DIE 23. AP.

Such is the inscription on his tomb. It is corroborated by the register of his burial :—

"April 25, Will. Shakspere, Gent."

Writing forty-six years after the event, the vicar of Stratford says, "Shakspere, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspere died of a fever there contracted." A tradition of this nature, surviving its object nearly half a century, is not much to be relied on. But if it were absolutely true, our reverence for Shakspere would not be diminished by the fact that he accelerated his end in the exercise of hospitality, according to the manner of his age, towards two of the most illustrious of his friends. The "merry meeting," the last of many social hours spent with the full-hearted Jonson and the elegant Drayton, may be contemplated without a painful feeling. Shakspere possessed a mind eminently social—"he was of a free and generous nature." But, says the tradition of half a century, "he drank too hard" at this "merry meeting." We believe that this is the vulgar colouring of a common incident. He "died of a fever there contracted." The fever that is too often the attendant upon a hot spring, when the low grounds upon a river bank have been recently

inundated, is a fever that the good people of Stratford did not well understand at that day. The "merry meeting" rounded off a tradition much more effectively. Whatever was the immediate cause of his last illness, we may well believe that the closing scene was full of tranquillity and hope ; and that he who had sought, perhaps more than any man, to look beyond the material and finite things of the world, should rest at last in the "peace which passeth all understanding"—in that assured belief which the opening of his will has expressed with far more than formal solemnity :—"I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made."

The solemn clause, "My body to the earth whereof it is made," was carried into effect by the burial of William Shakspere in the chancel of his parish church. A tomb, of which we shall presently speak more particularly, was erected to his memory before 1623. The following lines are inscribed beneath the bust :

"JUDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,  
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MVRRET, OLYMPVS HABET.  
STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,  
READ, IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOS DEATH HATH PLAST  
WITHIN THIS MONVNT, SHAKSPERE, WITH WHOME  
QVICK NATVRE DIDE; WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK YS. TOMBE  
FAR MORE THEN COST; SITH ALL YT. HE HATH WRITT  
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.  
OBIIIT ANO. DOL. 1616. ETATIS 53. DIE 23. AP."

Below the monument, but at a few paces from the wall, is a flat stone, with the following extraordinary inscription :

GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBARE,  
TO DIGG T-E DUST ENCLOASED HEARE:  
BLESTE BE  $\frac{E}{Y}$  MAN  $\frac{T}{Y}$  SPARES THES STONES,  
AND CURST BE  $\frac{T}{Y}$  MOVES MY BONES.

In a letter from Warwickshire, in 1693<sup>a</sup>, the writer, after

<sup>a</sup> Published from the original manuscript by Mr. Rodd, 1838.

describing the monument to Shakspere, and giving its inscription, says, "Near the wall where this monument is erected lies the plain free-stone underneath which his body is buried, with this epitaph made by himself a little before his death." He then gives the epitaph, and subsequently adds, "Not one for fear of the curse above-said dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." This information is given by the tourist upon the authority of the clerk who showed him the church, who "was above eighty years old." Here is unquestionable authority for the existence of this free-stone seventy-seven years after the death of Shakspere. We have an earlier authority. In a plate to Dugdale's 'Antiquities of Warwickshire,' first published in 1656, we have a representation of Shakspere's tomb, with the following: "Neare the wall where this monument is erected, lyeth a plain free-stone, undernecath which his body is buried, with this epitaph

Good frend,' &c.

But it is very remarkable, we think, that this plain free-stone does not bear the name of Shakspere—has nothing to establish the fact that the stone originally belonged to his grave. We apprehend that during the period that elapsed between his death and the setting-up of the monument, a stone was temporarily placed over the grave; and that the warning not to touch the bones was the stonemason's invention, to secure their reverence till a fitting monument should be prepared, if the stone were not ready in his yard to serve for any grave. We quite agree with Mr. De Quincey that this doggrel attributed to Shakspere is "equally below his intellect no less than his scholarship," and we hold with him that "as a sort of *siste viator* appeal to future sextons, it is worthy of the grave-digger or the parish-clerk, who was probably its author."

The bequest of the second-best bed to his wife was an interlineation in Shakspere's Will. "He had forgot her," says Malone. There was another bequest which was also an interlineation: "To my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eightpence

a-piece, to buy them rings." It is not unlikely that these companions of his professional life derived substantial advantages from his death, and probably paid him an annuity after his retirement. The bequest of the rings marked his friendship to them, as the bequest of the bed of his affection to his wife. She died on the 6th of August, 1623, and was buried on the 8th, according to the register. Her grave-stone is next to the stone with the doggrel inscription, but nearer the north wall, upon which Shakspere's monument is placed. The stone has a brass plate, with the following inscription :

"HEERE LYETH INTERRKD THE BODY OF ANNE, WIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, WHO DEPTEED. THIS LIFE THE 6TH DAY OF AVGV. 1623 BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARS."

"VBERA, TU MATER, TU LAC VITAMQ. DEDISTI,  
V&E MIHI PRO TANTO MUNERE SAXA DABO.  
QUAM MALLEM, AMOUREAT LAPIDEM, BONUS ANGEL' ORE'  
EXEAT UT CHRISTI CORPUS, IMAGO TUA?  
SED NIL VOTA, VALENT VENIAS CITO CHRISTE RESURGET,  
CLAUSA LICET TUMULO MATER, ET ASTRA PETET."

It is evident that the epitaph was intended to express the deep affection of her daughter, to whom Shakspere bequeathed a life-interest in his real property, and the bulk of his personal. The widow of Shakspere in all likelihood resided with this elder daughter. It is possible that they formed one family previous to his death. That daughter died on the 11th of July, 1649, having survived her husband, Dr. Hall, fourteen years. She is described as widow in the register of burials ; ranging with the other stones, but nearer the south wall, is a flat stone now bearing the following inscription :

"HEERE LYETH YE. BODY OF SVSANNA, WIFE TO JOHN HALL, GENT.  
YE. DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, GENT. SHEE DECEASED  
YE. 11TH OF JVLY, Ao. 1649, AGED 66."

On the same stone is an inscription for Richard Watts, who had no relationship to Shakspere or his descendants. Fortunately Dugdale preserved an inscription which the masons of Stratford obliterated, to make room for the record of Richard Watts, who thus attained a distinction to which he had no claim. A liberal admirer of Shakspere, himself an elegant writer, the Rev. W. Harness, has restored the inscription at his own cost :—

"WITTY ABOVE HER Saxe, BUT THAT'S NOT ALL,  
WISE TO SALVATION WAS GOOD MISTRIS HALL,  
SOMETHING OF SHAKESPEARE WAS IN THAT, BUT THIS  
WHOLLY OF HIM WITH WHOM SHE'S NOW IN BLISSE.  
THEN PASSENGER, HA'ST NE'RE A TEARE,  
TO WEEPE WITH HER THAT WEPT WITH ALL?  
THAT WEPT, YET SET HERSELF TO CHERE  
THEM UP WITH COMFORTS CORDIALE.  
HER LOVE SHALL LIVE, HER MERCY SPREAD,  
WHEN THOU HAST NE'RE A TEARE TO SHED."

Judith, the second daughter to Shakspere, lived till 1662. She was buried on the 9th of February in that year. Her married life must have been one of constant affliction in the bereavement of her children. Her first son, who was named Shakspere, was born in November, 1616, and died in May, 1617. Her second son, Richard, was born in February, 1618, and died in February, 1639. Her third son, Thomas, was born in August, 1619, and died in January, 1639. Thus perished all of the second branch of the heirs male of William Shakspere. His grand-daughter Elizabeth, the only child of his daughter Susanna, was married in 1626, when she was eighteen years of age, to Mr. Thomas Nash, a native of Stratford. He died in 1647, leaving no children. She remained a widow about two years, having married, on the 5th of June, 1649, Mr. John Barnard of Abington, near Northampton. He was a widower, with a large family. They were married at Billesley, near Stratford. Her husband was created a knight by Charles II., in 1661. The grand-daughter of Shakspere died in February, 1670, and was buried at Abington. Her signature, with a seal, the same as that used by her mother,—the arms of Hall impaled with those of Shakspere,—is affixed to a deed of appointment in the possession of Mr. Wheler, of Stratford. She left no issue.

We have seen that all the sons of Judith Quiney were dead at the commencement of 1639. Shakspere's elder daughter and grand-daughter were therefore at liberty to treat the property as their own by the usual processes of law. The mode in which they, in the first instance, made it subservient to their family arrangements is thus clearly stated by Mr. Wheler, in an interesting tract on the birth-place of Shakspere: "By a deed of the 27th of May, 1639.

and a fine and recovery (Trinity and Michaelmas Terms, 15th Charles 1st), Mrs. Susannah Hall, Shakspere's eldest daughter, with Thomas Nash, Esq., and Elizabeth his wife (Mrs. Hall's only child), confirmed this and our bard's other estates to Mrs. Hall for her life, and afterwards settled them upon Mr. and Mrs. Nash, and her issue ; but in the event of her leaving no family, then upon Mr. Nash. As, however, Mr. Nash died 4th April, 1647, without issue, a resettlement of the property was immediately adopted, to prevent its falling to the heir of Mr. Nash, who had, by his will of the 26th of August, 1642, devised his reversionary interest in the principal part of Shakspere's estates to his cousin Edward Nash. By a subsequent settlement, therefore, of the 2nd of June, 1647, and by another fine and recovery (Easter and Michaelmas Terms, 23rd Charles 1st), Shakspere's natal place and his other estates were again limited to the bard's descendants, restoring to Mrs. Nash the ultimate power over the property." Upon the second marriage of Shakspere's grand-daughter other arrangements were made, in the usual form of fine and recovery, by which New Place, and all the other property which she inherited of William Shakspere, her grandfather, were settled to the use of John Barnard and Elizabeth his wife, for the term of their natural lives ; then to the heirs of the said Elizabeth ; and in default of such issue, to the use of such person, and for such estate, as the said Elizabeth shall appoint by any writing, either purporting to be her last will or otherwise. She did make her last will on the 29th of January, 1669 ; according to which, after the death of Sir John Barnard, the property was to be sold. Thus, in half a century, the estates of Shakspere were scattered and went out of his family, with the exception of the two houses in Henley Street, where he is held to have been born, which Lady Barnard devised to her kinsman Thomas Hart, the grandson of Shakspere's sister Joan. Those who are curious to trace the continuity of the line of the Harts will find very copious extracts from the Stratford registers in Boswell's edition of Malone. The descendants of the Harts sold the houses in Henley Street to the Trustees for the Nation, in 1847.

## APPENDIX.

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### I.—THE AUTOGRAPHS OF SHAKSPERE.

THE will of William Shakspere, preserved in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons, is written upon three sheets of paper. The name is subscribed at the right-hand corner of the first sheet; at the left-hand corner of the second sheet; and immediately before the names of the witnesses upon the third sheet. These signatures, engraved from a tracing by Steevens, were first published in 1778. The first signature has been much damaged since it was originally traced by Steevens. It was for a long time thought that in the first and second of these signatures the poet had written his name *Shakspere*, but in the third *Shakespeare*; and Steevens and Malone held, therefore, that they had authority in the handwriting of the poet for uniformly spelling his name *Shakespeare*. They rested this mode of spelling the name, not upon the mode in which it was usually printed during the poet's life, and especially in the genuine editions of his own works, which mode was *Shakespeare*, but upon this signature to the last sheet of his will, which they fancied contained an *a* in the last syllable. We give fac-similes of the three signatures to the will, marked 2, 3, 4.

Another autograph of Shakspere was found in a small folio volume, the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, having been sixty years in the possession of the Rev. Edward Patteson, minister of Smethwick, near Birmingham. In 1838 the volume was sold by auction, and purchased by the British Museum for one hundred pounds. We give a fac-simile of this, marked 1.

There is a fifth autograph, being the signature to the counterpart of a mortgage deed, executed by Shakspere on the 11th March, 1613. Here the signature is "WILLIAM SHAKSPER." This document was sold by auction in 1841, and was purchased by the Corporation of London for one hundred and forty-five pounds. The purchase was afterwards denounced in Court of Common Council as "a most wasteful and prodigal expenditure;" but it was defended

upon the ground that “it was not very likely that the purchase of the autograph would be acted upon as a precedent, for Shakspere stood alone in the history of the literature of the world.”

## II.—THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPERE.

VOLUMES have been written on the subject of the genuineness of Shakspere’s portraits. The bust upon Shakspere’s Monument has the first claim to notice. The sculptor of that monument was Gerard Johnson. We learn the name of the sculptor from Dugdale’s Correspondence, published by Mr. Hamper in 1827; and we collect from the verses by Leonard Digges, prefixed to the first edition of Shakspere, that it was erected previous to 1623:—

“Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give  
The world thy works: thy works by which outlive  
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,  
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,  
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
Fresh to all ages.”

The fate of this portrait of Shakspere, for we may well account it as such, is a singular one. Mr. Britton, who has on many occasions manifested an enthusiastic feeling for the associations belonging to the great poet, published in 1816, ‘Remarks on his Monumental Bust,’ from which we extract the following passage:—“The Bust is the size of life; it is formed out of a block of soft stone; and was originally painted over in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown, or tabard, without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Such appear to have been the original features of this important but neglected or insulted bust. After remaining in this state above one hundred and twenty years, Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, caused it to be ‘repaired,’ and the original colours preserved, in 1748, from the profits of the representation of ‘Othello.’ This was a generous, and apparently judicious act; and therefore very unlike the next alteration

it was subjected to in 1793. In that year Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint; and thus at once destroyed its original character, and greatly injured the expression of the face." A very beautiful lithographic engraving of the head of this bust has been produced by Mr. Richard Lane, A.R.A., from a drawing by Mr. Thomas Baxter.

A small head, engraved from the little print by WILLIAM MARSHALL, prefixed to the edition of Shakspere's poems in 1640, is considered amongst the genuine portraits of Shakspere. It is probably reduced, with alterations, from the print by MARTIN DROESHOUT, which is prefixed to the folio of 1623. The original engraving is not a good one; and as the plate furnished the portraits to three subsequent editions, it is not easy to find a good impression. The persons who published this portrait were the friends of Shakspere. It was published at a time when his features would be well recollected by many of his contemporaries. The accuracy of the resemblance is also attested by the following lines from the pen of Ben Jonson :—

" This figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With Nature, to outdo the life:  
O, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass, as he had hit  
His face, the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass.  
But, since he cannot, Reader, look  
Not on his Picture, but his Book."—B. J.

Under these circumstances we are inclined to regard it as the most genuine of the portraits of Shakspere. It wants that high art which seizes upon a likeness by general resemblance, and not through the merely accurate delineation of features. The draughtsman from whom this engraving was made, and the sculptor of the bust at Stratford, were literal copyists. It is perfectly clear that they were working upon the same original.

The famous CHANDOS picture is now the property of the Earl of Ellesmere; and has recently been engraved for the "Shakespeare Society," by Mr. Cousens. It has a history belonging to it which says much for its authenticity. It

formerly belonged to Davenant, and afterwards to Betterton. When in Betterton's possession it was engraved for Rowe's edition of Shakspere's works. It subsequently passed into various hands; during which transit it was engraved, first by Vertue and afterwards by Houbraken. It became the property of the Duke of Chandos, by marriage; and thence descended to the Buckingham family. Kneller copied this portrait for Dryden, and the poet addressed to the painter the following verses as a return for the gift:—

“Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight,  
With awe I ask his blessing as I write;  
With reverence look on his majestic face,  
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.  
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,  
And I like Teucer under Ajax fight:  
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast  
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best:  
Like him, thy critics in the attempt are lost,  
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.”

Of a portrait, said to have been painted by CORNELIUS JANSEN, an engraving was made by Earlam, and was prefixed to an edition of ‘King Lear,’ published in 1770, edited by Mr. Jennens. It has subsequently been more carefully engraved by Mr. Turner, for Mr. Boaden’s ‘Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Portraits of Shakspere.’ This portrait has the inscription “Æ<sup>t</sup>e 46, 1610;” and in a scroll over the head are the words “Ut Magus.” Mr. Boaden says, “The two words are extracted from the famous Epistle of Horace to Augustus, the First of the Second Book; the particular passage this:—

‘Ille per extensem funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire poeta; meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
*Ut Magus;* et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.’

No man ever took this ‘extended range,’ more securely than Shakspere; no man ever possessed so ample a control over the passions; and he transported his hearers, ‘as a magician,’ over lands and seas, from one kingdom to another, superior to all circumspection or confine.” The picture passed from the possession of Mr. Jennens into that of the Duke of Somerset.

END OF THE LIFE.

[FACSIMILES OF SIGNATURES TO SHAKSPERE'S WILL.]

2

Mr. John  
Heminge

3

Mr. Willm. Cuffe

4

23<sup>r</sup> Mr. Wm. Cuffe



NOTICE  
OF THE  
ORIGINAL EDITIONS, ON WHICH THE TEXT IS FOUNDED.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Originall Copies,' is the title of the first collection of our poct's plays, which appeared in a folio volume, in 1623. This volume is "printed by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount;" but the Dedication bears the signatures of "John Heminge, Henry Condell." That Blount and Jaggard had become the proprietors of this edition, we learn from an entry in the Stationers' registers, under date November 8, 1623; in which they claim "Mr. William Shakespeere's Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, soe many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men." These copies so claimed as not "formerly entered" are then recited. They are in number sixteen; the whole volume consisting of thirty-six plays. The plays "formerly entered to other men" had, with some exceptions, been previously published, each separately; and some of these went on to several editions, at dates extending from 1597 to 1622. These are what are commonly spoken of as the quarto editions.

John Heminge and Henry Condell were amongst the

"principal actors" of the plays of Shakspere, according to a list prefixed to their edition. In 1608 they were shareholders with Shakspere in the Blackfriars Theatre. In his Will, in 1616, they stand upon equal terms with his eminent friend Burbage, in the following bequest:—"To my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings." In 1619, after the death of Shakspere and Burbage, they were at the head of their remaining "fellows." They are entitled, therefore, to speak with authority, and to be regarded with deference, both from their intimate connexion with Shakspere, and the responsible position which they held in the company of actors of which his plays had probably become the most valuable possession. In their Dedication to the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery, they allude to the favour with which these noblemen regarded these productions (which, in the dedicatory language, they call "trifles"), and "their author, living." They further say, "We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." In their address "To the great variety of readers," the words which they use are still more remarkable:—"It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he, by death, departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them,—even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. *His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*"

That the friends, fellows, and editors of Shakspere were held to perform an acceptable service to the world by this publication we may judge, however imperfectly, from some of the verses prefixed to the edition. Ben Jonson's celebrated poem, 'To the Memory of my beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare: and what he hath left us,' follows the preface, and it concludes with these lines:—

"Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
And despairs day, *but for thy volume's light.*"

Another poem in the same volume, by Leonard Digges, is in the same tone:—

"Shake-speare, at length *thy pious fellows give*  
*The world thy works;* thy works by which outlive  
Thy tomb thy name must. When that stone is rent,  
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still. *This book,*  
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
Fresh to all ages."

We cannot doubt that the publication of this volume was hailed with delight by all readers of taste and judgment; and that, previous to the publication of the second edition, nine years after, hundreds of the countrymen of Shakspere, as well as the young Milton, had become familiar with "the leaves" of that "unvalued [invaluable] book." For, if the edition of 1623 had no other claims upon the gratitude of every Englishman, it had secured from that destruction, entire or partial, which would probably have been their fate if they had remained in manuscript, some of the noblest monuments of Shakspere's genius. The poet had been dead seven years when this edition was printed. Some of the plays which it preserved, through the medium of the press, had been written a considerable period before his death. We have not a single manuscript line in existence, written, or supposed to be written, by Shakspere. If, from any notions of exclusive advantage as the managers of a company, Heminge and Condell had not printed this edition of Shakspere,—if the publication had been suspended for ten, or at most for fifteen years, till the civil wars broke out, and the predominance of the puritanical spirit had shut up the

theatres,—the probability is that all Shakspere's manuscripts would have perished. What then should we have lost, which will now remain when “brass and marble fade!” We will give the list of those plays which, as far as any edition is known, were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623:—

COMEDIES . . .	The Tempest.
	The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
	Measure for Measure.
	The Comedy of Errors.
	As You Like it.
	The Taming of the Shrew.
HISTORIES . . .	All 's Well that Ends Well.
	Twelfth Night.
	The Winter's Tale.
TRAGEDIES . . .	King John.
	Henry VI., Part I.
	Henry VIII.
	Coriolanus.
	Timon of Athens.
	Julius Cæsar.
	Macbeth.
	Antony and Cleopatra.
	Cymbeline.

But the enumeration of these eighteen plays, which were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, by no means represents the entire amount of the obligation to the editors of that collection. They have themselves spoken of “divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them;” and they add, “even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs.” Without here entering into the question whether particular copies of the plays published before the folio of 1623 were “stolen and surreptitious,” we shall here place before our readers the titles of those plays, which, in their original form, appear from some cause or other imperfect,—either “maimed or deformed,” or produced immaturely:—

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Henry V.

The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster. (Corresponding with Henry VI., Part II.)

The Second Part of the Contention, &c. (Corresponding with Henry VI., Part III.)

Had these plays not been preserved in the folio of 1623, the previously existing copies would have furnished us a very imperfect notion of the state in which the poet finally left them.

Putting, therefore, the eighteen plays first printed in the folio with the four plays there first printed in a perfect shape, we must come to the conclusion that, out of the thirty-six plays which that edition contains, the text of twenty-two must absolutely be founded on the text of Heminge and Condell. There is only one play which common consent has ascribed wholly, or in part, to Shakspere, namely 'Pericles,' which is not included in the edition of 1623.

We have been somewhat minute in this enumeration, to meet an opinion amongst readers of Shakspere, who have not very critically examined the principles upon which a text is founded, that there is a broad and pretty equal question between the advocates for the text of the first folio, and the advocates for the text of the plays which had appeared separately in quarto previous to the publication of that edition. The real question, as it has been seen, is one of much narrower limits, upon the face of it. There are only fourteen plays originally published separately to which the important question of differences of readings can at all apply.

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We proceed to explain the principles upon which our text has been founded. The folio of 1623 contains thirty-six plays: of these, thirteen were published in the author's lifetime, with such internal evidences of authenticity, and under such circumstances, as warrant us in receiving them as authentic copies. These copies are, therefore, entitled to a very high respect in the settlement of the author's text. But they do not demand an exclusive respect; for the evidence, in several instances, is most decided, that the author's posthumous copies in manuscript were distinguished from the printed copies by verbal alterations, by additions, by omissions not arbitrarily made, by a more correct metrical arrangement. To refer these differences to alterations made by the players, has been a favourite theory with some of Shakspere's editors; but it is manifestly an absurd one.

We see, in numerous cases, the minute but most effective touches of the skilful artist; and a careful examination of this matter in the plays where the alterations are most numerous, is quite sufficient to satisfy us of the jealous care with which Shakspere watched over the more important of these productions, so as to leave with his "fellows" more complete and accurate copies than had been preserved by the press. Between the quarto editions of the four Comedies,—'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Much Ado about Nothing,'—and the folio of 1623, the variations are exceedingly few; and these have probably, for the most part, been created by the printer. Of the Histories, 'Richard II.,' in the folio, is founded upon the quarto of 1608, with the omission of about fifty lines. The variations between the two copies of 'The First Part of Henry IV.' are very slight. In 'The Second Part of Henry IV.' there are large additions in the folio. 'Richard III.,' in the folio, presents an example of constant verbal alterations, evidently made with a most minute scrupulousness: there are two passages omitted, although in the author's best manner, and about a hundred and twenty lines added. Of the Tragedies, 'Romeo and Juliet,' in the folio, is founded upon the quarto of 1599, with occasional verbal alterations. 'Titus Andronicus' is essentially the same in the folio as the quarto of 1600, with the exception of an added Scene. 'Hamlet,' in the folio, is founded upon the quarto of 1604, but the verbal alterations are numerous; and there are passages omitted in the folio which we should indeed be sorry to lose, although there was probably a dramatic reason for their omission. The most important of the variations between the quartos and the folio are to be found in 'Lear.' The verbal alterations are perpetually recurring, but the changes of the folio are decidedly to be preferred in nearly every instance. The metrical arrangement of the quarto is one mass of confusion: we have about fifty lines added in the folio, and about two hundred and twenty-five lines omitted: for these omissions there is again a sufficient dramatic reason, although it is truly fortunate that passages of such exquisite beauty as they for the most part are should have been preserved to us in the original publication. 'Troi-

lus and Cressida,' in the folio, differs in the very smallest degree from the text of the quarto copy. The verbal changes in 'Othello' are few; but there are many additional lines in the folio.

We have thus seen, that of the fourteen plays originally published in quarto, which may be considered authentic, nine of that number contain very unimportant differences from the text in the folio. The differences, however, are not merely the typographical changes which always creep into any new edition; they are in many cases either the corrections of the author, or the corrections of those who represented the plays. The Theatre, there can be no doubt, possessed a manuscript copy, as Heminge and Condell expressly tell us; and the variations, especially in the metrical arrangement, even in those plays which appear the most alike, afford satisfactory evidence that in the republication some manuscript was referred to. We are bound, therefore, we think, upon these grounds, to make the later copy the foundation of the text. But we are also called upon to point out the deviations from the text of the quartos whenever the differences are of importance.

Of the other five plays, in which the variations between the quarto editions and the folio are more important, we have not only to adhere to the principles just laid down, but to preserve even what the author, we may believe, advisedly rejected; and, in preserving it, to furnish materials for a just appreciation of the judgment with which he retrenched as well as added. Where there are omissions in the folio of passages found in the quartos, such omissions not being superseded by an extended or a condensed passage of a similar character, we give them a place in the text; distinguishing them, however, by brackets. But we utterly object to the principle which has too often guided some modern editors, of making up a text, when the variations are considerable, out of the text of the quartos and that of the folio. If any part of the variation demonstrates that it is the author's improvement, we are bound to receive the whole of the improvement, with the exception of any manifest typographical error; satisfying, however, the critical reader, by giving him the original passage amongst 'various readings.'

Our great poet earned his laurel, in the opinion of his contemporaries, by the most diligent industry.

“ Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part :—  
For though the poet’s matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion : and that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
(Such as thine are,) and strike the second heat  
Upon the muses’ anvil; turn the same  
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;  
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—  
For a good poet’s made, as well as born :  
*And such wert thou.* ”

Having disposed, then, of these general considerations of the value of the quarto copies, we have to inquire what reliance we are to place upon the text of those plays which appear for the first time in the folio of 1623, upon which text we must absolutely depend for a competent knowledge of these incalculable productions. We say absolutely, for in any matters of serious difficulty the subsequent editions offer us comparatively very little aid. The second edition of 1632 was held up as an authority by Steevens, because, in some degree, it appeared to fall in with his notions of versification. We doubt if it had an editor properly so called ; for the most obvious typographical errors are repeated without change. The printer, probably, of this edition occasionally pieced out what he considered an imperfect line, and altered a word here and there that had grown obsolete during the changes in our language since Shakspere first wrote. But, beyond this, we have no help in the second edition ; and none whatever in the subsequent ones. For eighteen plays, therefore, the folio of 1623 must be received as the only accredited copy—standing in the same relation to the text as the one manuscript of an ancient author. For four other plays it must be received as the only accredited complete copy. How, then, appear the copies printed for the first time in this folio with regard to correctness ? We have no hesitation in stating that, with one or two exceptions, the text of these plays may be considered to be as correct, and as little corrupted, as those which had the ad-

vantage of having previously gone through the press. This is a most remarkable circumstance with reference to any posthumous publication ; and when we consider the essential difficulties which belong to the correct printing of a play —the mistaking of one character for another, the confusion which must arise from the intermingling of prose and verse, the varieties of the versification itself, and the possibility of receiving the stage directions as the text,—it is perfectly astonishing that these productions have come down to us with so few vital errors and deformities. To form a correct estimate of the value of the folio copy, with reference to the plays there first printed, we should compare them with any other play, or plays, printed either after the death of an author, or without an adequate revision during his life. We have a remarkable instance in a play attributed to Shakspere—‘Pericles,’—and which, there can be little doubt, belongs, wholly or in part, to him. There are four quarto editions of this play, besides that of the third folio. Each of these is manifestly most corrupt; infinitely more so, beyond all comparison, than the most incorrect of the plays printed from Shakspere’s posthumous manuscripts.

The order in which the thirty-six plays contained in the folio of 1623 are presented to the reader is contained in the following list, which forms a leaf of that edition :—

**“A CATALOGUE OF THE SEVERAL COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND  
TRAGEDIES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.**

*Comedies.*

The Tempest.  
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
The Merry Wives of Windsor.  
Measure for Measure.  
The Comedy of Errors.  
Much Ado about Nothing.  
Love's Labour's Lost.  
Midsummer Night's Dream.  
The Merchant of Venice.  
As You Like It.  
The Taming of the Shrew.  
All's Well that Ends Well.  
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.  
The Winter's Tale.

*Histories.*

<p>The Life and Death of King John. The Life and Death of King Richard II. The First Part of King Henry IV The Second Part of King Henry IV. The Life of King Henry V. The First Part of King Henry VI. The Second Part of King Henry VI. The Third Part of King Henry VI. The Life and Death of Richard III. The Life of King Henry VIII.</p>
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<i>Tragedies.</i> Troilus and Cressida. The Tragedy of Coriolanus. Titus Andronicus. Romeo and Juliet. Timon of Athens.	The Life and Death of Julius Caesar. The Tragedy of Macbeth. The Tragedy of Hamlet. King Lear. Othello, the Moor of Venice. Antony and Cleopatra. Cymbeline, King of Britain."
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We have thus, at the risk, perhaps, of being somewhat too precise, set forth the authorities upon which the text of this edition is founded. These views are not newly formed ; —they remain unaltered. This Introduction would have rested here, but for important considerations which arise out of a recent publication entitled ‘Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare’s Plays,’ from Early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the Folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., forming a supplemental volume to the Works of Shakespeare by the same Editor.’

If the “Corrections” had been embodied in a printed shape,—had they appeared in an edition bearing date after the Restoration of Charles II,—we should have been free to have dealt with them, as we should deal with the substitutions of the later folio editions. For we should have borne in mind that not only were there great changes in language in the seventh and eighth decades of the seventeenth century, but that Shakspere was not then regarded, as we now regard him, as the great English classic ; and that correctors, especially for the theatre, had unbounded licence. We might have felt that his text had not been approached, as we now must approach it, with a sense that the phraseology and metre of the great poet of the Elizabethan age, being something different from the phraseology and metre of the drama as it existed when D’Avenant made a new ‘Measure for Measure,’ and Dryden a new ‘Tempest,’ ought to be scrupulously preserved. We should have compared the later edition with the earlier, having a confiding belief that the nearer we were to Shakspere’s own day, the better chance we had of finding a nobler English, and a purer versification, than in the days when the higher poetry was dying out.

Are we to pursue a different mode of criticism because the new text is *written* on the margin of the folio, 1632 ?

But the "Corrections" having been given to the world upon the authority of a Manuscript, are we to reject undeniable "Emendations" because they are not those of a *printed* text ? Certainly not. Whatever is a REAL "Emendation" must find its way into future editions of Shakspere. Whatever is a capricious alteration, or a misconception of a recondite meaning, or a lowering of a figurative expression to the popular understanding, or an accommodation of a rhythmical freedom to unmusical ears,—all these mistakes will die out of themselves, in spite of any authority which may awhile uphold them.

It must, however, be borne in mind that a real "Emendation" must not be confounded with a substitution, even though the substitution be an improvement. An "Emendation" must rest upon a principle. A manifest correction of a typographical error is an "Emendation;" the substitution of a plain word for an obscure word is not necessarily an "Emendation." The altered language of Shakspere cannot be implicitly received as the restored language. The alteration may be better, or it may be worse, but it must be supported by authority of no apocryphal character. We believe that this is the principle which now determines the value of all "Readings" of ancient authors; although there was a time when it was held good service to remove difficulties from Greek and Roman writers by a summary process of substitution. It would be easy to make the thirty-seven dramas, which are the glory of English literature, more popular and intelligible; but this is not to "restore" Shakspere, even if he needed restoration, which we take leave to doubt.

From whatever point of view we regard this question, we are of necessity compelled to examine these "Emendations," not merely upon their merits—which is the easy mode to urge them upon popular acceptation—but upon their authority. In the contrariety of opinion which will unquestionably prevail amongst all intelligent readers of Shakspere—what safety is there but to cleave to the great principles of criticism, which have redeemed the ancient authors from

the innumerable glosses which were once held to inform their meaning or their metre? In the determination clinging, we shall indulge in no idle controversies. We shall abide by the original texts, which we still do consider best authorities, as far as we have already abided by them, except we find something so clearly wrong that has received an undeniable correction, that we are bound to admit it. Upon a most careful examination of Mr. Collier's volume "Notes and Emendations," we deliberately express our belief that these instances will be very few indeed, but (and we must be forgiven if we call attention again to the principle upon which we have worked), however we hold that a substitution, even if it be an apparent improvement of an author who wrote two centuries ago, is not necessarily to be admitted into his text. Further, that if such substitution rests upon the authority of a corrector, who lived at a time when the language that author used was changing, and changed—if the authority to support those corrections beyond their original date—those corrections are no more to be received as evidence against the text, than if they had proceeded from the host of commentators in the last century. J. Payne Collier, or from his humble fellow-labourer, Knight.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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### KING JOHN.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 8.  
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 7.

**PRINCE HENRY**, *son to King John; afterwards King Henry III.*  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 7.

**ARTHUR**, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 8.

**WILLIAM MARSHALL**, *Earl of Pembroke.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

**GEOFFREY FITZ-PETER**, *Earl of Essex, chief justiciary of Englanda.*  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

**WILLIAM LONGSWORD**, *Earl of Salisbury.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 8.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

**ROBERT BIGOT**, *Earl of Norfolk.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

**HUBERT DE BURGH**, *chamberlain to the King.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.

**ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE**, *son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

**PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE**, *half-brother to Robert Faulconbridge, bastard son to King Richard I.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7.

**JAMES GURNEY**, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

**PETER OF POMFRET**, *a Prophet.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

**PHILIP**, *King of France.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

*LEWIS, the Dauphin.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.*

*ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.*

*CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

*MELUN, a French lord.*

*Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

*CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.*

*ELINOR, the widow of King Henry II., and mother of King John.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

*CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.*

*BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.*

*LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—SOMETIMES IN ENGLAND; SOMETIMES IN FRANCE.

In the original edition we have no Names of the Actors.

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THE 'KING JOHN' of Shakspere was first printed in the folio collection of his plays, in 1623. We have followed the text of this edition almost literally. 'King John' is one of the plays of Shakspere enumerated by Francis Meres, in 1598.

# KING JOHN.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.*

K. JOHN. Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHAT. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,  
In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

ELL. A strange beginning:—borrow'd majesty!

K. JOHN. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

CHAT. Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories;  
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. JOHN. What follows if we disallow of this?

CHAT. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. JOHN. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

CHAT. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. JOHN. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace;  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:  
 So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
 And sullen presage of your own decay.  
 An honourable conduct let him have:—  
 Pembroke, look to 't; Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE*

ELI. What now, my son? have I not ever said,  
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
 Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
 Upon the right and party of her son?  
 This might have been prevented, and made whole,  
 With very easy arguments of love;  
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. JOHN. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

ELL. Your strong possession much more than your right;  
 Or else it must go wrong with you and me:  
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear;  
 Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers* ESSEX.

ESSEX. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
 That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. JOHN. Let them approach. [Exit Sheriff.  
 Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard  
 Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

BAST. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,  
 Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,  
 As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;  
 A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
 Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. JOHN. What art thou?

ROB. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. JOHN. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
 You came not of one mother then, it seems.

BAST. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known: and, as I think, one father:  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

ELL. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy  
mother,  
And wound her honour, with this diffidence.

BAST. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. JOHN. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

BAST. I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But wher I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him;—  
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. JOHN. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!  
ELL. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

K. JOHN. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

BAST. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;  
With that half-face would he have all my land:  
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a-year!

ROB. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much:—

BAST. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

ROB. And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time:  
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:  
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,—  
As I have heard my father speak himself,—  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. JOHN. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:  
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;  
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes:  
My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

\* ROB. Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

BAST. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELEX. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;  
Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

\* By the English Com. law no estate greater than a tenement  
of years could be disposed of by will. The Statute of Wills  
mitting lands to be disposed of by testament was not  
acted till 1540-41. 32 Hen. 8. c. 1. See 2 Blaket. Com. 322.

BAST. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, Look, where three farthings goes;  
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
'Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face;  
It would not be sir Nob in any case.

ELL. I like thee well: Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

+ / BAST. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:  
Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 't is dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELL. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BAST. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. JOHN. What is thy name?

BAST. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun  
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. JOHN. From henceforth bear his name whose form  
thou bearest:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;  
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

BAST. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;  
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

ELL. The very spirit of Plantagenet!  
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

BAST. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; What though?  
Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;  
And have is have, however men do catch;  
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. JOHN. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed  
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

BAST. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!  
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the BASTARD,*

A foot of honour better than I was;  
But many a many foot of land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.  
Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;  
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter:  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
'T is too respective, and too sociable,  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise  
My picked man of countries:—My dear sir,  
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,) *Abbey book*  
I shall beseech you—That is question now;  
And then comes answer like an *Abbey book*:  
O, sir, says answer, at your best command;  
At your employment; at your service, sir:  
No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours:  
And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
Saving in dialogue of compliment;  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
But this is worshipful society,  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself:  
X (For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation;  
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;) *Abbey book*  
And not alone in habit and device,  
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;  
But from the inward motion to deliver  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?  
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,  
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?  
What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?  
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?  
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?  
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?  
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?  
GUR. Good leave, good Philip.

BAST. Philip?—sparrow!—James,  
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit GURN.*  
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:  
Sir Robert could do well; Marry—to confess—  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;  
We know his handiwork:—Therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I behoden for these limbs?  
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

LADY F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

BAST. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like;  
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;  
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:  
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

LADY F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BAST. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

LADY F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father :  
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
 To make room for him in my husband's bed.  
 Heaven ! lay not my transgression to my charge,  
 That art the issue of my dear offence,  
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

BAST. Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
 And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly ;  
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—  
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—  
 Against whose fury and unmatched force  
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !  
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well  
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;  
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
 Who says it was, he lies; I say, 't was not.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

LEW. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.  
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance bither is he come,  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John ;  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTH. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,  
The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war :  
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love :  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

LEW. A noble boy ! who would not do thee right ?

AUST. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love ;  
That to my home I will no more return,  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONST. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
To make a more requital to your love.

AUST. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
In such a just and charitable war.

K. PHL. Well, then, to work ; our cannon shall be bent  
Against the brows of this resisting town.  
Call for our chiepest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages :  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONST. Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :

My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;  
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
 That hot-rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter CHATILLON.*

K. PHI. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,  
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—  
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
 We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

CHAT. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
 And stir them up against a mightier task.  
 England, impatient of your just demands,  
 Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
 To land his legions all as soon as I:  
 His marches are expedient to this town,  
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
 With him along is come the mother-queen,  
 An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;  
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;  
 With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:  
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.      [Drums beat.]  
 The interruption of their churlish drums  
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand  
 To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. PHI. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

AUST. By how much unexpected, by so much  
 We must awake endeavour for defence;  
 For courage mounteth with occasion:  
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. JOHN. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. PHIL. Peace be to England; if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace!  
England we love; and, for that England's sake,  
With burthen of our armour here we sweat:  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,  
And this is Geffrey's, in the name of God.  
How comes it, then, that thou art called a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. JOHN. From whom hast thou this great commission,  
France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. PHIL. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;  
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. JOHN. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. PHIL. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

ELL. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

CONST. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

ELL. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;  
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

CONST. My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,  
Than thou and John, in manners being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot;  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

ELL. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

CONST. There's a good grandame, boy, that would blot  
thee.

AUST. Peace!

BAST. Hear the crier.

AUST. What the devil art thou?

BAST. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
An' a may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right  
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

BLANCH. O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

BAST. It lies as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—  
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back;  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUST. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. PHI. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

LEW. Women and fools, break off your conference.  
King John, this is the very sum of all,—  
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:  
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. JOHN. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, Franco.  
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;

And, out of my dear love, I 'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:  
Submit thee, boy.

ELL. Come to thy grandame, child.

CONST. Do, child, go to it' grandame, child;  
Give grandame kingdom, and it' grandame will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
There 's a good grandame.

ARTH. Good my mother, peace!  
I would that I were low laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

ELL. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.  
CONST. Now shame upon you, wher she does, or no!  
His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;  
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

ELL. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!  
CONST. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!  
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. JOHN. Bedlam, have done.

CONST. I have but this to say,—  
That he 's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagued for her,  
And with her plague, her sin; his injury  
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin; \*  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her; A plague upon her!

ELL. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

CONST. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will.

\* Moulton (c. 1800) in his 8th ed. reads it *in fine*; — in the world, —

A woman's will; a canker'd grandame's will!  
 K. PHI. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:  
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim  
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.  
 Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
 These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,  
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.*

CIT. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. PHI. 'T is France for England.

K. JOHN. England for itself:  
 You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects!

K. PHI. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,  
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. JOHN. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.  
 These flags of France, that are advanced here  
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement:  
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;  
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:  
 All preparation for a bloody siege  
 And merciless proceeding, by these French,  
 Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
 And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
 That as a waist do girdle you about,  
 By the compulsion of their ordnance,  
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,  
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—  
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:  
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
 To make a faithless error in your ears:

\* This mention of cannon & "bullets wrapp'd in fire" seems to be an anachronism, for according to received accounts, gunpowder was not invented in a most primitive way until John's time; it certainly not used in Europe in John's time.

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. PHL. When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town ;  
Being no further enemy to you,  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
To him that owes it,—namely, this young prince :  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven ;  
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruise'd,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'T is not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
Though all these English, and their discipline,  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

CIT. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. JOHN. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

CIT. That can we not : but he that proves the king,

To him will we prove loyal; till that time,  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. JOHN. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?  
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

BAST. Bastards, and else.

K. JOHN. To verify our title with their lives.

K. PHIL As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—  
BAST. Some bastards, too.

K. PHIL Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

CRR. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. JOHN. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. PHIL Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

BAST. St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since  
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah [*to AUSTRIA*], with your lioness,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

AUST. Peace; no more.

BAST. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. JOHN. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,  
In best appointment, all our regiments.

BAST. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. PHIL It shall be so;—[*to LEWIS*] and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right! [Exeunt]

## SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with Trumpets, to the Gates.*

F. HER. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
 And victory, with little loss, doth play  
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;  
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours!

*Enter an English Herald with Trumpets.*

E. HER. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;  
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
 Commander of this hot malicious day!  
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
 There stuck no plume in any English crest  
 That is removed by a staff of France;  
 Our colours do return in those same hands  
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

HUBERT. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
 From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies; whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censured:  
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:  
 Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
 One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power, ELINOR, BLANCH, and the BASTARD; at the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. JOHN. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?  
 Say, shall the current of our right roam on,  
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell  
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,

Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean?

K. PHI. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood.  
In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
Or add a royal number to the dead;  
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

BAST. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,  
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. JOHN. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?  
K. PHI. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?  
HUBERT. The king of England, when we know the king.  
K. PHI. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.  
K. JOHN. In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here;  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

HUBERT. A greater power than we denies all this;  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,  
Kings, cf our fear; until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*mean fellowship* BAST. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,  
kings;  
And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths;  
Till their soul-fearing clamours have bawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion;  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. JOHN. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

BAST. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other: and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. PHI. Let it be so;—Say, where will you assault?

K. JOHN. We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

AUST. I from the north.

K. PHI. Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

BAST. O prudent discipline! From north to south;  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth: [Asida  
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

HUBERT. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;  
 Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
 That here come sacrifices for the field:  
 Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. JOHN. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

HUBERT. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,  
 Is near to England: Look upon the years  
 Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:  
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?  
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete; *if ee unysde accented on first syllable in sae next... 40 :.*  
 If not complete of, say, he is not she;  
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
 If want it be not, that she is not he:  
 He is the half part of a blessed man,  
 Left to be finished by such a she;  
 And she a fair divided excellence,  
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in:  
 And two such shores to two such streams made one.  
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
 To these two princes, if you marry them.  
 This union shall do more than battery can,  
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,  
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 And give you entrance; but, without this match,  
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
 More free from motion, no, not death himself  
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
 As we to keep this city.

BAST. Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death  
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;  
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
 Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,  
 But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.

ELL. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;  
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:  
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls  
 Are capable of this ambition;  
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

HUBERT. Why answer not the double majesties  
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. PHIL. Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
 To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. JOHN. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
 And all that we upon this side the sea  
 (Except this city now by us besieged)  
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 Shal' gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions,  
 As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 Hold hand with any princess of the world.

K. PHIL. What sayst thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

LEW. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
 Which being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow;  
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
 Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[Whispers with BLANCH.]

BAST. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,  
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,  
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

BLANCH. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.

If he see aught in you, that makes him like

That anything he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or, if you will, to speak more properly,

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. JOHN. What say these young ones? What say you,  
 my niece?

BLANCH. That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. JOHN. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this  
 lady?

LEW. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. JOHN. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,  
 Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
 With her to thee; and this addition more,  
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. PHIL. It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.  
AUST. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. PHIL. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemnis'd.  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?  
I know she is not; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much:  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

LEW. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. PHIL. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,  
Will give her sadness very little cure.  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady? In her right we came;  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

K. JOHN. We will heal up all,  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the BASTARD.*—*The Citizens retire  
from the walls.*

BAST. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;  
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith;  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
 Who having no external thing to lose  
 But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;  
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,  
Commodity, the bias of the world;  
 The world, who of itself is peised well,  
 Made to run even, upon even ground;  
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
 This sway of motion, this commodity,  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
 And this same bias, this commodity,  
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
 And why rail I on this commodity?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
 And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say,—there is no vice but beggary:  
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!

[Exit]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent.**Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.*

CONST. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!  
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!  
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 't is so:  
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man;  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SAL. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CONST. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?  
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—  
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

ARTH. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CONST. If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
 Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,  
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
 Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
 I would not care, I then would be content;  
 For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,  
 And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
 She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And make his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to Fortune, and king John;  
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John:—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.

SAL. Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings.  
 CONST. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:  
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud:  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.  
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
 Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground*

*Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,  
 BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. PHI. 'T is true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
 Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
 To solemnise this day, the glorious sun  
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;

Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holiday.

CONST. A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [Rising.  
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
That it in golden letters should be set,  
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?  
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack;  
No bargains break, that are not this day made:  
This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. PHI. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

CONST. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,  
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours;  
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war  
Is cold, in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league:—  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!  
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!  
Hear me, O, hear me!

AUST. Lady Constance, peace.

CONST. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.  
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;  
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!  
I'hou ever strong upon the stronger side:

Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,  
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
 A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
 Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

EAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

EAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. JOHN. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter PANDULPH.*

K. PHI. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

PAND. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.  
 I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 And from pope Innocent the legate here,  
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
 So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,  
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. JOHN. What earthly name to interrogatories  
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head.

So, under him, that great supremacy,  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. PHI. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,  
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;  
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
 This juggling witchcraft with révénue cherish;  
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

PAND. Then by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:  
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canonised, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life.

CONST. O, lawful let it be,  
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while!  
 Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
 To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,  
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

\* See G. M. 1.1.107  
 and judicial Pand. 1.2.2

PAND. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

CONST. And for mine too; when law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong;  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

PAND. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

ELI. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

CONST. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,  
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

AUST. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

AUST. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
Because—

BAST. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. JOHN. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

CONST. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
Forego the easier.

BLANCH. That's the curse of Rome.

CONST. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,  
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

BLANCH. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
But from her need.

CONST. O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith would live again by death of need;  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. JOHN. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

CONST. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

AUST. Do so, king Philip; hang no m're in doubt.

BAST. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. PHI. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

PAND. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,  
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. PHI. Good reverend father, make my person yours,  
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit:

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd  
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed kings:  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so:  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

PAND. All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. PHIL. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.  
PAND. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;  
That is, to be the champion of our church!  
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself:  
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is not amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it:  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 ? And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,  
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
 It is religion that doth make vows kept;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion  
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;  
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:  
 And better conquest never canst thou make,  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,  
 The peril of our curses light on thee  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

AUST. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

BAST. Will 't not be?  
 Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

LEW. Father, to arms!

BLANCH. Upon thy wedding-day?  
 Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,  
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?  
 O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 Against mine uncle.

CONST. O upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee.  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven.

BLANCH. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

CONST. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

LEW. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

PAND. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. PHI. Thou shalt not need:—England, I will fall from  
thee.

CONST. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

ELI. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. JOHN. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this  
hour.

BAST. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time,  
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

BLANCH. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day adieu!  
Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;  
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;  
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;  
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

LEW. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCH. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. JOHN. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit* Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. PHI. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. JOHN. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard with AUSTRIA's Head.*

BAST. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there;  
While Philip breathes.

*Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.*

K. JOHN. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en I fear.

BAST. My lord, I rescued her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to a happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.*

K. JOHN. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,  
[*To ELINOR.*]  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To ARTHUR*]  
Thy grandame loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ARTH. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. JOHN. Cousin [*to the Bastard*], away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels  
Set thou at liberty; the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

BAST. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.  
I leave your highness:—Grandame, I will pray  
(If ever I remember to be holy)  
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

ELL. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. JOHN. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* Bastard.]

ELL. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*She takes ARTHUR aside.*]

K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better tune.  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:  
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,  
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;  
If this same were a churhyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,  
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes;)—  
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes.  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. JOHN. Do not I know thou wouldest?  
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way;  
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread  
 He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?  
 Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death.

HUB. My lord?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUB. He shall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.  
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well:  
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

ELI. My blessing go with thee!

K. JOHN. For England, cousin, go:  
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's Tent*

*Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.*

K. PHI. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
 A whole armado of convicted sail  
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

PAND. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. PHI. What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
 Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won that hath he fortified:  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. PHL. Well could I bear that England had this praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

CONST. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. PHL. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

CONST. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress.  
Death, death, O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,  
O, come to me!

K. PHL. O fair affliction, peace!

CONST. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.

PAND. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONST. Thou art not holy to belie me so;  
 I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
 My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;  
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
 I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!  
 For then, 't is like I should forget myself:  
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;  
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:  
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. PH. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note  
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
 Do glue themselves in sociable grief;  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

CONST. To England, if you will.

K. PHI. Bind up your hairs.

CONST. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?  
 I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,  
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have given these hairs their liberty!  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.  
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud.

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;  
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

PAND. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONST. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. PHI. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONST. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.—  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
 O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[Exit

K. PHI. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit

LEW. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:  
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
 That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

PAND. Before the curing of a strong disease,  
 Even in the instant of repair and health,  
 The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,  
 On their departure most of all show evil:  
 What have you lost by losing of this day?

LEW. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PAND. If you had won it, certainly, you had.  
 No, no: when fortune means to men most good,  
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
 'T is strange to think how much king John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won:  
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEW. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

PAND. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;  
For ever the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.  
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:  
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:  
That John may stand then Arthur needs must fall;  
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LEW. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

PAND. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

LEW. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PAND. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!  
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:  
For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,  
That none so small advantage shall step forth  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no customed event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LEW. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAND. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
 Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts  
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;  
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
 Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge  
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity: If but a dozen French  
 Were theroy in arms, they would be as a call  
 To train ten thousand English to their side;  
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin,  
 Go with me to the king: 'T is wonderful  
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence.  
 For England go; I will whet on the king.

LEW. Strong reasons make strange actions: Let us go;  
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in a Castle.*

*F* Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

HUB. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand  
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 ATTEND. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

ARTH. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?  
No, indeed is 't not; And I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

[*Aside.*

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now,  
foolish rheum!

[*Aside.*

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

**ARTH.** And will you?

**HUB.** And I will.

**ARTH.** Have you the heart? When your head did but  
ache,

I knit my hand-kercher about your brows,  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me.)

And I did never ask it you again.

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;

Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning; do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown ou' you?

**HUB.** I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

**ARTH.** Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,

And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him. No tongue but Hubert's—

**HUB.** Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

*Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

**ARTH.** O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angerly:  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

I ATTEND. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* Attendants]

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eycs  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace: no more. Adieu;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports,  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me.  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and  
other Lords. The KING takes his State.

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEM. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

SAL. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,  
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

**PEM.** But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
 This act is as an ancient tale new told;  
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

**SAL.** In this, the antique and well-noted face  
 Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;  
 Startles and frights consideration;  
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

**PEM.** When workmen strive to do better than well  
 They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;  
 As patches, set upon a little breach,  
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

**SAL.** To this effect, before you were new crown'd,  
 We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness  
 To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd,  
 Since all and every part of what we would,  
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

**K. JOHN.** Some reasons of this double coronation  
 I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;  
 And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear),  
 I shall indue you with: Meantime, but ask  
 What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
 And well shall you perceive how willingly  
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

**PEM.** Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,  
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)  
 Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,

Your safety, for the which myself and them  
 Bend their best studies,) heartily request  
 Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
 To break into this dangerous argument,—  
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
 Why, then, your fears (which, as they say, attend  
 The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up  
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
 The rich advantage of good exercise?  
 That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
 Which for our goods, we do no further ask,  
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending  
 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. JOHN. Let it be so; I do commit his youth:

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction:—Hubert, what news with you?

PEM. This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his  
 Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;  
 And I do fearfully believe 't is done  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL. The colour of the king doth come and go  
 Between his purpose and his conscience,  
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
 His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

PEM. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue thence  
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—  
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  
 He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

SAL. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

PEM. Indeed we heard how near his death he was.

Before the child himself felt he was sick :  
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. JOHN. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?  
Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

SAL. It is apparent foul-play ; and 't is shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it :  
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

PEM. Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I 'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while !  
This must not be thus borne : this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [Exeunt Lords

K. JOHN. They burn in indignation. I repent.  
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eyo thou hast. Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :  
Pour down thy weather :—How goes all in France ?

MESS. From France to Englad.—Never such a power,  
For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land !  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;  
For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. JOHN. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?  
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care,  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it ?

MESS. My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,  
The lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

K. JOHN. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
 O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
 My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?  
 How wildly then walks my estate in France!—  
 Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
 That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

MESS. Under the dauphin.

*Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.*

K. JOHN. Thou hast made me giddy  
 With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
 To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

BAST. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
 Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. JOHN. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd  
 Under the tide; but now I breathe again  
 Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
 To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

BAST. How I have sped among the clergymen,  
 The sums I have collected shall express.  
 But, as I travell'd hither through the land,  
 I find the people strangely fantasied;  
 Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
 With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. JOHN. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

PETER. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. JOHN. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
 And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:  
 Deliver him to safety, and return,  
 For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

BAST. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:  
 Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
 (With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)  
 And others more, going to seek the grave  
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
 On your suggestion.

K. JOHN. Gentle kinsman, go,  
 And thrust thyself into their companies;  
 I have a way to win their loves again;  
 Bring them before me.

BAST. I will seek them out.

K. JOHN. Nay, but make haste: the better foot before.  
 O, let me have no subject enemies,  
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
 And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

BAST. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [Exit.

K. JOHN. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.  
 Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
 And be thou he.

MESS. With all my heart, my liege.

[Exit.

K. JOHN. My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

HUB. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:  
 Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about  
 The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. JOHN. Five moons?

HUB. Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
 And whisper one another in the ear;  
 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:

Another lean unwash'd artificer,

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUB. None had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

HUB. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. JOHN. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murther had not come into my mind:  
But, taking note of thy abhorrd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince

HUB. My lord,—

K. JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express words,

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:  
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.  
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
 My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,  
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,  
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murtherous thought;  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience!  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste;  
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.*

ARTH. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—  
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
 As good to die and go, as die and stay. [Leaps down  
 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dies

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

SAL. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-Bury;  
 It is our safety, and we must embrace  
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

PEM. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SAL. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
 Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,  
 Is much more general than these lines import.

BIG. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

SAL. Or rather then set forward: for 't will be  
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

*Enter the Bastard.*

BAST. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!  
 The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

SAL. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.  
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:  
 Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

BAST. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

SAL. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

BAST. But there is little reason in your grief;  
 Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

PEM. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

BAST. 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man else.

SAL. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

PEM. O death, made proud with pure and princely  
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

SAL. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

BIG. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

SAL. Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld,  
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murther's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

PEM. All murthers past do stand excus'd in this:  
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

BAST. It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

SAL. If that it be the work of any hand?—  
We had a kind of light what would ensue:  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

PEM. BIG. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

HUB. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :  
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

SAL. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

HUB. I am no villain.

SAL. Must I rob the law ?

[Drawing his sword]

BAST. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

SAL. Not till I sheathe it in a murtherer's skin.

HUB. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;  
By heaven, I think, my sword 's as sharp as yours :  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

BIG. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

HUB. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

SAL. Thou art a murtherer.

HUB. Do not prove me so ;  
Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

PEM. Cut him to pieces.

BAST. Keep the peace, I say.

SAL. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

BAST. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;  
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

BIG. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?  
Second a villain and a murtherer ?

HUB. Lord Bigot, I am none.

BIG. Who kill'd this prince ?

HUB. 'T is not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

SAL. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

BIG. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there!

PEM. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

BAST. Here's a good world!—Know you of this fair  
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

HUB. Do but hear me, sir.

BAST. Ha! I'll tell thee what;  
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black,  
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

HUB. Upon my soul,—

BAST. If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be, as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

HUB. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well.

BAST. Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
 I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way  
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
 How easy dost thou take all England up!  
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
 To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
 The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.  
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,  
 The imminent decay of wretched pomp.  
 Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can  
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. JOHN. Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory.

PAND. Take again [*Giving JOHN the crown.*  
 From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. JOHN. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French:

And from his holiness use all your power  
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd  
 Our discontented counties do revolt;  
 Our people quarrel with obedience;  
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
 This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
 Rests by you only to be qualified.  
 Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,  
 That present medicine must be minister'd,  
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PAND. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
 But, since you are a gentle convertite,  
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit]

K. JOHN. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet  
 Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,  
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
 I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out  
 But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,  
 Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers:  
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
 To offer service to your enemy;  
 And wild amazement hurries up and down  
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,  
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;  
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

BAST. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. JOHN. The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the dauphin.

BAST. O inglorious league!  
Shall we upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. JOHN. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

BAST. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT,  
and Soldiers.*

LEW. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the precedent to these lords again;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SAL. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,  
Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—  
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this:  
Wherein we step after a stranger, march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here?  
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself.

And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;  
 Where these two christian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

LEW. A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
 Between compulsion and a brave respect!  
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;  
 Nor met w.th fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;  
 And on our actions set the name of right,  
 With holy breath.

PAND. Hail, noble prince of France!  
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
 That so stood out against the holy church,  
 The great metropolis and see of Rome.

Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
 And be no further harmful than in show.

LEW. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;  
 I am too high-born to be propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control,  
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
 And now 't is far too huge to be blown out  
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
 You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,  
 What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action? Is 't not I  
 That undergo this charge? Who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

PAND. You look but on the outside of this work.

LEW. Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promised

Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And call'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To outlook conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—[*Trumpet sounds*  
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?]

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

BAST. According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience. I am sent to speak:  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PAND. The dauphin is too wilful opposite,  
And will not temporise with my entreaties;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,  
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,  
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;  
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;  
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,  
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—  
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
 Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

LEW. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;  
 We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well:  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a brabbler.

PAND. Give me leave to speak.

BAST. No, I will speak.

LEW. We will attend to neither:—  
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

BAST. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;  
 And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start  
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand  
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 Whom he has us'd rather for sport than need)  
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

LEW. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

BAST. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.*

K. JOHN. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.  
 HUB. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. JOHN. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

MESS. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,  
That was expected by the dauphin here,  
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought to Richard but even now  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. JOHN. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.  
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possessth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.*

SAL. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

PEM. Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

SAL. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

PEM. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

MEL. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SAL. When we were happy we had other names.

PEM. It is the count Melun.

SAL. Wounded to death.

MEL. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King John; and fall before his feet;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury,  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

SAL. May this be possible? may this be true?

MEL. Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I then be false; since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsown if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east:  
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
Even this ill night your breathing shall expire;  
Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

SAL. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
 And calmly run on in obedience,  
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Bright in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;  
 And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*

SCENE V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

*Enter LEWIS and his Train.*

LEW. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,  
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
 When the English measur'd backward their own ground,  
 In faint retire: O bravely came we off  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
 And wound our tottering colours clearly up,  
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

LEW. Here:—What news?

MESS. The count Melun is slain; the English lords  
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off:  
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

LEW. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!  
 I did not think to be so sad to-night  
 As this hath made me.—Who was he that said,  
 King John did fly, an hour or two before  
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

MESS. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LEW. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night;  
 The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swininstead Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard and HUBERT meeting.*

HUB. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.  
BAST. A friend.—What art thou?

HUB. Of the part of England.

BAST. Whither dost thou go?

HUB. What's that to thee?

Why may I not demand of thine affairs,  
As well as thou of mine?

BAST. Hubert, I think.

HUB. Thou hast a perfect thought:  
I will, upon all hazards, well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:  
Who art thou?

BAST. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,  
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUB. Unkind remembrance! thou, and endless night,  
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

BAST. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

HUB. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

BAST. Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUB. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

BAST. Show me the very wound of this ill news;  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

HUB. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

BAST. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

HUB. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king

Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

BAST. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

HUB. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,  
And brought prince Henry in their company;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

BAST. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power!  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

P. HEN. It is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

PEM. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,  
That being brought into the open air  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. HEN. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*

PEM. He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. HEN. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,  
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies;  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death should sing.  
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SAL. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest,  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN  
in a Chair.*

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room;  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

P. HEN. How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. HEN. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you!

K. JOHN. The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

BAST. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. JOHN. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.

BAST. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;  
Where, heaven he knows how we shall answer him:  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The KING dies.]

SAL. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—  
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. HEN. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

BAST. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;  
The dauphin rages at our very heels.

SAL. It seems, you know not then so much as we:  
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

BAST. He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

SAL. Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal.

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

BAST. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. HEN. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
For so he will'd it.

BAST. Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

SAL. And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. HEN. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

BAST. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.      *[Exeunt.]*

## VARIOUS READINGS.

"Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:  
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And *sudden* presage of your own decay." (Act I., Sc. 1.)

The reading, says Mr. Collier, has always been "*sullen* presage." The sound of a trumpet could not with any fitness be called a "*sullen* presage." As Chatillon was instantly to return, *sudden* was the word of our great dramatist.

"*Sullen* presage" is a separate idea from "the trumpet of our wrath," as Johnson pointed out. The angry and discourteous ambassador would return "*a sullen presage*" of "*decay*" to France. The haste of his return has been previously conveyed in "be thou as lightning."

"Good den sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;  
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter:  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
'T is too respective, and too sociable.  
For your *diversion*, now your traveller,  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess," &c.

(Act I., Sc. 1.)

There is a misprint, and an error in punctuation in the folio, according to Mr. Collier:—

"'T is too respective and too  
sociable,  
For your *conversion*."

It was common to entertain "picked mer cf ccountries" for the *diversion* of the company at the tables of the higher orders.

And so this feeble platitude of the *diverting* traveller is to supersede the Shaksperean satire, that when there is a *conversion* — a change of condition in a man — to *remember* names (opposed, by implication, to *forget*) is too respective (or punctilious), and too *sociable*, for new-made honour.

"It lies as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' *shows* upon an ass." (Act II., Sc. 1.)

The folio reads, "great Alcides' shoes." Theobald says, "But why his *shoes*, in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his *shoes*

The "shoes of Hercules" were as commonly alluded to in our old poets, as the *ex pede Herculem* was a familiar allusion of the learned.

have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an ass."

It was not necessary that the ass should be overloaded with the shoes—he might be shod (shoed) with them.

" All preparation for a bloody siege,  
And merciless proceeding by these French,  
*Come 'fore* your city's eyes." (ACT II., SC. 1.)

The folios read *comfort*. Rowe, *confront*. "*Come 'fore*" is a less violent change.

COLLIER.

*Comfort* has been defended as irony. *Come 'fore* may be rejected as a slavish adherence to ten syllables. Shakspere would have written *come before*.

" We do lock  
Our former scruples in our strong-barr'd gates :  
*King'd of our fears.*" (ACT II., SC. 2.)

The original has,

" We do lock

Our former scruples in our strong-barr'd gates,  
*Kings, of our fear.*"

Malone says, " It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they kings or masters of their fears; because, in the next line, mention is made of these fears being deposed."

The two kings peremptorily demand the citizens of Angiers to acknowledge the respective rights of each,—England for himself, France for Arthur. The citizens reply, *on account of* our fear, or *through* our fear, or *by* our fear, we hold our former scruple, kings, " until our fears, resolv'd, Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd."

" The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,  
Is cold in amity, and faint in peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league."

(ACT III., SC. 1.)

Mr. Collier speaks of the old reading as " the next blunder,"— " Is cold in amity and *painted* peace."

Mr. Collier asks, Why should the epithet *painted* be applied to peace? What propriety is there in it, unless we can suppose it used to indicate hollowness and falsehood?

Who ever supposed that *painted*, in this passage, indicated anything else but hollowness and falsehood? — something counterfeited — a seeming — not a reality. Capell justly says, " painted is peculiarly happy, as including the idea of gaudiness and hypocrisy jointly."

"A *caged* lion by the mortal paw." (Act III., Sc. 1.)

Mr. Collier thinks that the error of *cased* for *caged* is self-evident.

*Cased* is probably an error. Mr. Collier had suggested *caged* in 1842. But, knowing this suggestion, Mr. Dyce maintains that the right word is *chafed*, quoting most appositely from 'Henry VIII.,'—

"So looks the *chafed* lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that  
has gall'd him," &c.

"Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  
Some *fiery* devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief." (Act III., Sc. 2.)

The first folio has *airy* devil. *Fiery*, says Mr. Collier, we may feel confident, was the word of the poet, and which is so consistent with the context. Mr. Collier adds, "Percy quotes 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' where, among other things, it is said, 'Fiery spirits, or devils, are such as commonly work by blazing stars,' &c."

We may venture to think that Mr. Collier carries his advocacy too far when he quotes what Burton says of "fiery devils," and there stops, although Percy continues the quotation:—"Aerial spirits, or devils, are such as keep quarter most part in the air; cause many tempests, thunder and lightning; tear oaks; fire steeples; strike men and beasts; make it rain stones, as in Livy's time." We turn to Burton, and find in another place, where he says of this class who pour down mischief, "Paul, to the Ephesians, calls them forms of the air." Shakspere knew this curious learning from the Schoolmen; but the corrector knew nothing about it.

"I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better *time*." (Act III., Sc. 3.)

The old corrector supports Pope in "some better *time*," instead of some better *tune*, as it had been commonly misprinted.

We have no faith in *tune* being a misprint. The *tune* is the accompaniment to the words, and John immediately hints at a bribe, before he repeats, "I had a thing to say."

" Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a *widow's* invocation." (ACT III., SC. 4.)

The original has a *modern* invocation. Mr. Collier calls this "one of the strange errors of the press which found its way into the text."

In editing the 'Pictorial Shakespeare,' we ventured upon a conjectural emendation. We proposed "*a mother's invocation.*" Mr. Dyce proclaimed our rashness to the world; *widow's* seems more rash. We are inclined to think that both the changes have proceeded from the same desire to substitute an obvious for a recondite meaning. But *modern* is a more likely error of the press for *mother's*, than it is for "*widow's*."

" Some reasons for this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong.  
And more, more strong, *thus lessening* my fear,  
I shall indue you with."

(ACT IV., SC. 2.)

A good deal of controversy has been excited by the reading of the first folio, "*then lesser is my fear.*" Mr. Collier says, "The manuscript corrector of the folio, 1632, makes it clear that the king referred to his strong reasons as having diminished his own apprehensions, which reasons he was ready hereafter to communicate to his peers."

Tyrwhitt read, "*when lesser is my fear.*" We have great doubts about "*thus lessening*," and think that Theobald's reading, "*the lesser is my fear,*" is quite as good, if "*then lesser is my fear,*" read parenthetically, does not give a clear meaning.

" How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes *deeds ill done!*" (ACT IV., SC. 2.)

The words "*deeds ill*" are transposed by the corrector of the folio, 1632, so as to make the passage read more naturally

COLLIER.

In our first edition, 1839, we ventured upon the same transposition, assigning as a reason that "makes deeds ill done," might apply to deeds unskilfully performed.

" But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with *sign.*" (ACT IV., SC. 2.)

Mr. Collier says, "*Sin* of the old copies was spelt *sinne*, and ought undoubtedly, as we are instructed in manuscript, to be *sign*, formerly spelt *signe*."

We take leave to doubt: "parley with *sign*" is conveyed by the previous "*my signs*" and "*signs again.*" *Sin* expresses the real or assumed self-condemnation of

John—the vile deed of which he could not speak without deep shame. John had not hesitated before to speak of ill deeds, and of the murther of which he spake darkly.

“The king hath dispossess'd himself of us :  
We will not line his *sin-bestaincd* cloak.”

(ACT IV., SC. 3.)

“The old corrector,” says Mr. Collier, “points out an egregious error, which ought not to have escaped detection even without such aid.” The error consists in the words *thin* bestained. “The correction,” it is added, “at once challenges admission into the genuine text of our author.”

We really cannot admit it, challenged as we are. *Bestained* is sullied, dishonoured. The epithet is strong enough without the compound *sin*. But there are four more words which Mr. Collier does not quote:—

“We will not line his thin be-stained cloak

With our pure honours.”

The cloak is *thin*, as well as *be-stained*. The lords will not *line* its thinness, and cover its dirt, with their honourable reputation.

“This *unhair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops.” (ACT V., SC. 2.)

The printed copies—*unheard*; but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprise, savouring of youth and indiscretion.

In the manuscript emendations we have “this *unheard* sauciness of boyish troops.” We have little hesitation in agreeing with Mr. Dyce that *unhair'd* is the right word. Faulconbridge has before called the Dauphin a beardless boy.

#### THEOBALD.

“To thrill and shake,  
Even at the crowing of your nation's *cock*,  
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman.”

(ACT V., SC. 2.)

The original has, “the *crying* of your nation's *crow*.” Mr Collier has no doubt about the above substitution

Douce understood the passage in the original as the crowing of a cock, “*gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman.” The “armed Englishman” might imitate the cock, insultingly.

*"Untread the road-way of rebellion."* (ACT V., SC. 4.)

That is, says Mr. Collier, return by the road you took when you rebelled against John. "To misprint *untread the road-way*, '*un-thread the rude eye*,' seems an excess of carelessness which we cannot in any way explain."

So we must give up, as "an excess of carelessness," the metaphor which has passed into a household word, to accept this "right butter-woman's rank to market" upon the plain *road-way!* It is fortunate that the corrector has left us in 'Coriolanus,' "they would not *thread* the gates;" and in 'Lear,' "*threading* dark-eyed night." Mr. Collier thinks that when Salisbury afterwards says, "we will *untread* the steps," that is a confirmation of the first *untread*. We think with Capell, that the necessary repetition of the general idea caused the choice of the first metaphor, with intent to vary the phrase.

*"For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Bright in thine eyc."* (ACT V., SC. 4.)

*Right* is the original reading. "*Bright* appears, from the old corrector's insertion of the necessary letter in the margin, to be the word, in reference to the remarkable brilliancy of the eyes of many persons just before death."

COLLIER.

This substitution of *bright* for *right* is, we venture to say, the one grain of wheat in the long catalogue of manuscript corrections of King John, and ought to be introduced in every edition. But it might be

*"Light in thine eyc."*

## GLOSSARY

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**ABSEY-BOOK.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"And then comes answer like an Absey book."

Absey-book was the common name for the first or A. B. C. book. This generally included also the catechism, and thus the reference to the "question" and "answer."

**ALCIDES' SHOES.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass."

The old poets were as frequent in their allusions to the "shoes of Hercules," as the learned have been to *ex pede Herculem*.

**AS BID.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

"As bid me tell my tale."

As bid me is used elliptically for as to bid me.

**AWLESS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"The awless lion."

*Awless* is the opposite of *awful*, somewhat that does not inspire awe or fear. The passage alludes to the legend of Richard having torn out the heart of a lion by thrusting his arm down its throat.

**BASILISCO.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Basilisco-like."

Basilisco is a character in a play of Shakspere's time, 'Soliman and Perseda.' The oaths of Basilisco became proverbial.

**BANK'D.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"As I have bank'd their towns."

*Bank'd their towns* is, probably, *sailed along their banks*.

**BEHAVIOUR.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"In my behaviour."

Behaviour is the manner of having, the conduct.

**BRAVE.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"There end thy brave."

Brave is bravado.

**BUT.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"But on this day let seamen fear no wrack."

*Except on.* Horne Tooke has shown that the word *but* has been derived from two sources, with different meanings; one from the Angle-Saxon *bot*, to boot, something in addi-

tion ; the other from the Anglo-Saxon *butan*, or *be-utan*, to be out, without. In Scotland the *but* and *ben*, *be-out* and *be-in* is still used for the outer and inner rooms of a house.

**CALL.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"They would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side."

Caged birds, termed *call-birds*, are used by fowlers to lure or train others to the nets; but the allusion is more probably to the call of the falconer to the hawk to come to the lure.

**COLBRAND.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Colbrand the giant."

Colbrand was a giant who was conquered by Guy of Warwick.  
The legend is related by Drayton in his 'Polyolbion.'

**COMMODITY.** Act II., Sc. 2.

"That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity."

Commodity is interest.

**CONTRARY FEET.** Act IV., Sc. 2. See note on Shoe in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act II., Sc. 3.

**CONVERSION.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Too sociable  
For your conversion."

Conversion is a change of condition. Faulconbridge would say that to remember men's names is too sociable, too retrospective, for a man of his newly-attained rank. Pope altered the word to *conversing*, a needless change.

**CONVERTITE.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"Since you are a gentle convertite."

A convertite is here one reclaimed to the authority of the church; a convert.

**CONVICTED.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"A whole armado of convicted sail."

Convicted is overpowered, from the Latin *con*, and *vinco*.

**COUNTIES.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"Our discontented counties do revolt."

*Counties* are nobles, the degree of a count. The *County* Paris will be remembered in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and *County* Guy in Sir Walter Scott's ballad in 'Quentin Durward.'

**CRY AIM.** Act II., Sc. 1. See 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.'

**EXPEDIENT.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"His marches are expedient to this town."

Expedient properly signifies disengaged from all entanglements. *Expedire* is to set at liberty the foot which was

held fast. Shakspere generally used words which may be termed learned in strict accordance with their derivation.

**FIRST ASSUR'D.** Act II., Sc. 2.

"When I was first assur'd."

Assured is affianced.

**FORWEARIED.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Forwearied in this action of swift speed."

*Forwearied* is the same as *wearied*; and may be used, not as a participle requiring an auxiliary verb, but as a verb neuter. "Our spirits, wearied in this action," even in modern construction, would be correct.

**GOOD-DEN.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Good-den, sir Richard."

*Good-den* is a corruption of *good-e'en*. It occurs also in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

**GUARD.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

"To guard a title that was rich before."

To *guard* was to border or ornament a garment; thence used metaphorically to express the uselessness of enriching that which "was rich before."

**HALF-FACED.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"A half-faced groat."

The half-face is the profile, and the coins bore the half-face of the sovereign. The expression seems to have been proverbial, as it occurs also in the play of the 'Downfal of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon,' published in 1601.

**HAND-KERCHER.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"I knit my hand-kercher about your brows."

This word was used indifferently in Shakspere's times with handkerchief for the same object.

**HEAT.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Though heat red-hot."

Heat is here used as a participle. In the older translations of the Bible, Daniel iii. 19, we have "he charged and commanded that they should heat the furnace at once seven times more than it was wont to be heat."

**HIS HORSEBACK.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Sits on his horseback."

This is an old idiom. In North's Plutarch, one of Shakspere's favourite books, we have "he himself took his horseback."

**IMPORTANCE.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"At our importance hither he is come."

Importance is importunity.

## INDIGEST. Act V., Sc. 7.

"To set a form upon that indigest."

*Indigest* is here used for "disordered, indigested, state of affairs."

## MANAGE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Which now the manage of two kingdoms."

Shakspere has more than once used the word *manage* in the sense of *management*. Prospero, in 'The Tempest,' speaks of the "manage of my state."

## MEASURES. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Be measures to our pomp."

Measures were dances of a serious character.

## NOB. Act I., Sc. 1.

"It would not be sir Nob."

Nob in Shakspere's time, as well as now, was a cant word for the head.

## OWES. Act II., Sc. 1.

"To him that owes it."

*Owes* was frequently used formerly, as here, in the sense of *owns*.

## PASSIONATE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"She is sad and passionate."

Passionate is given up to grief.

## PEISED. Act II., Sc. 2.

"The world, who of itself is peised well."

• Peised is poised, balanced.

## PHILIP?—SPARROW! Act I., Sc. 1.

The sparrow was called Philip, perhaps from his note. Skelton wrote a long poem, entitled 'Phylyppe Sparow'—on the death of a lady's sparrow.

## PICKED. Act I., Sc. 1.

"My picked man of countries."

To *pick* is the same as to *trim*, a metaphor, says Steevens, derived from the action of birds in picking their feathers. "He is too picked, too spruce," occurs in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act V., Sc. 1.

## PRESENCE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Lord of thy presence."

Presence probably here means *priority of place*, from the French *préséance*. Warburton, however, thought it meant *master of thyself*.

**PRODIGIOUS.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“Crooked, swart, prodigious.”

Prodigious is used in the sense of supernatural, monstrous.

**REST.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

“If what in rest you have in right you hold.”

Rest is here employed in the sense of a fixed position. “To set up a rest,” was to take a part in the game at cards, and does not imply repose. Steevens proposed to change the word to *wrest*—violence—an absurd alteration.

**ROBERT HIS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“Sir Robert his, like him.”

This is the old form of the genitive case, as those who have looked into a legal instrument know.

**ROME.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“That I have room with Rome.”

Rome was formerly pronounced *room*. Shakspere here indulges in a play upon the words.

**ROUNDER.** Act II., Sc. 1.

“T is not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls.”

The *rounder* is that which surrounds. In modern editions the old English word of the original has been changed into the French *roundure*.

**SCROYLES.** Act II., Sc. 2.

“These scroyles of Angiers flout you.”

Scroyles is from the French *les escrouelles*, the King's evil.

**SIGHTLESS.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains.”

Sightless is the opposite of sightly.

**SOUL-FEARING.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“Till their soul-fearing clamours.”

To fear was often used by Shakspere and his contemporaries in the active sense, to make afraid. See ‘Taming of the Shrew’ (Act V., Sc. 2), where the word is used in both the active and passive sense.

**TARRE.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

“Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.”

Horne Tooke derives *tarre* from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to exasperate. Others think it refers to the custom of exciting *terriers*—*tarriers*.

**THREE-FARTHINGS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“Look, where three-farthings goes.”

The three-farthing silver coin of the time of Elizabeth was small and thin, as may be supposed from the value. This

coin also bore a rose placed just behind the head, whence the allusion to the flower.

**TO HIS SHAPE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“And, to his shape, were heir to all this land.”

This is with his shape, in addition to his shape.

**TOOTH-PICK.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“He and his toothpick.”

The use of the tooth-pick was considered a foreign frivolity, and is alluded to by many of the writers of Shakspere's time—Gascoigne, Ben Jonson, Overbury, and Shirley.

**TO-SPEND.** Act V., Sc. 2.

“And not to-spend it so unneighbourly.”

*To* is here used as the sign of the infinitive; though Steevens considers it as a prefix, combined with *spend*, as in ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor,’

“And fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight.”

**TRICK.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face.”

Here and elsewhere Shakspere has used the word *trick* in the sense of peculiarity. It is thus used by Gloster in ‘Lear,’ by Helena in ‘All's Well that Ends Well,’ and by Falstaff, in ‘Henry IV., Part I.’ Wordsworth also thus uses it in ‘The Excursion,’ book 1.

**UNHAIR'D.** Act V., Sc. 2.

“This unhair'd sauciness.

Unhaired is unbearded.

**WHERE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“But where I be as true begot, or no.”

The word *where* is sometimes used by Shakspere and his contemporaries in the sense of *whether*. It is usually printed *whe'r*, as a contraction, but was not so written by them

**WINDOW.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.”

These were proverbial expressions for an irregular entry, having reference to cases such as that of Faulconbridge's, which he gently terms “a little from the right.”

KING  
Richard  
THE  
SECOND





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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### KING RICHARD II.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.*

### EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York; uncle to the King.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.*

### JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster; uncle to the King.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.*

**HENRY**, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt,  
*afterwards King Henry IV.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6*

### DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

### MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

### DUKE OF SURREY.

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.*

### EARL OF SALISBURY.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

### EARL BERKLEY.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 3.*

### BUSHY, a creature to King Richard.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.*

### BAGOT, a creature to King Richard.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.*

### GREEN, a creature to King Richard.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.*

### EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 6.*

**HENRY PERCY, son to the Earl of Northumberland.**

*Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.*

**LORD ROSE.**

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.*

**LORD WILLOUGHBY.**

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.*

**LORD FITZWATER.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 6.*

**BISHOP OF CARLISLE.**

*Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 6.*

**ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.*

**LORD MARSHAL; and another Lord.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3.*

**SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.**

*Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6.*

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.**

*Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**Captain of a band of Welshmen.**

*Appears, Act II. sc. 4.*

**QUEEN to King Richard.**

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1*

**DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2.*

**DUCHESS OF YORK.**

*Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**Lady attending on the Queen.**

*Appears, Act III. sc. 4.*

**Lords, Heraldes, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger  
Groom, and other Attendants.**

SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

The original editions have no Names of Characters.

The lines in the following play, enclosed in brackets, are not in the folio  
of 1623.

# KING RICHARD II.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.*

K. RICH. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT. I have, my liege.

K. RICH. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT. As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. RICH. Then call them to our presence; face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

+ | High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.*

BOLING. Many years of happy days befal  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

NOR. Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. RICH. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

+/  
BOLING. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name I stuff thy throat;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

X NOR. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'T is not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:

Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;  
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable  
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

BOLING. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gnge,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:  
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;  
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

NOR. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. RICH. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?  
It must be great, that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOLING. Look, what I said my life shall prove it true;—  
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,  
In name of lendings, for your highness' soldiers;  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employmnts,  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
Further I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;

And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. RICH. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

NOR. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. RICH. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:  
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)  
Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:  
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

NOR. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:  
The other part reserv'd I by consent;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—  
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd  
Your graco's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor  
Which in myself I boldly will defend;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. RICH. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no physician;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision:  
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;  
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

GAUNT. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—  
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. RICH. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT. When, Harry? when if  
Obdience bids, I should not bid again.

K. RICH. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.  
NOR. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:  
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,  
(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

K. RICH. Rage must be withstood:  
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

NOR. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
 Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done;  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;  
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. RICH. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

BOLING. O, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!  
 Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?  
 Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height  
 Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue  
 Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear;  
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.]

*II*  
 K. RICH. We were not born to sue, but to command:  
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;  
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate;  
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see  
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
 Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*

GAUNT. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood  
 Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,  
 To stir against the butchers of his life.  
 But since correction lieth in those hands  
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
 Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,  
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

DUCH. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—  
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,  
By envy's hand, and murther's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,  
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murther how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

GAUNT. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,  
His deputy anointed in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his m<sup>t</sup> ister.

DUCH. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

GAUNT. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

DUCH. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!

Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
 Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife  
 With her companion grief must end her life.

**GAUNT.** Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:  
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

**DUCH.** Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it  
 falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
 I take my leave before I have begun;  
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
 Commend me to my brother Edmund York.  
 Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;  
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go:—  
 I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—  
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones;  
 And what hear there for welcome but my groans?  
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
 To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere:  
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;  
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Open space near Coventry.*

*Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.*

*Enter the LORD MARSHAL and AUMERLE.*

**MAR.** My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

**AUM.** Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

**MAR.** The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

**AUM.** Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay  
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of Trumpets.* Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. RICH. Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms:  
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:  
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel:  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;  
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

NOR. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate!)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,  
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;  
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven! [He takes his seat.

*Trumpet sounds.* Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. RICH. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war;  
And formally according to our law  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou  
hither,  
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?  
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

BOLING. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Dorby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
 To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,  
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
 To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;  
 And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

MAR. On pain of death, no person be so bold,  
 Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,  
 Except the marshal, and such officers  
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BOLING. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,  
 And bow my knee before his majesty:  
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave,  
 And loving farewell, of our several friends.

MAR. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,  
 And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. RICH. We will descend and fold him in our arms.  
 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight!  
 Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,  
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLING. O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;  
 As confident as is the falcon's flight  
 Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.—  
 My loving lord [to LORD MARSHAL], I take my leave of you;  
 Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—  
 Not sick, although I have to do with death;  
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.  
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
 The daintiest last to make the end most sweet.  
 O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— To GAUNT.  
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up  
 To reach at victory above my head,—  
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;  
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

GAUNT. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!  
Be swift like lightning in the execution;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLING. My innocence, and saint George to thrive.

[*He takes his seat.*

NOR. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,  
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:  
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,  
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. RICH. Farewell, my lord; securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The KING and the Lords return to their seats.*

MAR. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Receive thy lance; and God defend thy right!

BOLING. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

MAR. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas, duke  
of Norfolk.

1 HER. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 HER. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.

MAR. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warden down.

K. RICH. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
And both return back to their chairs again:  
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound,  
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*

Draw near, [To the combatants.  
And list, what with our council we have done.  
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;  
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set on you  
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]  
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,  
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—  
Therefore we banish you our territories:  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not greet our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLING. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,  
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;  
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. RICH. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
The sly-slow hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—  
The hopeless word of, never to return,  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth.

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forego:  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now;  
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. RICH. It boots thee not to be compassionate;  
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.

K. RICH. Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,  
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)  
To keep the oath that we administer:—  
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)  
Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
Nor ever look upon each other's face;  
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate,  
Nor ever by advised purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

BOLING. I swear.

NOR. And I, to keep all this.

BOLING. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;  
 By this time, had the king permitted us,  
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm;  
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

NOR. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,  
 My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!  
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;  
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.  
 Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit]

K. RICH. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
 Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,  
 Return [*to BOLING.*] with welcome home from banishment.

BOLING. How long a time lies in one little word!  
 Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
 End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

GAUNT. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,  
 He shortens four years of my son's exile;  
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
 For ere the six years that he hath to spend  
 Can change their moons, and bring their times about,  
 My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. RICH. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:  
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:  
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death:  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. RICH. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

X / GAUNT. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.  
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father:  
[O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict, to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. RICH. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. *Exeunt K. RICHARD and Train.*

AUM. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,  
From where you do remain, let paper show.

MAR. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride  
As far as land will let me by your side.

GAUNT. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

BOLING. I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOLING. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

GAUNT. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

BOLING. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

GAUNT. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

BOLING. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

GAUNT. The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[BOLING. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me, what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.  
 Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
 To foreign passages; and in the end,  
 Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
 But that I was a journeyman to grief?

**GAUNT.** All places that the eye of heaven visits  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not, the king did banish thee;  
 But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not, the king exil'd thee: or suppose  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.  
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;  
 The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance:  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]

**BOLING.** O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
 O, no! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
 Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

**GAUNT.** Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy  
 way:  
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.  
**BOLING.** Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil,  
 adieu;  
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE  
*following.*

K. RICH. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

AUM. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. RICH. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

AUM. 'Faith, none for me, except the north-east wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our face,  
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. RICH. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

AUM. Farewell:  
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. RICH. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourselv and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 't were to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GREEN. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.  
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;  
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means,  
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. RICH. We will ourself in person to this war.  
And, for our coffers, with too great a court,  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,  
Our substitute at home shall have blank charters;  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news?

BUSHY. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord:  
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. RICH. Where lies he?

BUSHY. At Ely House.

K. RICH. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,  
To help him to his grave immediately!  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch; the DUKE OF YORK, and others, standing by him.*

GAUNT. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth.

YORK. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.  
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;  
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,) last,  
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

YORK. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises of his state: then, there are found  
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen:  
Report of fashions in proud Italy;  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation.  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;  
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd;  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;

For violent fires soon burn out themselves:  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;  
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;  
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry)  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:  
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*

**YORK.** 'The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.'

QUEEN. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. RICH. What comfort, man? How is 't with aged Gaunt?

GAUNT. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. RICH. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

GAUNT. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. RICH. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

GAUNT. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. RICH. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me

GAUNT. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. RICH. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

GAUNT. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;  
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land

Wherein thou liest <sup>in reputation</sup> sick:

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shaine,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,  
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so?  
 Landlord of England art thou, and not king:  
 Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;  
 And—

K. RICH. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,  
 With fury, from his native residence.  
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
 This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

GAUNT. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
 For that I was his father Edward's son;  
 That blood already, like the pelican,  
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:  
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,  
 (Whom fair bespal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)  
 May be a precedent and witness good,  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood;  
 Join with the present sickness that I have;  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants

K. RICH. And let them die, that age and sullens have;  
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words  
 To wayward sickliness and age in him:  
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. RICH. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:  
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

NORTH. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. RICH. What says he?

NORTH. Nay, nothing; all is said!

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

YORK. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. RICH. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, hath privilege to live.  
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

YORK. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient check,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;  
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman:  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;  
Put when he frown'd it was against the French,  
And not against his friends; his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

K. RICH. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

YORK.

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?  
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
His charters, and his customary rights:  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true!)  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,  
Call in his letters-patent that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. RICH. Think what you will; we seize into our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YORK. I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good.

[Exit]

K. RICH. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;  
Bid him repair to us to Ely House  
To see this business: To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow;  
And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.]

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUM., GREEN, and BAGOT.*]

NORTH. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS. And living too; for now his son is duke.

WILLO. Barely in title, not in revenue.

NORTH. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,  
Ere 't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.

NORTH. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak  
more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

WILLO. Tends that thou 'dst speak to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

ROSS. No good at all that I can do for him;  
Unless you call it good to pity him;  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTH. Now, afore heaven, 't is shame such wrongs are  
borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

ROSS. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

WILLO. And daily new exactions are devis'd—  
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

NORTH. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:  
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

ROSS. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

WILLO. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

NORTH. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

NORTH. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing.  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer;  
And unavoided is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

*Ssam?*  
NORTH. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLO. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.  
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

NORTH. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay  
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence  
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,  
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,  
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoient,—  
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:  
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay.  
The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg:  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.  
WILLO. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

QUEEN. To please the king, I did; to please myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,  
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of griefs more than himself to wail;  
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen;  
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,  
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN. It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,  
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

QUEEN. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd  
From some forefather grief: mine is not so;  
For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;  
'T is in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter GREEN.*

GREEN. Heaven save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen,

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

QUEEN. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is;  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

GREEN. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,  
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
At Ravenspurg.

QUEEN. Now God in heaven forbid!

GREEN. O, madam, 't is too true; and that is worse,—  
The Lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,  
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

BUSHY. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland  
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

GREEN. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

BUSHY. Despair not, madam.

QUEEN. Who shall hinder me?  
I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter York.*

GREEN. Here comes the duke of York.

QUEEN. With signs of war about his aged neck;  
O, full of careful business are his looks!

Uncle,  
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

YORK. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:]  
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief  
Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:  
Here am I left to underprop his land;  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

YORK. He was?—Why so!—go all which way it will!  
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—  
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;—  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:  
Hold, take my ring.

SERV. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:  
To-day, I came by, and called there;—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

YORK. What is it, knave?

SERV. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

YORK. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
I know not what to do;—I would to heaven  
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.

What are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—  
 How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
 Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—  
 Go, follow [*to the Servant*], get thee home, provide some  
 carts,  
 And bring away the armour that is there.— [Exit Servant.  
 Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know  
 How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
 Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—  
 The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
 And duty bids defend; the other again  
 Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,  
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
 Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
 Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,  
 And meet me presently at Berkley castle.  
 I should to Plashy too;—  
 But time will not permit:—All is uneven,  
And everything is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*

BUSHY. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
 But none returns. For us to levy power,  
 Proportionable to the enemy,  
 Is all impossible.

GREEN. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,  
 Is near the hate of those love not the king.

BAGOT. And that's the wavering commons: for their love  
 Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,  
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUSHY. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

BAGOT. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
 Because we have been ever near the king.

GREEN. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;  
 The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

BUSHY. Thither will I with you; for little office  
 Will the hateful commons perform for us;  
 Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—  
 Will you go along with us?

BAGOT. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

BUSHY. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

GREEN. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.  
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

BUSHY. Well, we may meet again.

BAGOT. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

BOLING. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

NORTH. Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.  
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:  
And yet our fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess:  
And hope to joy is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done  
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BOLING. Of much less value is my company  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter HARRY PERCY.*

NORTH. It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—  
Harry, how fares your uncle?

PERCY. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health  
of you.

NORTH. Why, is he not with the queen?

PERCY. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

NORTH. What was his reason?  
He was not so resolv'd when we last spake together.

PERCY. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;  
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levied there;  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

NORTH. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?  
PERCY. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot  
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

NORTH. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke

PERCY. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

BOLING. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,  
I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

NORTH. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir  
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

PERCY. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;  
None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.*

NORTH. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

BOLING. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury  
Is yet but unfeft thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLO. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

BOLING. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter BERKLEY.*

NORTH. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

BERK. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

BOLING. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:  
And I am come to seek that name in England:  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

BERK. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning  
To raze one title of your honour out:—  
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The duke of York; to know what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

BOLING. I shall not need transport my words by you;  
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! [Kneels.

YORK. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

BOLING. My gracious uncle!

YORK. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.  
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word, grace,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.  
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And ostentation of despised arms?  
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

BOLING. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;  
On what conditions stands it, and wherein?

YORK. Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

BOLING. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford:  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthriffts? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;  
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

NORTH. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

ROSS. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

WILLO. Base men by his endowments are made great

YORK. My lords of England, let me tell you this:—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right:  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;  
And you that do abet him in this kind,  
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

NORTH. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own: and, for the right of that,  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

YORK. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:  
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;  
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

BOLING. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

YORK. It may be I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;  
For I am loth to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Captain:*

CAP. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
The king reposeth all his confidence  
In thee.

CAP. 'T is thought the king is dead; we will not stay  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—  
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

[Exit.]

SAL. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[Exit.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

BOLING. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls  
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,) With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 't were no charity: yet, to wash your blood From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.  
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours, Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's checks With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;  
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:  
While you have fed upon my seignories,  
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;  
From mine own windows torn my household coat,  
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—  
Save men's opinions and my living blood—  
To show the world I am a gentleman.  
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over To execution and the hand of death.

BUSHY. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
Than Bolingbroke to England. [Lords, farewell.]

GREEN. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,  
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

BOLING. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with  
Prisoners.*

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house:  
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:  
Tell her, I send to her my kind commands;  
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

**YORK.** A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large.

**BOLING.** Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;  
To fight with Glendower and his complices;  
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.*

*Flourish: Drums and Trumpets.* Enter KING RICHARD,  
**BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE,** and Soldiers.

**K. RICH.** Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

**AUM.** Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,  
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

**K. RICH.** Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting;

So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

**BISHOP.** Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you  
king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

[The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]

AUM. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. RICH. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,  
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murthers, and in outrage, boldly here;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murthers, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
(Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—]  
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord:  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

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*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

SAL. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:  
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:  
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;  
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

AUM. Comfort my liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. RICH. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men  
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And, till so much blood thither come again,  
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe fly from my side;  
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUM. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are

K. RICH. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?

Awake thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?

High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York  
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
 Comes here?

*Enter SCROOP.*

SCROOP. More health and happiness betide my liege,  
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. RICH. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;  
 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;

And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,  
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us:

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. RICH. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill,  
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. RICH. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

SCROOP. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:  
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

AUM. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

SCROOP. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

AUM. Where is the duke my father, with his power?

K. RICH. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:  
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death;  
And that small model of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd:  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;  
All murther'd:—For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
To monarchise, be fea'r'd, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends:—Subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king?

BISHOP. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
[And so your follies fight against yourself.]  
Fear and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:

And fight and die, is death destroying death;  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

AUM. My father hath a power, inquire of him;  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. RICH. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I  
come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

SCROOP. Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye;

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—  
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his faction.

K. RICH. Thou hast said enough.—  
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To AUMERLE.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? What comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingily  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge; and let them go  
To ear the land that bath some hope to grow,  
For I have none:—Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

AUM. My liege, one word.

K. RICH. He does me double wrong  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,  
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

BOLING. So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,  
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

NORTH. The news is very fair and good, my lord;  
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

YORK. It would beseem the lord Northumberland  
To say, king Richard: Alack the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

NORTH. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

YORK. The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

BOLING. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

YORK. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,  
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er our heads.

BOLING. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself  
Against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

PERCY. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

BOLING. Royally?  
Why, it contains no king?

PERCY. Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:  
And with him the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

NORTH. Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

BOLING. Noble lord, [To NORTH]

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Henry Bolingbroke

Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;  
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
To his most royal person: hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;  
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:  
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
Go, signify as much; while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[NORTH. *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,  
That from this castle's totter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.  
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.*  
*Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF*  
*CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

YORK. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun,  
From out the fiery portal of the east;  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track

Of his bright passage to the occident.  
 Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,  
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. RICH. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood  
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [To NORTH  
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
 If we be not, show us the hand of God  
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
 And though you think that all, as you have done,  
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,  
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends;  
 Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
 Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)  
 That every stride he makes upon my land  
 Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope  
 The purple testament of bleeding war;  
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face;  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

NORTH. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king  
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;  
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;

And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;  
And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—  
His coming hither hath no further scope,  
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will command to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. RICH. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns :—  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—  
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To AUMERLE  
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

AUM. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. RICH. O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth ! O, that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !  
Or that I could forget what I have been !  
Or not remember what I must be now !  
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUM. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?  
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?  
The king shall be contented : Must he lose  
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :

I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;  
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;  
 My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown  
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;  
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff;  
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;  
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,  
 A little little grave, an obscure grave:—  
 Or I'll be buried in the King's highway,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:  
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;  
 And, buried once, why not upon my head?  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st: My tender-hearted cousin!—  
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—“There lies  
 Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes!”  
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—  
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,  
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

NORTH. My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
 To speak with you; may 't please you to come down?

K. RICH. Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaeton,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. *retires to BOLING.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
 To come at traitors' call, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down court! Down king!  
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

BOLING. What says his majesty?

NORTH. Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:  
Yet he is come.

*Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants below.*

BOLING. Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.—  
My gracious lord,—

K. RICH. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your  
knee be low.

BOLING. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.  
K. RICH. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.  
BOLING. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. RICH. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;  
For do we must what force will have us do.—  
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

BOLING. Yea, my good lord.

K. RICH. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

QUEEN. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 LADY. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 LADY. Madam, we 'll dance.

QUEEN. My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :  
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

1 LADY. Madam, we 'll tell tales.

QUEEN. Of sorrow, or of joy ?

1 LADY. Of either, madam.

QUEEN. Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :  
For what I have, I need not to repeat ;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 LADY. Madam, I 'll sing.

QUEEN. 'T is well that thou hast cause ;  
But thou shouldst please me better wouldest thou weep.

1 LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.  
But stay, here come the gardeners :  
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.—

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They 'll talk of state : for every one doth so  
Against a change : Woe is forerun with woe.

[QUEEN and Ladies retire]

GARD. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 SERV. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

GARD. Hold thy peace:—  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;  
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 SERV. What, are they dead?

GARD. They are;  
And Bolingbroke hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—  
Oh! what pity is it,  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste,  
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 SERV. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

GARD. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,  
'T is doubt, he will be: Letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

QUEEN. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!—  
Thou, old Adam's likeness [*coming from her concealment*], set  
to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing  
news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested theo  
To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how  
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

GARD. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I  
To breathe these news: yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last; that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What, was I born to this! that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?  
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

GARD. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—  
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [ *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.*

BOLING. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end.

BAGOT. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

BOLING. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAGOT. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?—  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
Adding withal, how bless'd this land would be  
In this your cousin's death.

AUM. Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainer of his sland'rous lips.  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLING. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

AUM. Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

FITZ. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

AUM. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

FITZ. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUM. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

PERCY. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,  
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

AUM. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

[LORD. I task the earth to the like, forsown Aumerle;  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

AUM. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.]

SURREY. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZ. 'T is very true: you were in presence then;  
And you can witness with me, this is true.

SURREY. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true

FITZ. Surrey, thou liest.

SURREY. Dishonourable boy!  
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,

Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

FITZ. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,  
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.  
As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:  
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUM. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

BOLING. These differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his land and seignories; when he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

BISHOP. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:  
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

BOLING. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

BISHOP. As sure as I live, my lord.

BOLING. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom  
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till we assign you to you: days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

YORK. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand :  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

BOLING. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

BISHOP. Marry, Heaven forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.  
Would God, that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard ; then true nobleness would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king ?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them :  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present ? O, forfend it, God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.  
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act ;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.

O, if you rear this house against this house,  
 It will the woefullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth:  
 Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,  
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

NORTH. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,  
 Of capital treason we arrest you here:  
 My lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
 May't please you, lords to grant the commons' suit?

BOLING. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
 Without suspicion.

YORK. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

BOLING. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer:  
 Little are we beholden to your love, [To CARLISLE.  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing  
 the crown, &c.*

K. RICH. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—  
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men: Were they not mine?  
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
 God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?  
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
 God save the king! although I be not he;  
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

YORK. To do that office, of thine own good will.  
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—  
 The resignation of thy state and crown

To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;

Here, cousin, on this side my hand; on that side thine.  
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,  
That owes two buckets filling one another;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen, and full of water:  
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BOLING. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. RICH. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:  
You may my glories and my state depose,  
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

BOLING. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. RICH. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.  
My care is loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:  
The cares I give I have, though given away;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLING. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. RICH. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;  
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days !  
What more remains ?

NORTH. No more, but that you read

*[Offering a paper.]*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers  
Against the state and profit of this land ;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. RICH. Must I do so ! and must I ravel out  
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldest,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—  
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTH. My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. RICH. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,  
But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest :  
For I have given here my soul's consent  
To undock the pompous body of a king ;  
Made glory base ; a sovereignty a slave ;  
Proud majesty a subject ; state a peasant.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. RICH. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,  
No, nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,—  
No, not that name was given me at the foot,—  
But 't is usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,  
 And know not now what name to call myself!  
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—  
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)—  
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLING. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

NORTH. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. RICH. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

BOLING. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

NORTH. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. RICH. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,  
 When I do see the very book indeed  
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

*Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.  
 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
 So many blows upon this face of mine,  
 And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,  
 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
 That every day under his household roof  
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face  
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
 Is this the face which faced so many follies,  
 That was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

BOLING. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
 The shadow of your face.

K. RICH. Say that again.  
 The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
 'T is very true, my grief lies all within;  
 And these external manners of laments  
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
 Shall I obtain it?

BOLING. Name it, fair cousin.

K. RICH. Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:  
 For when I was a king my flatterers  
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
 I have a king here to my flatterer.  
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLING. Yet ask.

K. RICH. And shall I have?

BOLING. You shall.

K. RICH. Then give me leave to go.

BOLING. Whither?

K. RICH. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLING. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. RICH. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,  
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard*

BOLING. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down  
 Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. [*Exeunt all but*  
*the ABBOT, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, and AUMERIE.*

ABBOT. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

BISHOP. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn  
 Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

AUM. You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
 To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

ABBOT. Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
 You shall not only take the sacrament  
 To bury mine intents, but to effect  
 Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see your brows are full of discontent,  
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;  
 Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
 A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter Queen and Ladies.*

QUEEN. This way the king will come; this is the way  
 To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:  
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
 Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter King Richard and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
 My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;  
 That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.  
 Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;  
 Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,  
 And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn;  
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
 When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. RICH. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
 To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
 To think our former state a happy dream;  
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
 Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim necessity; and he and I  
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
 And cloister thee in some religious house:

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

QUEEN. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke  
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. RICH. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:  
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:  
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathise  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter Northumberland, attended.*

NORTH. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. RICH. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all:

And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,  
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
 'The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
 That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,  
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

**NORTH.** My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
 Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

**K. RICH.** Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate  
 A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;  
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.  
 Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,  
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;  
 My queen to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,  
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

**QUEEN.** And must we be divided? must we part?

**K. RICH.** Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from  
 heart.

**QUEEN.** Banish us both, and send the king with me.

**NORTH.** That were some love, but little policy.

**QUEEN.** Then whither he goes thither let me go.

**K. RICH.** So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
 Better far off than near, be ne'er the near'.  
 Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

**QUEEN.** So longest way shall have the longest moans.

**K. RICH.** Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being  
 short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.  
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;  
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [They kiss.]  
**QUEEN.** Give me mine own again; 't were no good part.  
 To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [Kiss again.]

So, now I have mine own again, begone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. RICH. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;  
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exit]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*

DUCH. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

YORK. Where did I leave?

DUCH. At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window's tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imagery, had said at once,—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespeak them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

DUCH. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the whilst?

YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
 The badges of his grief and patience,  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, stel'd  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events;  
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

DUCH. Here comes my son Aumerle.

YORK. Aumerle that was;  
 But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,  
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:  
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,  
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

DUCH. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now  
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

AUM. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;  
 God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

YORK. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

AUM. For aught I know, my lord, they do.  
 YORK. You will be there, I know.  
 AUM. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.  
 YORK. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?  
 Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

AUM. My lord, 't is nothing.  
 YORK. No matter then who sees it:  
 I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.

AUM. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;  
 It is a matter of small consequence,  
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YORK. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.  
 I fear, I fear,—

DUCH. What should you fear?  
 'T is nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

YORK. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—  
Boy, let me see the writing.

AUM. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

YORK. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

DUCH. What's the matter, my lord?

YORK. Ho! who's within there?

*Enter a Servant.*

Saddle my horse.

Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!

DUCH. Why, what is 't, my lord?

YORK. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—  
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,  
I will impeach the villain.

[*Exit Servant.*

DUCH. What's the matter?

YORK. Peace, foolish woman.

DUCH. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

AUM. Good mother, be content; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

DUCH. Thy life answer?

*Re-enter Servant, with boots.*

YORK. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

DUCH. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:  
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—

[*To the Servant.*

YORK. Give me my boots, I say.

DUCH. Why, York, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?  
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

YORK. Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.

DUCH. He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

YORK. Away,  
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son  
I would impeach him.

DUCH. Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou 'dst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

YORK. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

DUCH. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;  
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;  
Begone. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other Lords.*

BOLING. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?  
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:  
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.  
I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be found:  
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions—  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour, to support  
So dissolute a crew.

PERCY. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,  
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

BOLING. And what said the gallant?

PERCY. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,  
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,  
And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

BOLING. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both  
I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?

*Enter AUMERLE, hastily.*

AUM. Where is the king?

BOLING. What means  
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

AUM. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

BOLING. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [Kneels.  
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

BOLING. Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

BOLING. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE locks the door.

YORK. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

BOLING. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing

AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand;  
Thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king;  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door

*Enter YORK.*

BOLING. What is the matter, uncle? Speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

YORK. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

AUM. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:  
I do repent me; read not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

YORK. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

BOLING. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!  
O loyal father of a treacherous son!  
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself;  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

YORK. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies;  
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

DUCH. [Within.] What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake let  
me in.

BOLING. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

DUCH. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I.  
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:  
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

BOLING. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,  
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;  
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

YORK. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;  
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter DUCHESS.*

DUCH. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man,  
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

YORK. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?  
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

DUCH. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.

[*Kneels.*

BOLING. Rise up, good aunt.

DUCH. Not yet, I thee beseech:  
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

AUM. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

YORK. Against them both my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*

[Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!]

DUCH. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;  
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;  
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have  
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. Nay, do not say—stand up;  
But pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
 Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.  
 I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
 Say—pardon, king: let pity teach thee how:  
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
 No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

YORK. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez moy.*

DUCH. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?  
 Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
 That sett'st the word itself against the word!  
 Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land;  
 The chopping French we do not understand.  
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:  
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;  
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. I do not sue to stand,  
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

BOLING. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.  
 DUCH. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
 Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;  
 Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,  
 But makes one pardon strong.

BOLING. With all my heart  
 I pardon him.

DUCH. A god on earth thou art.  
 BOLING. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,  
 With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.  
 Good uncle, help to order several powers  
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:  
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
 But I will have them, if I once know where.  
 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin, too, adieu:  
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

DUCH. Come, my old son;—I pray Heaven make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter EXTON and a Servant.*

EXTON. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

"Have I no friend w'll rid me of this living fear?"  
Was it not so?

SERV. Those were his very words.

EXTON. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice.  
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

SERV. He did.

EXTON. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;  
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart;  
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;  
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

*Enter KING RICHARD.*

K. RICH. I have been studying how to compare  
This prison, where I live, unto the world:  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;  
My soul, the father: and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world;  
In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—  
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the faith itself  
Against the faith;  
As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—  
It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
That many have, and others must sit there:  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am: then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king;  
Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by,  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing:—but, whate'er I am,  
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd  
With being nothing. Music do I hear?  
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives.  
And here have I the daintiness of ear,  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;  
But, for the concord of my state and time,  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.  
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:  
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is  
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,  
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

[Music]

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
This music mads me, let it sound no more;  
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,  
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.



*Enter Groom.*

GROOM. Hail, royal prince!

K. RICH. Thanks, noble peer;  
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog  
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

GROOM. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.  
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,  
In London streets that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. RICH. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,  
How went he under him?

GROOM. So proudly as if he had disdain'd the ground.  
K. RICH. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!  
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by Jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

KEEP. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. RICH. If thou love me 't is time thou wert away.

GROOM. What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say.

[*Exit.*

KEEP. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. RICH. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

KEEP. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. RICH. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

KEEP. Help, help, help!

*Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.*

K. RICH. How now? what means death in this rude assault? Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

EXTON. As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell. —

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke and York, with Lords and Attendants.*

BOLING. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;  
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

NORTH. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.  
The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here. [Presenting a paper

BOLING. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

FITZ. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

BOLING. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.*

PERCY. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

BOLING. Carlisle, this is your doom:—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

EXTON. Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,

Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

BOLING. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

EXTON. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

BOLING. They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black, incontinent;  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand;—  
March sadly after; grace my mourning here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*

## VARIOUS READINGS.

"In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from *wrath* or misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant." (Act I., Sc. 1.)

This is the reading of the MS. Corrector of the folio of 1632, changing the original and received reading:

"And free from *other* misbegotten hate."

Mr. Collier asks, "What *other* misbegotten hate does he refer to?"

We ask, how can Bolingbroke say he is "free from *wrath*," when he directly after calls Mowbray "a traitor and a miscreant?" He does hate Mowbray; but he is free from any other hate than that which arises from "the devotion of a subject's love." His hate from this cause was legitimate, and not "misbegotten."

"Desolate, *desperate*, will I hence, and die." (Act I., Sc. 2.)

Mr. Collier says, "the repetition of the word *desolate*" in the Duchess of Gloucester's speech is unlike Shakespeare, as given in the original:

"Desolate, *desolate*, will I hence, and die."

He adds: "She was desolate because a helpless widow, and *desperate* because she could not move Gaunt to revenge the death of her husband."

*Desperate* certainly means without hope, and in this sense the Duchess might use it; but the secondary meaning of *reckless* is what our poet generally attaches to it. In this very play Henry describes his son's character "as dissolute as *desperate*." The word "desperate," so used, is incompatible with the Duchess's mournful resignation to her fate. Romeo, at the tomb of Juliet, says, "tempt not a desperate man,"—a man who has no regard to consequences.

"Be confident to speak, Northumberland :  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but *our* thoughts; therefore, be bold."

(Act II., Sc. 1.)

The original has—

"Thy words are but *as* thoughts."

Mr. Collier, justifying this correction, says, "there was evidently no reason why Northumberland should be bold, merely because his 'words were but *as* thoughts.'"

There was great reason. Westmoreland had said—

"Nay, let us share thy thoughts,  
as thou dost ours."

Ross, following up this appeal, says, "If you speak, your words will only be *as* thoughts. They are as safe, with us, as your own thoughts in your own bosom."

"So heavy sad,  
As though *unthinking* on no thought I think."

*MS. Corrector.*

As though *in* thinking on no thought I think."  
(Act II., Sc. 2.) JOHNSON.

The original has—

"As though *on* thinking," &c.

Mr. Collier says that "in thinking" seems just the opposite of what was intended, and that the Queen was so "unthinking" as not to think.

It is not necessary to write "*in* thinking," for, "*on* thinking" means thinking on. The poor Queen is not "unthinking," but thinks too much—her grief made her think, but she had no definite thought. A modern French writer, speaking of the effects of the English climate, says, "You are thoughtful without thinking." The MS. Corrector had no taste for metaphysical problems.

"Boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and *clasp* their *feeble* joints  
In stiff unwieldy *armour* 'gainst thy crown."

(Act III., Sc. 2.)

The Corrector is bold here. The original has *clap* for *clasp*, *female* for *feeble*, and *arms* for *armour*.

Pope substituted *clasp* without any reason. The boys' joints might be girlish, but not necessarily *feeble*; and *armour* is a needless substitute for *arms*. In this very play we have—

"Thus knightly *clad* in *arma*."

"I LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN. And I could *weep*, would weeping do me good."

(Act III., Sc. 4.) POPE.

In all editions Pope's "emendation" was followed, till the editor of the 'Pictorial Shakspere' followed the original—

"And I could *sing*," &c.

The Queen has been weeping and when the Lady says, "Madam, I'll sing," the Queen replies, that weeping would please her better. But in her rejoinder, "I could *sing*," she clearly means, If my griefs could be removed by weeping, I should be ready to sing,

"And never borrow any tear of thee."

Mr. White, in his 'Shakespeare's Scholar,' adopts our reading.

## GLOSSARY.

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### **APRICOCKS.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"Go, bind up thou yon dangling apricocks."

Our modern name *apricot* is from the French *abricot*, but the name came with the fruit from Persia—*bricoc*. Florio, in his 'New World of Words,' has "Berricocoli—Apricoock plumbes," and Phillips, in his 'World of Words,' spells it Apricock.

### **ATONE.** Act I., Sc. 1. To cause you to be *at one*, to be agreed.

There are several instances of this use of the word in Shakspere.

### **BAND.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"According to thy oath and band."

*Band* and *bond* are each the past participle passive of the verb *to bind*; hence the substantive *band*, that by which a thing is confined, and *bond*, that by which one is constrained, are the same.

### **BASE-COURT.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"My lord, in the base-court he doth attend."

*Base-court*, from the French *bas cour*, is the lower court.

### **BOOT.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"There is no boot."

*Boot* is here used as compensation, from the Anglo-Saxon *bot*, with advantage, something in addition. The phrase means there is no remedy, nothing to be substituted.

### **BROOCH.** Act V., Sc. 5.

"Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world."

The brooch was, it seems, out of fashion as an ornament in Shakspere's time. In 'All's Well that Ends Well,' we have "the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now." Richard, therefore, likens love to a strange brooch, a thing of value out of fashion.

### **CAITIFF.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford."

*Caitiff* originally meant *captive*. Wickliffe has "he sithynge on high ledde caityfie caytif (captivity captive). As the captive became formerly a slave, the word acquired a more degraded signification, that of a person in a servile con-

dition, a mean creature. The French *chetif* had anciently the meaning of *captif*.

**CHOPPING.** Act V., Sc. 8.

"The chopping French we do not understand."

*Chopping* is changing, derived from *cheaping*, trafficking. A *chopping* wind is a changeable unsteady wind. We think Malone mistakes in explaining the word by *jabbering*. The Duchess would say "we do not understand" the chopping French, which changes the meaning of words.

**COMPASSIONATE.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"It boots thee not to be compassionate."

*Compassionate* is here used in the sense of *complaining*, perhaps the only instance of its being so used.

**COMPLAIN.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Where then, alas! may I complain myself?"

The verb is here used in the sense of the French *se plaindre*.

**CONVEYERS.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Conveyers are you all."

*Conveyer* was sometimes used in an ill sense, as a fraudulent appropriation of property. Pistol uses the verb as a polite name for stealing: "Convey the wise it call;" and in Tindall's works we have, "What say you of this crafty conveyer, which feareth not to juggle with the Holy Scripture?"

**DEAR.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"The dateless limit of thy dear exile."

The old English verb *to dear* is from the Anglo-Saxon *derian*, to hurt, to do mischief; whence *dearth*, that which hurteth, *dereth*, or maketh *dear*; what was spared was thence called *dear*, precious, costly, greatly coveted. In the expression *dear exile*, we have the primitive meaning of to *dere*, while in *dear blood*, in the previous speech of King Richard we have the secondary meaning.

**DESPISED.** Act II., Sc. 3.

"And ostentation of despised arms."

The ostentation of arms which we despise.

**DESIGN.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Justice design the victor's chivalry."

*Design* is here used in the sense of designate, point out by a token.

**EAR.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"To ear the land that have some hope to grow."

To *ear* the land is to plough it. In Shakspeare's dedication of 'Venus and Adonis,' we have, "Never after *ear* so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest." *Ear* is

equivalent to the Latin *arare*, to plough, to till. *Earable* is *arable*.

**EARTH.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand."

The repeated use of the word *earth* in this speech, seems to indicate that Shakspere employs the word in the sense of inheritance, possession, "my kingdom." Mr. Whiter, in his 'Etymological Dictionary,' has shown that the word *heir* is derived from *earth*. "The Latin *hæres*, *hæred-is*, or, as it was anciently written, *eres*, is the person who possesses, or is destined to possess, the certain spot of land, or of *earth*, *hertha*, *herda*, &c." In 'Romeo and Juliet,' when Capulet says—

"She is the hopeful lady of my earth."

there is little doubt that he means that Juliet is his heiress.

**EXPEDIENT.** Act I., Sc. 4.

"Expedient manage must be made."

Prompt, disengaged from entanglement. See 'King John.'

**FAVOURER.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"The favours of these men."

The features, the countenances. We still use the phrase—"an ill-favoured man."

**FORFEND.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"O, forfend it, God."

*Forfend* is equivalent to *forbid*, which is the word used in the folio; but *forfend* is the reading of the older quarto, and we adopt the less common word.

**FOIL.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"A foil, wherein thou art to set."

*Foil*, or *foyl*, is the thin plate or leaf of metal used in setting jewellery.

**HALLOWMAS.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"Sent back like Hallowmas."

Hallowmas is the first of November, contrasted with "sweet May."

**HEAD.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"For taking so the head."

Johnson thinks this means taking undue liberties; Douce believes that it means taking away the sovereign's chief title, to which opinion we incline.

**ILL-ERECTED.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower."

A tower erected for ill--for evil--purposes.

## IMP. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Imp out our drooping country's broken wing."

To imp is to graft, to insert. To imp a hawk was to supply artistically such wing feathers as were dropped or forced out by accident.

## INHABITABLE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Or any other ground inhabitable."

*Inhabitable* is here used for *uninhabitable*, *unhabitable*. Jonson and Taylor the Water-poet both use the word in this sense, strictly according to its Latin derivation. *Habitable* and its converse present no difficulty to a Frenchman, and the Norman origin of much of our language would justify this use of the word.

## INHERIT US. Act I., Sc. 1.

"It must be great, that can inherit us."

*Inherit us* is here used for to *cause to receive*. Inherit was formerly used in the sense of to receive generally, as well as to inherit as an heir.

## INN. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Thou most beautcous inn."

An inn was originally a mansion. We have still the Inns of Court; Audley End, in Essex, the seat of Lord Braybrooke, is properly Audley Inn. We believe, in opposition to Monk Mason, that the Queen does not mean to distinguish between two classes of houses of entertainment, but between a public house and a "beautcous" mansion.

## JACK o' THE CLOCK. Act V., Sc. 5.

"While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock."

This was an automaton figure which was moved by the clock machinery, the last specimen of which in London was the two figures which struck the bell at St. Dunstan's church, by Temple Bar, one of the objects of wonder to gaping rustics, and which the ruthless hand of improvement swept away several years back.

## JAUNCING. Act V., Sc. 5.

"Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke."

Jauncing, jaunting, or hurriedly moving. It is possible, however, that *jauncing* may be a contraction of *joyauncing*.

## JEST. Act I., Sc. 3.

"As gentle and as jocund, as to jest."

A *jest* was sometimes used to signify a mask or pageant; therefore the sense in which Mowbray here uses it is, to play a part in a mask.

**Joy.** Act II., Sc. 3.

"And hope to joy."

Hope is here used as a verb.

**Kiss.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made."

The kiss was part of the ancient ceremony of affiancing. See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act II., Sc. 2.

**KNOTS.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"Her knots disorder'd."

The symmetrical beds of a garden were the knots. In 'Love's Labour's Lost' (Act I., Sc. 1), we have in Armado's letter, "thy curious knotted garden."

**LEWD.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments."

*Lewd*, from the Anglo-Saxon *lewed*, in its original signification, means misled, led astray, betrayed into error, and is almost equivalent to wicked.

**LIONS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Lions make leopards tame."

Norfolk's crest was a golden lion.

**LIVERY.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"To sue his livery."

This is a term in feudal law, by which an heir succeeded to the estates of his ancestor.

**MERIT.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"A dearer merit, . . . . have I deserved."

Johnson says to *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which he knows not any example. It is another proof of Shakspere's attention to the etymology of words, as *merit*, from the Latin *merito*, is literally a reward, something earned or gained. Prior has used it in the same sense.

**MODEL.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"And that small model of the barren earth."

Douce considers *model* to mean a measure, portion, or quantity,—a modicum. It more probably means something formed or fashioned. The earth assumes the form of the body which it covers.

**NE'R THE NEAR'.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"Better far off than near, be ne'er the near'."

The phrase seems to us to mean here, "never the nearer," though some have taken it for a proverbial expression, meaning not nearer to good.

NONE FOR ME. Act I., Sc. 4.

"Faith, none for me."

None by me, none on my part.

PELTING. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Like to a tenement, or pelting farm."

See 'Measure for Measure.'

POSSESS'D. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself."

The second *possess'd* is here used in the sense of possessed by some infatuation, insane. See 'Twelfth Night.'

RAPIER. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"With my rapier's point."

The rapier was not in use in the time of Richard II. It is an anachronism certainly, but one justified upon the principle of employing terms which were familiar to an audience.

SAD. Act V., Sc. 5.

"Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog."

*Sad* in the sense of *serious*; a common meaning of the word in Shakspere's time.

SEAL. Act V., Sc. 2.

"What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?"

Formerly the seal was not impressed upon the instrument, but attached to it by a slip of parchment, as is the case still in applying the great seal.

SHEER. Act V., Sc. 3.

"Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain."

*Sheer* is from the Anglo-Saxon *sciran*, and means separated, unmixed, free from admixture, and thus *pure*; it is in this sense "sheer steel" is used by cutlers.

SOOTH. Act III., Sc. 3.

"With words of sooth."

*Sooth* in its primitive meaning is *true* or *truth*; to *soothe* is to receive as true, and thence to propitiate. *Words of sooth* are soothing words, words of consolation.

SORT. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"But they can see a sort of traitors here."

A *sort* is a *company*. In Richard III. we have—

"A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."

STRIKE. Act II., Sc. 1.

"And yet we strike not."

To *strike* is to lower, as in to strike sail, and to strike colours.

**SUGGEST.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Suggest his soon-believing adversaries."

*Suggest* is to *prompt*.

**SWORN BROTHER.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"I am sworn brother, sweet."

This is an allusion to the custom among military adventurers, who were sometimes leagued to share each other's fortunes, to divide their plunder, and even their honours. They were then *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers.

**SYMPATHIES.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"If that thy valour stand on sympathies."

Sympathy is passion with, mutual passion. Aumerle thinks Bagot too base to combat with, and excepts Bolingbroke. Fitzwater, his equal in blood, then says, "if that thy valour stand on sympathies," there is my gage.

**TIMELESS.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"The bloody office of his timeless end."

*Timeless* is *untimely*.

**TRADE.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"Some way of common trade."

*Trade*, in its original meaning, is a course, a path trodden or trodden continuously. The modern use of the word as intercourse for buying and selling, is a secondary meaning, engrafted upon the original meaning of habitual course or practice. The trade winds are winds blowing in a regular course, not merely winds favourable to commerce.

**UNFURNISH'D WALLS.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls."

In old mansions the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, whence they were easily removed, and the walls left unfurnished. See Percy's 'Northumberland Household Book,' in the preface.

**VADED.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"His summer leaves all vaded."

*Vaded* was formerly used much in the sense of *faded*, but with sometimes a rather stronger meaning. In Spenser we have—

"However gay their blossoms, or their blade

Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade ;"

where the sense is, clearly, to pass away, to vanish; but in modern editions *vaded* has been usually substituted in this passage.

**WARDER.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"The king hath thrown his warder down."

*Ward* is from the Anglo-Saxon *ward*, to guard, or defend.

The *warder* is here the truncheon, or staff of command, which the king throws down before the combatants to stop their proceedings.

WAXEN. Act I., Sc. 3.

"That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat."

The noun *wax* originally meant something soft, yielding.  
*Weak* and *wax* are from the same root.

WISTLY. Act V., Sc. 4.

"He wistly look'd on me."

*Wistly* is knowingly, earnestly. Most modern editions read wistfully, the same word, but its ancient form was used by Shakspere's contemporaries.

WHEN. Act I., Sc. 1.

"When, Harry? when?"

*When* was an expression of impatience. In 'The Taming of the Shrew,' Act IV., Sc. 1., it is used in a similar manner by Petruchio.

YOU COME. Act I., Sc. 1.

"As well appeareth by the cause you come."

The preposition *on* is understood: the omission in such cases was not unusual formerly.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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KING HENRY IV.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, *son to the King*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, *son to the King*.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *friend to the King*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

SIR WALTER BLUNT, *friend to the King*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3.

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland*.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend of the Archbishop*.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4.

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas*.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

## OWEN GLENDOWER.

*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*

## SIR RICHARD VERNON.

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.*

## SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.*

## POINS.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.*

## GADSHILL.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.*

## PETO.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

## BARDOLPH.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.***LADY PERCY,** *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.**Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.***LADY MORTIMER,** *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.**Appears, Act III. sc. 1.***MRS. QUICKLY,** *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.**Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.***Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers,  
Travellers, and Attendants.**

## SCENE.—ENGLAND.

There is no List of Characters in the old copies.

THE first edition of 'Henry IV., Part I.' appeared in 1598. Five other editions were printed before the folio of 1623. The first edition of 'Henry IV., Part II.,' appeared in 1600. Another edition was issued the same year. No subsequent edition appeared till the folio of 1623. The text of the folio, from which we print, does not materially differ from the original quartos, in the First Part. In the Second Part there are large additions, and those some very important passages, in the folio.

## KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT,  
and others.*

K. HEN. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks  
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,

Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,  
And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go;  
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree,  
In forwarding this dear expedience.

W<sup>m</sup>st. My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered:  
Upon whose dead corpses there was such misuse,  
Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,  
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. HEN. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other like, my gracious lord  
For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. HEN. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news:  
The earl of Douglas is discomfited:  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas; and the earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

WEST. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. HEN. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me  
sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so bless'd a son:  
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',  
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

WEST. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. HEN. But I have sent for him to answer this:  
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor; and so inform the lords;  
 But come yourself with speed to us again;  
 For more is to be said, and to be done,  
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

WEST. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, and FALSTAFF.*

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. HEN. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. HEN. What! none?

FAL. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. HEN. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the knight's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. HEN. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea: being governed as the sea is, by the moon.

As for proof. Now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. HEN. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

FAL. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. HEN. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. HEN. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FAL. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. HEN. Yea; and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have used my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. HEN. No; thou shalt.

FAL. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. HEN. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

FAL. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. HEN. For obtaining of suits?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.)

P. HEN. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

FAL. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. HEN. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

FAL. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. HEN. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

FAL. O, thou hast damnable iteration: and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. HEN. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FAL. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

P. HEN. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

*Enter Poins, at a distance.*

FAL. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.

P. HEN. Good Morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good Morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. HEN. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall

have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

POINS. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. HEN. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

FAL. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS. You will, chops?

FAL. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. HEN. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FAL. There's ncither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. HEN. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a madcap.

FAL. Why, that's well said.

P. HEN. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL. I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. HEN. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

FAL. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. HEN. Farewell the latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer!

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

POINS. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those

men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. HEN. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. HEN. Ay, but 't is like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to im-mask our noted outward garments.

P. HEN. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. HEN. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary and meet me.

To-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS. Farewell, my lord.

[Exit POINS.]

P. HEN. I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;

{ But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,*  
*Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.*

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. HEN. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH]

NORTH.

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As was deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision,  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOT. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he hold  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came therc,  
Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and talk'd;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)  
And telling me, the sovereign't thing cu earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
And, I beseech you, let not this report  
Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so ho unsay it now.

K. HEN. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;  
But with proviso, and exception,—  
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feres,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOR. Revolted Mortimer!  
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:

Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. HEN. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him  
He never did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,  
We license your departure with your son:—  
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*

HOT. And if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them:—I will after straight,  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head.

NORTH. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;  
Here comes your uncle.

## *Re-enter WORCESTER.*

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?  
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTH. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[To WORCESTER.]

WOR. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,  
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTH. He was: I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was, when the unhappy king  
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he, intercepted, did return  
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

WOR. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth  
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

HOT. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

NORTH. He did; myself did hear it.

HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
But shall it be that you, that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
Of murtherous subornation, shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O, pardon, if that I descend so low,  
To show the line and the predicament  
Wherein you range under this subtle king.  
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? — *The dog rose*  
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,  
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
 Therefore, I say,—

WOR. Peace, cousin, say no more;  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
 As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,  
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOT. If he fall in, good night:—*or sink or swim*:—  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple;—the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOT. By heaven, 'methinks, it were an easy leap  
*To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;*  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without corrival, all her dignities;  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend.—  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while,  
 And list to me.

HOT. I cry you mercy.

WOR. Those same noble Scots,

That are your prisoners,—

HOT. I'll keep them all;  
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

WOR. You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOT. Nay, I will; that's flat.—  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!  
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR. Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

WOR. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTH. Why, what a wasp-tongued and impatient fool  
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOT. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with  
rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
In Richard's time,—What d'ye call the place?—  
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept;  
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
When you and he came back from Ravensburg.

NORTH. At Berkley castle.

HOT. You say true:

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !  
 Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”—  
 And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin,”—  
 O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—  
 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

WOR. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;  
 We 'll stay your leisure.

HOT. I have done, in sooth.

WOR. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,  
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
 Will easily be granted.—You, my lord, [To NORTH]  
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well-belov'd,  
 The archbishop.

HOT. Of York, is 't not?

WOR. True; who bears hard  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.  
 I speak not this in estimation  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOT. I smell it.  
 Upon my life it will do wondrous well.

NORTH. Before the game 's a-foot thou still lett'st alip.

HOT. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—  
 And then the power of Scotland and of York,—  
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

WOR. And so they shall.

HOT. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WOR. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,  
 To save our heads by raising of a head:  
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
 The king will always think him in our debt;  
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOT. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

WOR. Cousin, farewell;—No further go in this,  
Than I by letters shall direct your course,  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.  
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTH. Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

HOT. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 CAR. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

OST. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 CAR. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of excessively all cess.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 CAR. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and this is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 CAR. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 CAR. I think, this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 CAR. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 CAR. Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 CAR. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 CAR. I have a gammon of bacon, and two rases of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 CAR. 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

GADS. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 CAR. I think it be two o'clock.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 CAR. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 CAR. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry I'll see thee hanged first.

GADS. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 CAR. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

GADS. What, ho! chamberlain!

CHAM. [Within.] At hand, quoth pickpurse.

GADS. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

CHAM. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper: a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charges too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

GADS. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks I'll give thee this neck.

CHAM. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADS. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sconer than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

CHAM. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

GADS. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

CHAM. Nay, by my faith; I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

GADS. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADS. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.*

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. HEN. Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. HEN. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [Pretends to seek POINS.]

FAL. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsaken his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [They whistle.] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine car close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FAL. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ?  
'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for  
all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean  
ye to colt me thus ?

P. HEN. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

FAL. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good  
king's son.

P. HEN. Out, you rogue ! shall I be your ostler ?

FAL. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters !  
If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads  
made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack  
be my poison : When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I  
hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

GADS. Stand.

FAL. So I do, against my will.

POINS. O, 't is our setter : I know his voice.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

BARD. What news ?

GADS. Case ye, case ye ; on with your visors ; there's  
money of the king's coming down the hill ; 't is going to the  
king's exchequer.

FAL. You lie, you rogue ; 't is going to the king's tavern.

GADS. There's enough to make us all.

FAL. To be hanged.

P. HEN. You four shall front them in the narrow lane ;  
Ned and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your en-  
counter, then they light on us.

PETO. How many be there of them ?

GADS. Some eight, or ten.

FAL. Zounds ! will they not rob us ?

P. HEN. What, a coward, sir John Paunch ?

FAL. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather :  
but yet no coward, Hal.

P. HEN. We'll leave that to the proof.

POINS. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ;  
when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Fare-  
well and stand fast.

FAL. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. HEN. Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*

FAL. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

1 TRAV. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

THIEVES. Stand.

TRAV. Jesu bless us!

FAL. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 TRAV. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

FAL. Hang ye, gorballed knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live: You are grandjurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FALS., &c., driving the Travellers out.*

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

P. HEN. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

POINS. Stand close, I hear them coming.

*Re-enter THIEVES.*

FAL. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. HEN. Your money. [Rushing out upon them.

POINS. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away, too, leaving the booty behind.*

P. HEN. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:  
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.*

—“But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous;”—Why, that's certain; 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide

myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
 For what offence have I, this fortnight, been  
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;  
 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,  
 To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents;  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the current of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOT. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Enter Servant.*

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOT. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

\* \* \* \* \* *Scene with three scenes between Hotspur & Lady Percy,  
 in former Comedy & Post to dialogue in 1st. Act, 2.1.*

SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOT. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

SERV. It is, my lord.

HOT. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: *Esperance!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Servant.

LADY. But hear you, my lord.

HOT. What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY. What is it carries you away?

HOT. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In sooth,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise: But if you go—

HOT. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to this question that I shall ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOT. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

LADY. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

HOT. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a'horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise  
 Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,  
 But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer; for I will believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

LADY. How! so far?

HOT. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:  
 Whither I go thither shall you go too;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
 Will this content you, Kate?

LADY. It must of force. [Exit].

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

P. HEN. Ned, prithee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where hast been, Hal?

P. HEN. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leach of drawers; and can call them all by their christian names, as —Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy: and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy (by the Lord, so they call me), and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an underskinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than —“Eight shillings and sixpence.” and “You are welcome;”

with this shrill addition,—“Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.

POINS. Francis!

P. HEN. Thou art perfect.

POINS. Francis!

[Exit Poins.]

*Enter Francis.*

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. HEN. Come hither, Francis.

FRAN. My lord.

P. HEN. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS. [Within] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

FRAN. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

POINS. [Within] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

POINS. [Within] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. HEN. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

FRAN. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. HEN. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

POINS. [Within] Francis!

FRAN. Auon, anon.

P. HEN. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow,

Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

FRAN. My lord?

P. HEN. Wilt thou rob this leatherne jerkin, crystal button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stockin, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

FRAN. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. HEN. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRAN. What, sir?

POINS. [Within] Francis!

P. HEN. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

VINT. What! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. HEN. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

*Re-enter POINS.*

POINS. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

POINS. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. HEN. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of

the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife.—“Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he; and answers, “Some fourteen”—an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.” I prithee, call in Falstaff: I’ll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. “Rivo” says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.



*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

POINS. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I’ll sew netherstocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.

P. HEN. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

FAL. You rogue, here’s lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. HEN. How now, woolsack? what mutter you? \*

FAL. A king’s son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I’ll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. HEN. Why, you whoreson round man! what’s the matter?

FAL. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

POINS. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FAL. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. HEN. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

FAL. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [He drinks.]

P. HEN. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. HEN. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. HEN. What, a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. HEN. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen.

FAL. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. HEN. What, fought ye with them all?

FAL. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought

not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. HEN. Pray Heaven you have not murthered some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. HEN. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. HEN. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

FAL. In buckram.

POINS. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

\* FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. HEN. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FAL. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. HEN. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. HEN. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points being broken,—

POINS. Down fell their hose.

FAL. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. HEN. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. HEN. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-

\* See Hamlet 1.1.122.

brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

FAL. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. HEN. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FAL. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strap-pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. see first.

P. HEN. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh;

FAL. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-casc, you vile standing tuck;

P. HEN. Well, breathe awhile, and then to 't again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

POINS. Mark, Jack.

P. HEN. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: —and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS. Come, let 's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

FAL. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why thou

knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. HEN. Content; and the argument shall be, thy running away.

FAL. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Hostess.*

HOST. My lord the prince,—

P. HEN. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

HOST. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. HEN. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FAL. What manner of man is he?

HOST. An old man.

FAL. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. HEN. Prithee, do, Jack.

FAL. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*]

P. HEN. Now, sirs; by'r lady you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

BARD. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. HEN. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

BARD. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with

it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. HEN. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and went taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

BARD. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. HEN. I do.

BARD. What think you they portend?

P. HEN. Hot livers and cold purses.

BARD. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. HEN. No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FAL. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cockold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

POINS. O, Glendower.

FAL. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. HEN. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FAL. You have hit it.

P. HEN. So did he never the sparrow.

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. HEN. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

FAL. A'horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. HEN. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Sf. — FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. HEN. Then 't is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FAL. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. HEN. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. HEN. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. HEN. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FAL. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. HEN. Well, here is my leg.

FAL. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

HOST. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

FAL. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

HOST. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FAL. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,  
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOST. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

FAL. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. HEN. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FAL. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. HEN. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FAL. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poult's hare.

P. HEN. Well, here I am set.

FAL. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. HEN. Now, Harry, whence come you?

FAL. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. HEN. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FAL. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. HEN. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FAL. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. HEN. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FAL. My lord, the man I know.

P. HEN. I know thou dost.

FAL. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my

good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. HEN. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*  
*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

BARD. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most, most monstrous watch, is at the door.

FAL. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess, hastily.*

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

FAL. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick; What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. HEN. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FAL. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. HEN. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

FAL. Both of which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and POINS.*

P. HEN. Call in the sheriff.—

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff; what is your will with me?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. HEN. What men?

SHER. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;  
A gross fat man.

CAR. As fat as butter.

P. HEN. The man, I do assure you, is not here;  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.  
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For anything he shall be charg'd withal:  
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHER. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. HEN. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men  
He shall be answerable; and, so, farewell.

SHER. Good night, my noble lord.

P. HEN. I think it is good Morrow; Is it not?

SHER. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. HEN. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go,  
call him forth.

POINS. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snort-  
ing like a horse.

P. HEN. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his  
pockets. [POINS *searches.*] What hast thou found?

POINS. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. HEN. Let's see what be they: read them.

POINS. Item, A capon,	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce,	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny,	ob.

P. HEN. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread  
to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep  
close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep  
till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to  
the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure  
this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will  
be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid

back again with advantage. Be with me bctimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

POINS. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOOWER.*

MORT. These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

HOT. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!  
I have forgot the map.

GLEND. No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you,  
His cheek looks pale, and, with a rising sigh,  
He wisheth you in heaven.

HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glen  
dower spoke of.

GLEND. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cresses; and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

HOT. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if  
your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had  
never been born.

GLEND. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLEND. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOR. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down  
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOR. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh: I'll  
to dinner.

MORT. Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him mad.

GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOR. Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

GLEND. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the  
devil.

( HOR. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,)  
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.—

MORT. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLEND. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too?  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

GLEND. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right  
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

MORT. The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally:  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assigu'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute,)  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—  
Within that space [*to GLEND.*] you may have drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLEND. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords.  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave:  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOT. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land.  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantic out. *- corner - Gloss.*  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEND. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

MORT. Yea,

But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs straight and even.

HOT. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

GLEND. I will not have it alter'd.

HOT. Will not you?

GLEND. No, nor you shall not.

HOT. Who shall say me nay?

GLEND. Why, that will I.

HOT. Let me not understand you then;

Speak it in Welsh.

GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you:  
For I was train'd up in the English court;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I'm glad of 't with all my heart;  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

GLEND. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

HOT. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend:  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLEND. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:  
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[Exit.]

MORT. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOT. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me,  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant, — *the man's*  
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat, — *incoherent*  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys: I cried, hum,—and well,—go to,—  
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:  
I warrant you that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,  
And since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you.—  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
 Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!  
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

MORT. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLEND. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,  
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORT. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt  
 Percy,  
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh,  
 and she answers him in the same.*

GLEND. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd har-  
 lotry,  
 One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

MORT. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
 Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,  
 I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
 In such a parley should I answer thee. [Lady M. speaks.  
 I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
 And that's a feeling disputation:  
 But I will never be a truant, love,  
 Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue  
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLEND. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

MORT. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

GLEND. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,  
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

MORT. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing;  
 By that time will our book, I think, be drawn. *— died*

GLEND. Do so;  
 And those musicians that shall play to you,  
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
 And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

HOT. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come,  
 quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

LADY P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.*

HOT. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;  
 And 't is no marvel, he's so humorous.  
 By'r lady, he's a good musician.

LADY P. Then would you be nothing but musical; for  
 you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief,  
 and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOT. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

LADY P. Wouldst have thy head broken?

HOT. No.

LADY P. Then be still.

HOT. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

LADY P. Now God help thee!

HOT. To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY P. What's that?

HOT. Peace! she sings.

*A Welsh SONG, sung by Lady M.*

HOT. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.

HOT. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:  
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, dainty, fine, delicate.  
see Webster  
As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath: and leave in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

LADY P. I will not sing.

HOT. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours: and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

GLEND. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,  
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,  
And then to horse immediately.

MORT.

With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. HEN. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference: But be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you.— [Exeunt Lords. I know not whether God will have it so, For some displeasing service I have done, That, in his secret doom, out of my blood He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me; But thou dost, in thy passages of life, Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven, To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts, Such barren pleasures, rude society, As thou art match'd withal and grafted to, Accompany the greatness of thy blood,

And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. HEN. So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. HEN. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood:  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man  
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men;  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession:  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:  
That men would tell their children,—This is he;  
Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;  
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits, = Eva Fairie. See 2. 1. 16.  
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: c<sup>r</sup>arded his state; . discarded . . .  
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns:  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative:  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:  
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey, and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,  
As sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:  
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou:  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation; not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. HEN. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

K. HEN. For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg:

And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession:  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me, under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. HEN. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;  
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,

And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which, if He be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. HEN. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.  
BLUNT. So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—  
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. HEN. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;  
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;  
For this advertisement is five days old:—

On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward;  
 On Thursday, we ourselves will march:  
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you  
 Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,  
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
 Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

FAL. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

BARD. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

FAL. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

BARD. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

FAL. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, —but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

BARD. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

FAL. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never

see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face, my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

BARD. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

FAL. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

HOST. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FAL. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

HOST. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

FAL. Go to, I know you well enough.

HOST. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

FAL. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

HOST. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shil-

\* *Alisdair is the story, and the name under  
is a transcription mistake.*

lings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOST. He? alas, he is poor: he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

HOST. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

FAL. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

FAL. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

HOST. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. HEN. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

HOST. Good, my lord, hear me.

FAL. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. HEN. What sayest thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. HEN. What didst thou lose, Jack?

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. HEN. A trifle, some eight-peuny matter.

HOST. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. HEN. What! he did not?

HOST. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FAL. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prunc; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

HOST. Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL. What thing? why, a thing to thank heaven on.

HOST. I am no thing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOST. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

FAL. What beast? why, an otter!

P. HEN. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

FAL. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

HOST. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. HEN. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOST. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. HEN. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

HOST. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, Bardolph?

BARD. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

FAL. Yea: if he said my ring was copper.

P. HEN. I say 't is copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. HEN. And why not as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost

thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break.

P. HEN. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. HEN. It appears so by the story.

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: For the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. HEN. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

P. HEN. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

BARD. Do, my lord.

P. HEN. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. HEN. Bardolph,—

BARD. My lord?

P. HEN. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,  
To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—  
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I  
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.  
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,  
At two o'clock in the afternoon:  
There shalt thou know thy charge: and there receive  
Money, and order for their furniture.  
The land is burning; Percy stands on high:  
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*

FAL. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast;  
come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*

HOT. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,  
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honour:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

HOT. Do so, and 't is well:—

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

MESS. These letters come from your father,—

HOT. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESS. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

HOT. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

MESS. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

WOR. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESS. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much feare'd by his physicians.

WOR. I would the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
His health was never better worth than now.

HOT. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise:  
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.  
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—  
That with our small conjunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;  
Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—  
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good: for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope;

The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

Douc.           'Faith, and so we should;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion:  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

HOT. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

WOR. But yet I would your father had been here.  
The quality and air of our attempt  
Brooks no division: It will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;  
And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
This absence of your father draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

HOT.           You strain too far.  
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—  
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Douc. As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

HOT. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

VER. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

HOT. No harm: What more?

VER. And further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person hath set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

VER. All furnish'd, all in arms:  
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind  
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat  
As if an angel drop'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOT. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse!  
O, that Glendower were come!

VER. There is more news:  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

DOUG. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOT. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VER. To thirty thousand.

HOT. Forty let it be;  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

DOUG. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

FAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

BARD. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This bottle makes an angel.

FAL. An if it do take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

BARD. I will, captain: farewell.

[Exit.]

FAL. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a souised gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeoraen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but

such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen: the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draf<sup>f</sup> and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

P. HEN. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

FAL. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

WEST. 'Faith, sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

FAL. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. HEN. I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath

already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

FAL. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. HEN. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FAL. Tut, tut; good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WEST. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

FAL. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. HEN. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FAL. What, is the king encamped?

WEST. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

FAL. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.*

HOT. We'll fight him to-night.

WOR. It may not be.

DOUG. You give him then advantage.

VER. Not a whit.

HOT. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VER. So do we.

HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WOR. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night

VER. Do not, my lord.

DOUG. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

(And I dare well maintain it with my life,) If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

DOUG. Yea, or to-night.

VER. Content.

HOT. To-night, say I.

VER. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,  
Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOT. So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

WOR. The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

BLUNT. I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOT. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God  
You were of our determination!  
Some of us love you well: and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT. And heaven defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as, out of limit and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty!  
But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty: If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,  
You shall have your desires, with interest;  
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOR. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father, my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears:  
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore:  
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;  
With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for.  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,

When he was personal in the Irish war.

**BLEST.** Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot

Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited:  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

**BLUNT.** Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.  
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

BLUNT. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. An 't may be so we shall.

BLUNT. 'Pray heaven you do! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.*

ARCH. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,  
With winged haste, to the lord marshal;  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed: if you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

GENT. My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

**ABC.** Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)—  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophecies,)—  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

GENT. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's  
Douglas,  
And lord Mortimer.

ARCH. No, Mortimer is not there.

GENT. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,  
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCH. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together;—  
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more corrivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

GENT. Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

ARCH. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:  
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him;  
Therefore make haste: I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. HEN. How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale *is woody - 21.1.10.*  
At his distemperature.

P. HEN. The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. HEN. Then with the losers let it sympathise;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

*Trumpet.* Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light;  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

WOR. Hear me, my liege:  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. HEN. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

FAL. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. HEN. Peace, chewet, peace. *is sweetmeat - 21.1.10.*

WOR. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour from myself, and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you, my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The danger of the time: You swore to us,—  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swarèd our aid. But, in short space,  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head:  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help; what with the absent king;  
What with the injuries of a wanton time;  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;  
And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead,—  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And, being fed by us, you used us so  
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird  
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:  
Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,

And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. HEN. These things, indeed, you have articulated,  
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
Of hurlyburly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. HEN. In both our armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—  
This present enterprise set off his head,—  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:  
Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation;  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. HEN. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thoe,  
Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love  
That are misled upon your cousin's part:  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do:—But if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
We will not now be troubled with reply:  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON]

P. HEN. It will not be accepted, on my life:  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. HEN. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;  
For on their answer will we set on them:  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

FAL. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride  
me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. HEN. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friend-  
ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FAL. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. HEN. Why, thou owest Heaven a death. [Exit.]

FAL. 'T is not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before  
his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not  
on me? Well, 't is no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea,  
but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then?  
Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take  
away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in  
surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is  
that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it?  
He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth  
he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead.  
But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction  
will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: Honour is a  
mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.]

### SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter* WORCESTER and VERNON.

WOR. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,  
The liberal kind offer of the king.

VER. 'T were best he did.

WOR. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 The king would keep his word in loving us:  
 He will suspect us still, and find a time  
 To punish this offence in other faults:  
 Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:  
 For treason is but trusted like the fox;  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd still the nearer death.  
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,  
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;  
 And an adopted name of privilege,—  
 A bare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:  
 All his offences live upon my head,  
 And on his father's;—we did train him on;—  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
 In any case, the offer of the king.

VER. Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.  
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter Hotspur and Douglas; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

HOT. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up  
 My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

WOR. The king will bid you battle presently.

DOUG. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

HOT. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

DOUG. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

WOR. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT. Did you beg any? God forbid!

WOR. I told him gently of our grievances,  
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—  
 By now forswearing that he is forsown:  
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

[Exit.]

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,  
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deserving like a chronicle;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself;  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured  
Upon his follies; never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild at liberty:  
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
Arm, arm, with speed: And, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do,  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord, here are letters for you.

HOR. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,  
When the intent for bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

MESS. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

HOR. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking; only this,—  
Let each man do his best: and here I draw a sword,  
Whose worthy temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now,—Esperancé!—Percy!—and set on.—  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace:  
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

*Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.*

*Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in battle thus thou crossest  
me?

What honour dost thou seek upon my head?

DOUG. Know, then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT. They tell thee true.

DOUG. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

BLUNT. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death. [They fight, and BLUNT is slain.

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

HOT. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumph'd over a Scot.

DOUG. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOT. Where?

DOUG. Here.

HOT. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

DOUG. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOT. The king hath many marching in his coats.

DOUG. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;  
I'll murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

HOT. Up and away;  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

*Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

FAL. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

P. HEN. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:  
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. HEN. He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. HEN. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

FAL. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city. [The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.

P. HEN. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.

FAL. If Percy be alive I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

K. HEN. I prithee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;—  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. JOHN. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. HEN. I beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. HEN. I will do so:—  
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

WEST. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. HEN. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:  
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. JOHN. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmore-  
land,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*

P. HEN. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. HEN. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. HEN. O, this boy lends mettle to us all.

[*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

DOUG. Another king! they grow like Hydras' heads:  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. HEN. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,  
So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

DOUG. I fear thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
And mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the KING being in danger*  
*enter PRINCE HENRY.*

P. HEN. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee:  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies*  
Cheerily, my lord; How fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. HEN. Stay, and breathe awhile:  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;  
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. HEN. O heaven! they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. HEN. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit KING HENRY.*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

HOT. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. HEN. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOT. My name is Harry Percy.

P. HEN. Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of that name.  
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

HOT. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. HEN. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOT. I can no longer brook thy vanities.      [*They fight.*

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

FAL. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no  
boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

HOT. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—  
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for—

[Dies.]

P. HEN. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—  
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spar'd a better man.  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity.  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—  
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.]

FAL [Rising slowly.] Embowelled! if thou bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby

*meant to  
be strong & the King  
7.3.*

liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. (The better part of valour is discretion: in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [stabbing him] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [Takes HOTSPUR on his back.]

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*

P. HEN. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

P. JOHN. But, soft! who have we hero? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. HEN. I did; I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?

Or is it phantasy that plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes Without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FAL. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [throwing the body down] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. HEN. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

FAL. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. JOHN. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. HEN. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded*

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*

FAL. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*

#### SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

*The trumpets sound.* Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. HEN. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love, to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. HEN. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:  
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*

How goes the field?

P. HEN. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so 'ruis'd

That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

K. HEN. With all my heart.

P. HEN. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:  
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

[P. JOHN. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.]

K. HEN. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[Exeunt.

## VARIOUS READINGS.

"No more the thirsty *Erinny*s of this soil." (ACT I., SC. I.)

This, suggested by Mason, is the received reading of the variorum editions, except that of 1821. *Erinny*s is the goddess of discord. The original has,—

"No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil."

Douce proposed to read *entrails*. A correspondent of the present editor suggests, *crammies*; and there is authority for this in a line of the old 'King John,' with reference to 'blood,'—

"Closing the *crammies* of the thirsty earth."

"Shall we buy treason and indent with *foes*?" (ACT I., SC. 3.)

The original has "indent with *fears*." We have, in our previous editions, substituted *fores*, in the sense given in the 'Glossary.' The reading of the MS. Corrector is that given above.

We should be inclined to prefer *crammies*, did not *entrance* give a perfectly clear meaning, if we receive it in the sense of "mouth," as in the passage in Genesis, where the first murderer is "cursed from the earth." The porous earth daubs her *lips* with her children's blood.

"Why, what a *wasp-stung* and impatient fool." (ACT I., SC. 3.)

This is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has "*wasp-tongue*," which is usually printed *wasp-tongued*.

"In faith, *my wilful lord*, you are *to blame*." (ACT III., SC. 1.)

This is the reading of the MS. Corrector, in the place of the original,—

"In faith, my lord, you are *too wilful-blame*."

Mr. Collier considers that the epithet *wilful* got misplaced, and, necessarily that *too* should be *to*.

It seems necessary to make some change in the original text; and our reader may choose between the two before him. The use of the law-term, "indent," which signifies a contract between two equal parties, gives countenance to our belief that the king refused to make a contract with vassals, who had, by their treasons, forfeited their fiefs.

"The compound epithets which are frequent in Shakspere, were not understood by the Corrector. In the same way he has turned "senseless-obstinate," which Mr. Collier calls a strange and unmanly compound, into "strict and abstinent."

## GLOSSARY

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**ALL-HALLOWN SUMMER.** Act I., Sc. 2.

“Farewell, All-hallown summer!”

All-hallows, or All-saints, day, is the first of November; a November summer.

**ANCIENT.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

“More dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient.”

An *ancient* was a standard; *old-faced* is old, patched up. *Ancients* were the standard-bearers, in the same way as we now use *ensign* for the flag and the bearer.

**ARRAS.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“Go, hide thee behind the arras.”

The arras or tapestry was originally hung on hooks against the wall; subsequently it was hung on frames placed at some distance from the wall. The space between could therefore accommodate even Falstaff, though a difficulty has been made of it.

**ARTICULATED.** Act V., Sc. 1.

“These things, indeed, you have articulated.”

Set out—exhibited—in articles.

**BALK'D.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“Balk'd in their own blood.”

To *balk* is to raise into ridges. Thus in Minshey: “to balk, or make a balk, in earing of land.”

**BASILISKS.** Act II., Sc. 3.

“Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.”

Harrison, in his ‘Description of England,’ gives us “the names of our greatest ordnance.” The basilisk, the largest of all, weighed 9000 lbs., and carried a ball of 60 lbs.; the cannon weighed 7000 lbs., and also carried a ball of 60 lbs., if this weight is not a misprint, as seems likely; the culverin weighed 4000 lbs., and carried a ball of 18 lbs.

**BAVIN.** Act III., Sc. 2.

“With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits.”

*Bavins* are bundles of brushwood used to kindle fires. The word is not yet wholly out of use in some localities.

**BEAVER.** Act IV., Sc. 1. See 'Henry IV., Part II.'

**BOOK.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"By that time will our book, I think, be drawn."

*Book* here means charter or deed. In our old history we find the word *boc-land* or *boke-land*.

**BRIER.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

"Bear this sealed brief."

A *brief* is a letter; the king's letter to the sheriff was formerly called a *breve*.

**BUSKY.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"Above yon busky hill!"

*Busky* is *bosky*, woody; from the French *boquet*.

**CADDIS.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"Caddis garter," &c.

*Caddis* was a kind of worsted tape or ferret, often worn as garters by the common people in the time of Elizabeth. The prince, in describing the dress of the drawer's master, makes it as different as possible to that of the courtiers of the time.

**CANKER.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?"

The canker is the dog-rose. See 'Much Ado About Nothing.'

**CANSTICK.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd."

*Canstick* is a not unusual word of our old poets for *candlestick*.

**CANTLE.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"A monstrous cantle out."

According to some etymologists, *cantle* is a corner, from the Dutch *kant*; Phillips, in his 'World of Words,' says it is a portion of anything, and in this sense Chaucer uses it:—

"Of no partie ne cantel of a thing;"

And Shakspere again in 'Antony and Cleopatra':—

"The greater cantle of the world is lost."

**CAPITULATE.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"Capitulate against us."

To *capitulate* is to arrange the heads of an argument or agreement.

**CARBONADO.** Act V., Sc. 3.

"Let him make a carbonado of me."

*Carbonado*, according to Cotgrave and Phillips, is meat broiled on the coals.

**CARDED.** Act III., Sc. 2.

“Carded his state.”

*Carded* may be used for *discarded*; or it may be borrowed from the practice of the wool-carders, metaphorically expressing that Richard had fretted away his state, as the wool is attenuated by continual carding.

**CESS.** Act II., Sc. 1.

“Out of all cess.”

**Ex-cess-ively.** Cotgrave supposes the French *sans cesse* to be the same as *out of all cess*.

**CHEWET.** Act V., Sc. 1.

“Peace, chewet, peace.”

*Chewet* is perhaps used as the name of a chattering bird. It was certainly the name of a dish or pie of minced meat.

**CHUFF.** Act II., Sc. 2.

“No, ye fat chuffa.”

The word *chuff* seems to mean a swollen pampered glutton.

**COLT.** Act II., Sc. 2.

“Mean ye to colt me thus?”

To *colt* is to *trick*—to practise upon inexperience.

**CONDITION.** Act I., Sc. 8.

“Than my condition.”

*Condition* is the temper of mind, disposition.

**CRANKING.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“See how this river comes me cranking in.”

*Cranking* is winding, or bending.

**CRESSETS.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“Of burning cressets.”

The cresset was an iron frame, either square or circular, with ribs or bars, set upon beacons or watch-towers; or, when smaller, carried upon a pole; in it some blazing combustibles were burnt, and it was used for signals, or borne by the watch. We have seen one on the old tower of Hadley Church, near Barnet, which is said to have been used in the rebellion of 1745, and might have blazed in the civil wars of York and Lancaster.

**CUNNING.** Act II., Sc.

“Wherein cunning, but in craft?”

*Cunning* is here used in the sense of *skilful*.

**DAY MORNING.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“Ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.”

This idiom has still its local use. The reading is found in the first two quartos.

**DURANCE.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance."

The buff-jerkin, the coat of ox-skin (*bœuf*), was worn by sheriffs' officers. In the 'Comedy of Errors' it is called "an everlasting garment," a robe of great endurance; but it was also a "robe of durance" in another sense, not a pleasant association to one who, like Falstaff, was always in debt and in danger.

**EMBOSS'D.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"Impudent, embossed rascal."

*Embossed* is swollen, puffed-up. So in 'Lear,' "embossed carbuncle."

**ENGAG'D.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it."

*Engaged* is pledged, held as a surety.

**ENTRANCE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil."

*Entrance* is used for *mouth*, and if mouth had been used, the passage would have resembled that in Genesis (chap. ii. v. 11), which Shakspeare probably had in his mind, "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." Mason proposed to read *Erinnys*, which is impossible, though adopted by Malone and Steevens: Steevens's first conjecture was *entrants*, and Douce suggested *entrails*, both more likely; but what occasion is there for any change?

**ESPERANCE.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"Now,—Esperancé!—Percy!—and set on."

*Esperancé*, the motto of the Percys, is pronounced here, and in Act II., Sc. 3, as a word of four syllables, in conformity with the rule as to the final *e* in French poetry.

**ESTIMATION.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"I speak not this in estimation."

*Estimation* is here used for *conjecture*.

**FAVOURS.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"And stain my favours."

*Favours* are *features*. See 'Richard II.'

**FAVOURS.** Act V., Sc. 4.

"But let my favours hide thy mangled face."

*Favours* is here used for the scarf which the Prince takes off to cover the body of his opponent; *scarfs* were often the gifts of ladies, or were of the colours chosen by the favourite lady of the wearer, and thence called *favours*.

**FERES.** Act I., Sc. 3.

“Indent with feres.”

*Feres* is commonly used by our old writers for *companions*, but we think it has here a wider meaning: we believe it has reference to the persons of whom the king speaks, as holders of a *fee—feudatories*—subjects. In Scotland the term *feuar* is still in use, and the celebrated John Napier, in 1645, signs himself “Fear of Marchistown,” that is, invested with the fee of his paternal barony.

**FERN-SEED.** Act II., Sc. 1.

“We have the receipt of fern-seed.”

The fern was believed by the ancients to bear no seed, and it is so stated by Pliny. Our ancestors believed that it bore seed, but as it is so small as to escape sight, it was superstitiously held that it was only visible on St. John's eve, at the moment of the saint's birth, and that its possession conferred invisibility.

**FRONTIERS.** Act II., Sc. 3.

“Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets.”

A *frontier* is what stands in front. The frontier of a territory is that which is in front of—opposite to—another territory; thus a fort may be a frontier, as in this passage.

**GIB CAT.** Act I., Sc. 2.

“I am as melancholy as a gib cat.”

Gib and Tib were old English names for a male cat. Chaucer, in the ‘Romaunt of the Rose,’ translates Thibert, the cat, into Gibbe. The name appears to have been applied to an old male cat, whose gravity approaches the character of melancholy.

**GRIEFS.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

“The nature of your griefs.”

*Griefs* are *grievances*: a common form of the word with our old writers. It occurs again, in the same sense, a few lines farther on.

**GULL.** Act V., Sc. 1.

“As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird.”

The word *gull* is usually applied to the person *gulled*, beguiled; here it must either mean the *guller*, or it must have a special application to the voracity of the cuckoo, as the sea-gull is supposed to be so called from *gulo—gulosus*. Tooke holds that *gull*, *guile*, *wile*, and *guilt*, are all from the Anglo-Saxon *wiglian*, *gewiglian*, that by which any one is deceived.

**HEST.** Act II., Sc. 3.

“On some great sudden hest.”

*Hest* is command—behest.

**HOPES.** Act I., Sc. 2.

“By so much shall I falsify men’s hopes.”

*Hopes* are expectations. Thus the Tanner of Tamworth says to Edward IV., “I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow.”

**IMAGES.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

“Glittering in golden coats, like images.”

This is an allusion to the “rich vestments” of “the holy saints” in Romish churches, noticed by Spenser.

**INDUCTION.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“And our induction full of prosperous hope.”

*Induction* is a leading-in, a beginning, and nearly synonymous with introduction.

**ITERATION.** Act I., Sc. 2.

“O, thou hast damnable iteration.”

*Iteration* is *repetition*, *reiteration*, not mere citation as some have thought. Falstaff does not complain only of Hal’s quoting Scripture, but that he has been *retorting* and *distorting* the meaning of his words throughout the dialogue.

**KETCH.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“Greasy tallow-ketch.”

A *ketch* is a tub, a cask. Ketch and cask are both derived from the French *caisse*.

**LAY BY.** Act I., Sc. 2.

“Got with swearing—lay by.”

To *lay by* is to *stop*; in navigation it is to shorten sail.

**LIKING.** Act III., Sc. 3.

“While I am in some liking.”

Having a good appearance, being in some substance.

**LIMITS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“And many limits of the charge set down.”

To *limit* is to *define*; the limits of the charge are the calculations, the estimates.

**LIVERY.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

“To sue his livery.”

See ‘Richard II.’

**MALT-WORMS.** Act II., Sc. 1.

“Purple-hued malt-worms.”

*Malt-worms* are drunkards.

**MAMMETS.** Act II., Sc. 3.

“To play with mammets.”

*Mammets* are puppets.

**MANNER.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"And were taken with the manner."

See 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

**MICHER.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher?"

Phillips in his 'World of Words,' says "to *miche* (an old word) is to absent or hide one's self out of the way, as truants do from school." In Akerman's 'Glossary of Wiltshire Words,' we find "*Moocher*, a truant; a *blackberry-moocher*, a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries."

**MOIETY.** Act III., Sc. 1.

*Moiety* is here used in the sense of portion or share, as, we are informed, it is still used in Derbyshire. Shakspere has used it in the same manner in 'Lear,' when, after having divided his kingdom into three parts, Gloster talks of either duke's moiety; and again, in 'The Rape of Lucrece,' he uses it as a small part of the whole.

**NONCE.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Cases of buckram for the nonce."

Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. iii. p. 218) satisfactorily explains this phrase: "*For the nonce* is simply *for the once*—for the one thing in question, whatever it be . . . The progress of this phrase is distinctly marked in our early writers—'a ones,'—'an anes,'—'for the ones,'—'for the nanes,'—'for the nones'—'for the nonce.'"

**NOTT-PATED.** Act II., Sc. 4.

*Nott* is from the Anglo-Saxon *hnöt*, and signifies shorn or cropped close; it is here used contemptuously, as round-head, in the same sense, was subsequently.

**OFFERING.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"We of the offering side."

The *offering side* is the side of the assailants.

**OLD LAD OF THE CASTLE.** Act I., Sc. 2. This was a somewhat common phrase in Shakspere's time. Farmer says it meant *lad of Castile*—a Castilian. The passage has also given rise to the notion that Sir John Oldcastle was pointed at in the character of Falstaff.

**ONEYERS.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Burgomasters and great oneyers."

The commentators have given numerous explanations of this word, and of much other of Gadshill's slang, but little that is satisfactory. Johnson thinks with great probability that it is merely a cant phrase for *great ones—great-one-yers*.

**OPINION.** Act V., Sc. 4.

"Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion."

*Opinion* is reputation; the opinion that others had of him.

**PEPPER-GINGERBREAD.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"And such protest of pepper-gingerbread."

*Pepper-gingerbread* is spice-gingerbread.

**PHŒBUS.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair."

The "wandering knight so fair," was the *knight of the sun*, in an old tale of chivalry, whose adventures were translated into English in 1585, and who is mentioned by Cervantes in his 'Don Quixote.'

**PUKE-STOCKING.** Act II., Sc. 4.

*Puke* or *puce*, is the sober brown colour, known by the latter name now.

**PURCHASE.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Thou shalt have a share in our purchase."

*Purchase* is here used in the same sense with *convey* (see 'Richard II.'), as a gentle name for theft.

**QUALITY.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Because you are not of our quality."

Not of the same *kind* with us.

**RAZES.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Razes of ginger."

*Razes* are *roots* of ginger. In the old play of 'The Famous Victories,' we have a "great *race* of ginger." The word is probably from the French *racine*, a root. In Spanish we have "*rays de gengibre*."

**REPROOF.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"As, in reproof of many tales devis'd."

*Reproof*, in the sense of *disproof*.

**RETIRES.** Act II., Sc. 3.

"Of sallies and retires."

*Retires* is here used for *retreats*.

**ROYAL.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings."

The *royal*, a coin, was of the value of ten shillings, and hence the quibble.

**RUSHES.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"On the wanton rushes lay you down."

Rushes were used to strew the floors before carpets were in-

roduced. In Bulleyn's 'Bulwarke,' 1579, he says, rushes were good for "defending apparel, as trains of gowns and kirtles, from dust."

**SIRRAH.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"And, sirrah, I have cases of buckram."

*Sirrah*, in this and other passages, is used familiarly, but not contemptuously. The word is supposed to have meant originally, *Sir, ha!* and this etymology appears to agree with Shakspere's general application of the term.

**SIXPENNY-STRIKERS.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"No long-staff, sixpenny-strikers."

Sixpenny-strikers are petty-footpads, who would rob for a six-pence.

**SKINKER.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"Clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker."

A *skinker* is one who serves drink, and *skink* is sometimes used for drink itself. Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale,' has—

"Bacchus the wine him skinketh all about;"

and Ben Jonson calls the landlord of the Devil Tavern, "Old Sim, the king of skinkers." Under-skinker is, of course, an under-waiter.

**SNUFF.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"Took it in snuff."

Long before the introduction of tobacco, aromatic powders were used as snuff. The phrase "took it in snuff" means to take offence.

**SQUIRE.** Act II., Sc. 2.

"If I travel but four foot by the squire."

*Squire* is square—by the rule or measure.

**ST. NICHOLAS.** Act II., Sc. 1. See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.'

**STRAPPADO.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"Were I at the strappado."

This punishment, or rather torture, is described by Mr. Douce as inflicted by drawing up the victim by ropes and pulleys, and dropping him suddenly down, so as to dislocate the shoulders.

**STRONDS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote."

*Stronds* are *strands*, shores.

**TAKE ME WITH YOU.** Act II., Sc. 4.

An idiom for let me understand you.

**TASK'D.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

“Task'd the whole state.”

A *tax* was anciently called a *task*. Taxes were paid by tenure in the form of service.

**TONGUE.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“And gave the tongue a helpful ornament.”

Dr. Johnson says that *tongue* here means the English language.

**Toss.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

“Good enough to toss.”

Upon a pike is to be understood after *toss*.

**TRISTFUL.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“Convey my tristful queen.”

Tristful is melancholy, mournful.

**TRUE MEN.** Act II., Sc. 2.

“The thieves have bound the true men.”

True men is here used for honest men.

**TURK GREGORY.** Act V., Sc. 3.

“Turk Gregory never did such deeds.”

Turk Gregory is meant for Pope Gregory VII.

**TWELVE-SCORE.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“A march of twelve-score.”

Yards are to be understood. The expression was common in this sense.

**VELVET-GUARDS.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“To velvet-guards, and Sunday citizens.”

Guards—edges, ornaments—of velvet, seem to have been much affected by the London ladies. Fynes Morison says, at the public meetings the citizens' wives wear “a close gown of scarlet with guards of black velvet.”

**WATERING.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“When you breathe in your watering.”

This is to take breath while drinking. Water is a common term for drink generally—some mechanics have yet their *watering*-time in the afternoon.

**WELCH HOOK.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“Upon the cross of a Welch hook.”

This weapon was something like the ancient partizans; a pike with a hook at some distance below the point.

**WILD.** Act II., Sc. 1.

“Wild of Kent.”

This is doubtless the Weald of Kent.



# **KING HENRY THE FOURTH.**

**PART II.**



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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### KING HENRY IV.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4.

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V., son to King Henry IV

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

THOMAS, Duke of Clarence, son to King Henry IV.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford, son to King Henry IV.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

PRINCE HUMPHREY of GLOSTER, afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster, son to King Henry IV.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

EARL of WARWICK, of the King's party.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

EARL of WESTMORELAND, of the King's party.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

GOWER, of the King's party.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

HARCOURT, of the King's party.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND, enemy to the King.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3.

SUROOP, Archbishop of York, LORD MOWBRAY, and LORD HASTINGS,  
enemies to the King.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LORD BARDOLPH, enemy to the King.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.

SIR JOHN COLEVILE, enemy to the King.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3.

TRAVERE and MORTON, domestics of Northumberland.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 1.

## FALSTAFF.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

## BARDOLPH.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

## PISTOL.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.  
Page.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

POINS, *an attendant on Prince Henry.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.

PETO, *an attendant on Prince Henry.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.

SHALLOW, *a country justice.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3 sc. 5  
SILENCE, *a country justice.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2; Act V. sc. 3

DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF *recruits.*

*Appear*, Act III. sc. 2.

FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers.*

*Appear*, Act II. sc. 1.

Rumour.

*Appears*, Induction.

A Porter.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

A Dancer, *speaker of the epilogue.*

*Appears*, Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND and LADY PERCY.

*Appear*, Act II. sc. 3.

HOSTESS QUICKLY.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

[\*] The first edition of Henry IV. Part II. appeared in 1600.]

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

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### INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.*

RUM. Open your ears: for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,  
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other griefs,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomise  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
I run before king Harry's victory;  
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion

Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
 Between the royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Then they have learn'd of me: From Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

[*Exit.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.*

L. BARD. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the  
 earl?

PORT. What shall I say you are?

L. BARD. Tell thou the earl,  
 That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

PORT. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.  
 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
 And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

L. BARD. Here comes the earl.

NORTH. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now  
 Should be the father of some stratagem:  
 The times are wild; contention, like a horse,

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

L. BARD. Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

NORTH. Good, an heaven will!

L. BARD. As good as heart can wish:  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

NORTH. How is this deriv'd?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. BARD. I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence;  
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

NORTH. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. BARD. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

NORTH. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

TRAV. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,  
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,

And, bending forward, struck his arm'd heels  
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
 Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,  
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
 Staying no longer question.

NORTH.                    Ha!—Again.  
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
 Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion  
 Had met ill luck?

L. BARD.                My lord, I'll tell you what;—  
 If my young lord your son have not the day,  
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

NORTH. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers  
 Give then such instances of loss?

L. BARD.                Who, he?  
 He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen = cowardly - gloss.  
 The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
 Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

NORTH. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,  
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
 So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood  
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.  
 Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MOR. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
 To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my son, and brother?  
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
 And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:  
 But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
 And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
 This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus:  
 Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:

Stopping my greedy ears with their bold deeds:  
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

MOR. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:  
But, for my lord, your son,—

NORTH. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;  
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies;  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MORT. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

↗ I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:  
The tongue offends not that reports his death:  
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;  
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. BARD. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MOR. I am sorry I should force you to believe  
That which I would to heaven I had not seen:  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,  
To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down  
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops:  
For from his metal was his party steel'd:

Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
That arrows fled not swifter towards their aim,  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,  
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out  
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,  
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

NORTH. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice crutch:  
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron: And approach  
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a lingering act;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. BARD. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MOR. The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,  
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,  
That in the dole of blows your son might drop:  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er:  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:  
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?

L. BARD. We all, that are engaged to this loss,  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one:  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
And, since we are o'erset, venture again  
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

MOR. 'T is more than time: And, my most noble lord,  
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—  
The gentle archbishop of York is up,  
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corps,  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight:  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls.

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions; that their weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop  
 Turns insurrection to religion:  
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:  
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;  
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
 And more and less do flock to follow him.

NORTH. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
 Go in with me; and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety and revenge:  
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed;  
 Never so few, nor never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PAGE. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

FAL. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold

nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

PAGE. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

FAL. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—a whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph?

PAGE. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a norse.

FAL. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and an Attendant.*

PAGE. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FAL. Wait close, I will not see him.

CH. JUST. What's he that goes there?

ATTEN. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

CH. JUST. He that was in question for the robbery?

ATTEN. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

CH. JUST. What, to York? Call him back again.

ATTEN. Sir John Falstaff!

FAL. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

PAGE. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

CH. JUST. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

ATTEN. Sir John,—

FAL. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

ATTEN. You mistake me, sir.

FAL. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

ATTEN. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FAL. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt counter; hence! avaunt!

ATTEN. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CH. JUST. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FAL. My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

CH. JUST. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FAL. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

CH. JUST. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

FAL. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

CH. JUST. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

FAL. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.

CH. JUST. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FAL. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

CH. JUST. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FAL. Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

CH. JUST. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

FAL. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

CH. JUST. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

CH. JUST. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

FAL. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

CH. JUST. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CH. JUST. You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

CH. JUST. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

FAL. My lord?

CH. JUST. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

FAL. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

CH. JUST. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FAL. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

CH. JUST. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

FAL. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

CH. JUST. You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel.

FAL. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger's times, that true valour is turned bearherd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapcs them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

CH. JUST. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

FAL My lord, I was born, about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

CH. JUST. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

FAL Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

CH. JUST. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

FAL Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily,—if it be a hot day, if I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

CH. JUST. Well, be honest, be honest; And heaven bless your expedition!

FAL Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

CH. JUST. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [Exeunt CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.

FAL If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man

can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

PAGE. Sir?

FAL. What money is in my purse?

PAGE. Seven groats and two-pence.

FAL. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the LORD HASTINGS,  
MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.*

ARCH. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

MOWB. I well allow the occasion of our arms;  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How, in our means, we shall advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

HAST. Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;  
And our supplies live largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. BARD. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

HAST. With him we may.

L. BARD. Ay, marry, there's the point;  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand:  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

ARCH. 'T is very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. BARD. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

HAST. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,  
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. BARD. Yes;—if this present quality of war  
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot)  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model:  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then, but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,  
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up,) should we survey  
The plot of situation, and the model;  
Consent upon a sure foundation;  
Question surveyors; know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite; or else,  
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
 Using the names of men instead of men:  
 Like one that draws the model of a house  
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HAST. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)  
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
 The utmost man of expectation;  
 I think we are a body strong enough,  
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. BARD. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

HAST. To us no more; nay, not so much, iord Bardolph.  
 For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
 Are in three heads; one power against the French,  
 And one against Glendower; perforce, a third  
 Must take up us: So is the unsirm king  
 In three divided; and his coffers sound  
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCH. That he should draw his several strengths together,  
 And come against us in full puissance,  
 Need not be dreaded.

HAST. If he should do so,  
 He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
 Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. BARD. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

HAST. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:  
 Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:  
 But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
 I have no certain notice.

ARCH. Let us on;  
 And publish the occasion of our arms.  
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,  
 Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:  
 An habitation giddy and unsure  
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
 O thou fond many! with what loud applause  
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,

Before he was what thou wouldest havo him be!  
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorgo  
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
 And now thou wouldest eat thy dead vomit up,  
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?  
 They that when Richard liv'd would have him die,  
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave:  
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
 When through proud London he came sighing on  
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
 Criest now, "O earth, yield us that king again,  
 And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accurs'd!  
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

MOWB. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

HAST. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.*

HOST. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

FANG. It is entered.

HOST. Where's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?

FANG. Sirrah, where's Snare?

HOST. Ay, ay; good! Master Snare!

SNARE. Here, here.

FANG. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

HOST. Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

SNARE. It may chance cost some of us our lives; he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

FANG. If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

HOST. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

FANG. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice;—

HOST. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Piecorner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.*

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

FAL. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

FANG. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

FAL. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

HOST. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murther, murther! O thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed: a man queller, and a woman queller.

FAL. Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG. A rescue! a rescue!

HOST. Good people, bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou  
wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

FAL. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian!  
I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.*

CH. JUST. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

HOST. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand  
to me!

CH. JUST. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling  
here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st upon him?

HOST. O, my worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am  
a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

CH. JUST. For what sum?

HOST. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all  
I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath  
put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will  
have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the  
mare.

FAL. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any  
vantage of ground to get up.

CH. JUST. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of  
good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?  
Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough  
a course to come by her own?

FAL. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

HOST. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and  
the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt  
goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table,  
by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the  
prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man  
of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing  
thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife.  
Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's  
wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in  
to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish

of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

FAL. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

CH. JUST. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman.

HOST. Yes, in troth, my lord.

CH. JUST. Prithee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FAL. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

CH. JUST. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

FAL. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*

*Enter GOWER.*

CH. JUST. Now, master Gower: What news?

GOW. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales  
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

FAL. As I am a gentleman;—

HOST. Nay, you said so before.

FAL. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

HOST. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

FAL. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

HOST. Prithee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

FAL. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

HOST. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you 'll come to supper: You 'll pay me all together?

FAL. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [to BARDOLPH] hook on, hook on.

HOST. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

FAL. No more words, let's have her.

[*Exeunt* HOSTESS, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.

CH. JUST. I have heard better news.

FAL. What's the news, my good lord?

CH. JUST. Where lay the king last night?

GOW. At Basingstoke, my lord.

FAL. I hope, my lord, all's well: What is the news, my lord?

CH. JUST. Come all his forces back?

GOW. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse  
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

FAL. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

CH. JUST. You shall have letters of me presently:  
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

FAL. My lord!

CH. JUST. What's the matter?

FAL. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?  
Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good sir John.

CH. JUST. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FAL. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

CH. JUST. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

FAL. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

CH. JUST. Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

P. HEN. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

POINS. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. HEN. 'Faith it doth me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

POINS. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. HEN. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for ~~use~~?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there: as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.

POINS. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard

you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

P. HEN. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. HEN. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you 'll tell.

P. HEN. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

POINS. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. HEN. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

POINS. The reason?

P. HEN. What wouldest thou think of me if I should weep?

POINS. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. HEN. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

POINS. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. HEN. And to thee.

POINS. Nay, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. HEN. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

BARD. Save your grace!

P. HEN. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

BARD. Come, you pernicious ass, [to the Page] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

PAGE. He called me, even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. HEN. Hath not the boy profited?

BARD. Away, you whoreson, upright rabbit, away!

PAGE. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. HEN. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

PAGE. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. HEN. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

POINS. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

BARD. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. HEN. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARD. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

POINS. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

BARD. In bodily health, sir?

POINS. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. HEN. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

POINS. [Reads.] “John Falstaff, knight,”—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, “There is some of the king's

blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. HEN. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

POINS. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, prince of Wales, greeting,"—Why, this is a certificate.

P. HEN. Peace!

POINS. "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:"—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. HEN. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

POINS. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. HEN. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

BARD. Yes, my lord.

P. HEN. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

BARD. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. HEN. What company?

PAGE. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. HEN. Sup any women with him?

PAGE. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. HEN. What pagan may that be?

PAGE. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. HEN. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town-bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

POINS. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. HEN. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet in town: There's for your silence.

BARD. I have no tongue, sir.

PAGE. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. HEN. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARD. and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

P. HEN. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albau's and London.

P. HEN. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

P. HEN. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for, in everything, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.*

NORTH. I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs:  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

LADY N. I have given over, I will speak no more;  
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTH. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;  
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

LADY P. O, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars!  
The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.

"... and a blood-bath," Capra.

For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it!  
For his, it stuck upon him, as the sun  
In the gray vault of heaven: and, by his light,  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait:  
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!  
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,  
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)  
To look upon the hideous god of war  
In disadvantage; to abide a field,  
Wherè nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:  
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong  
To hold your honour more precise and nice  
With others, than with him; let them alone;  
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:  
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

**NORTH.**                      **Beshrue your heart,**  
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
But I must go, and meet with danger there;  
Or it will seek me in another place,  
And find me worse provided.

LADY N. O, fly to Scotland,  
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

LADY P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger: but, for all our loves,  
 First let them try themselves: So did your son;  
 He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;  
 And never shall have length of life enough,  
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
 For recordation to my noble husband.

NORTH. Come, come, go in with me: 't is with my mind,  
 As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.  
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
 But many thousand reasons hold me back:  
 I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,  
 Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

1 DRAW. What hast thou brought there? apple-Johns! thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 DRAW. Thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1 DRAW. Why, then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. Despatch: The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 DRAW. Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 DRAW. By the mass, here will be old utis: It will be an <sup>extreme</sup> excellent stratagem.

2 DRAW. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

HOST. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

DOLL. Better than I was. Hem.

HOST. Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

'When Arthur first in court—'

Empty the jordan.—

'And was a worthy king:'

[*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

HOST. Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

FAL. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

DOLL. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FAT. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

DOLL. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FAL. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

DOLL. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

FAL.

'Your brooches, pearls, and owches:'

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

[DOLL. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!]

HOST. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two

never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: [to DOLL] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better-stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

DRAW. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOLL. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

HOST. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door,—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

FAL. Dost thou hear, hostess?

HOST. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

FAL. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

HOST. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name;”—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

FAL. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you

may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

HOST. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

DOLL. So you do, hostess.

HOST. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an't were an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

PIST. Save you, sir John!

FAL. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

PIST. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

FAL. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

HOST. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PIST. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

DOLL. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PIST. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

DOLL. Away, you cutpurse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

PIST. I will murther your ruff for this.

[FAL. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

HOST. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

DOLL. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou

not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

BARD. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

FAL. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

PIST. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

PAGE. Pray thee, go down.

PIST. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

HOST. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

PIST. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks?

Nay, rather damn them, with king Cerberus; And let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys!

HOST. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BARD. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

PIST. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

HOST. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

PIST. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give me some sack.

“Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.”—

Fear wo broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

FAL. Pistol, I would be quiet.

PIST. Sweet knight, I kiss thy nipp: What! we have seen  
the seven stars.

DOLL. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a  
fustian rascal.

PIST. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway  
nags?

FAL. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-grout shil-  
ling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be  
nothing here.

BARD. Come, get you down stairs.

PIST. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

HOST. Here's goodly stuff toward!

FAL. Give me my rapier, boy.

DOLL. I prithee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.

FAL. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*

HOST. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping  
house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; mur-  
ther, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons,  
put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt PIST. and BARD.*

DOLL. I prithee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah,  
you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

HOST. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made  
a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

FAL. Have you turned him out of doors?

BARD. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him,  
sir, in the shoulder.

FAL. A rascal! to brave me!

DOLL. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape,

how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

FAL. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

DOLL. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music.*

PAGE. The music is come, sir.

FAL. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

DOLL. And thou followed'st him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.*

FAL. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

DOLL. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

FAL. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

DOLL. They say Poins hath a good wit.

FAL. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

DOLL. Why doth the prince love him so then?

FAL. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the

weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. HEN. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

POINS. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. HEN. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FAL. Kiss me, Doll.

P. HEN. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction; what says the almanac to that?

POINS. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

FAL. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

DOLL. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FAL. I am old, I am old.

DOLL. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FAL. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to-bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

DOLL. By my troth thou 'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so: prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

FAL. Some sack, Francis.

P. HEN., POINS. Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing.

FAL. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. HEN. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

FAL. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. HEN. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

HOST. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine! What, are you come from Wales?

FAL. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon DOLL.

DOLL. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

POINS. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. HEN. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how, vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

HOST. Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

FAL. Didst thou hear me?

P. HEN. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

FAL. No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. HEN. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

FAL. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. HEN. Not to dispraise me; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

FAL. No abuse, Hal.

POINS. No abuse!

FAL. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. HEN. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

POINS. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FAL. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. HEN. For the women,—

FAL. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

HOST. No, I warrant you.

FAL. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that; Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

HOST. All victuallers do so; what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. HEN. You, gentlewoman,—

DOLL. What says your grace?

FAL. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

HOST. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door, there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

P. HEN. Peto, how now? what news?

PETO. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. HEN. By heavens, Poins, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the south, Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*

FAL. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [Knocking heard.  
More knocking at the door!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

How now? what's the matter?

BARD. You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

FAL. Pay the musicians, sirrah [*to the Page*].—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post I will see you again ere I go.

DOLL. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst;—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FAL. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt FAL and BARD.*

HOST. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

BARD. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

HOST. What's the matter?

BARD. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

HOST. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, with a Page.*

K. HEN. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick: But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them: Make good speed. [*Exit Page.* How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
(Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.)

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

WAR. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. HEN. Is it good morrow, lords?

WAR. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

K. HEN. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WAR. We have, my liege.

K. HEN. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom  
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

WAR. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice and little medicine:  
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. HEN. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself  
 Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
 The beachy girdle of the ocean  
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
 And changes fill the cup of alteration  
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
 'T is not ten years gone  
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,  
 Were they at wars: It is but eight years since  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,  
 (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,) [To WARWICK.  
 When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,  
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
 "Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which  
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—  
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent,  
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—  
 "The time shall come," thus did he follow it,  
 "The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
 Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time's condition,  
 And the division of our amity.

WAR. There is a history in all men's lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:  
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,  
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
 And by the necessary form of this,

King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

K. HEN. Are these things then necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities:  
And that same word even now cries out on us;  
They say, the bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.

WAR. It cannot be, my lord;  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd; Please it your grace  
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,  
The powers that you already have sent forth  
Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;  
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
Unto your sickness.

K. HEN. I will take your counsel;  
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

x

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants behind.*

SHAL. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

SIL. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHAL. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow; and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

SIL. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

SHAL. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

SIL. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

SHAL. He must then to the inns of courts shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

SIL. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

SHAL. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

SIL. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHAL. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

SIL. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SIL. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHAL. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIL. Dead, sir.

SHAL. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow; And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

SIL. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHAL. And is old Double dead?

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.*

SIM. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

BARD. Good Morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

SHAL. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

BARD. My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

SHAL. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARD. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

SHAL. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

BARD. Pardon, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

SHAL. It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.— Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

FAL. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Surecard, as I think.

SHAL. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

FAL Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

SIL Your good worship is welcome.

FAL Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

SHAL Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FAL Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHAL Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

MOUL. Here, if it please you.

SHAL What think you, sir John? a good-limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

FAL Is thy name Mouldy?

MOUL. Yea, if it please you.

FAL 'T is the more time thou wert used.

SHAL Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

FAL Prick him.

[To SHALLOW.

MOUL. I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

FAL Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

MOUL. Spent!

SHAL Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John;—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

FAL Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

SHAL Where's Shadow?

SHAD. Here, sir.

FAL Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHAD. My mother's son, sir.

FAL Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's

shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

SHAL. Do you like him, sir John?

FAL. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

SHAL. Thomas Wart!

FAL. Where's he?

WART. Here, sir.

FAL. Is thy name Wart?

WART. Yea, sir.

FAL. Thou art a very ragged wart.

SHAL. Shall I prick him down, sir John?

FAL. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

FEE. Here, sir.

FAL. What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEE. A woman's tailor, sir.

SHAL. Shall I prick him, sir?

FAL. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEE. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

FAL. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

FEE. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

FAL. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

FEE. It shall suffice, sir.

FAL. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is the next?

SHAL. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

FAL. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

BULL. Here, sir.

FAL. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

BULL. O, good my lord captain,—

FAL. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

BULL. O, sir! I am a diseased man.

FAL. What disease hast thou?

BULL. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

FAL. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold: and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

SHAL. There is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner.

FAL. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

SHAL. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's Field?

FAL. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

SHAL. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FAL. She lives, master Shallow.

SHAL. She never could away with me.

FAL. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

SHAL. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

FAL. Old, old, master Shallow.

SHAL. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's Inn.

SIL. That's fifty-five years ago.

SHAL. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

FAL. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

SHAL. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was "Hem, boys!"—Come.

let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.]

BULL. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I do not care, for mine own part, so much.

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

MOUL. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

FEE. I care not;—a man can die but once;—We owe a death;—I will never bear a base mind:—if it be my destiny, so; if it be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

BARD. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

FEE. Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF and Justices.

FAL. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

SHAL. Four of which you please.

BARD. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

FAL. Go to; well.

SHAL. Come, sir John, which four will you have!

FAL. Do you choose for me.

SHAL. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

FAL. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

SHAL. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

FAL. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a

man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblage of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

BARD. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

FAL. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well:—go to:—very good: exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

SHAL. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement's Inn,)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his picce thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come; I shall never see such a fellow.

FAL. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—Farewell, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen, both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHAL. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

FAL. I would you would, master Shallow.

SHAL. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

FAL. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying!

S. 24.  
This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.—And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS,  
and others.*

**ARCH.** What is this forest call'd?

**HAST.** 'T is Gualtree forest, an 't shall please your grace

**ARCH.** Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth,  
To know the numbers of our enemies.

**HAST.** We have sent forth already.

**ARCH.** "T is well done  
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality;  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

**MOWB.** Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

**HAST.** Now, what news?

**MESS.** West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy:  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

**MOWB.** The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

**ARCH.** What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

**MOWB.** I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

**WEST.** Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

**ARCH.** Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;  
What doth concern your coming?

**WEST.** Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

ARCH. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.  
Briefly to this end:—we are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men:  
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
By the rough torrent of occasion:  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles,

Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
(Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

WEST. When ever yet was your appeal denied?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

ARCH. My brother, general! the commonwealth!  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

WEST. There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

MOWB. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before:  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

WEST. O my good lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,  
Your noble and right-well-remembered father's?

MOWB. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?  
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:  
And then, that Henry Bolingbroke, and he,  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the king did throw his warder down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:  
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,  
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

WEST. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what  
The earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman;  
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?  
But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,  
That he will give you audience: and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them; everything set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

MOWB. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

WEST. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:  
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
 Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:—  
 Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

MOWB. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

WEST. That argues but the shame of your offence:

A rotten case abides no handling.

HAST. Hath the prince John a full commission,  
 In very ample virtue of his father,  
 To hear, and absolutely to determine  
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

WEST. That is intended in the general's name:  
 I muse you make so slight a question.

ARCH. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this sche-  
 dule:

For this contains our general grievances:  
 Each several article herein redress'd;  
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
 That are insinew'd to this action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantial form;  
 And present execution of our wills  
 To us, and to our purposes, consign'd:  
 We come within our awful banks again,  
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

WEST. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,  
 In sight of both our battles we may meet:  
 And either end in peace, which heaven so frame,  
 Or to the place of difference call the swords  
 Which must decide it.

ARCH. My lord, we will do so. [Exit WEST.]

MOWB. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,  
 That no conditions of our peace can stand.

HAST. Fear you not that; if we can make our peace  
 Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
 As our conditions shall consist upon,  
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWB. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
 That every slight and false-derived cause,  
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,

Shall, to the king, taste of this action:  
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

ARCH. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary  
Of dainty and such picking grievances;  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

HAST. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement:  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

ARCH. 'T is very true:—  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWB. Be it so.  
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

WEST. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

MOWB. Your grace of York, in heaven's name then forward.

ARCH. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

P. JOHN. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop:  
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.  
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you, to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,  
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,  
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken.  
How deep you were within the books of heaven?  
To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself;  
The very opener and intelligencer,  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,  
But you misuse the reverence of your place;  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of heaven,  
The subjects of heaven's substitute, my father;  
And, both against the peace of heaven and him.

Have here up-swarmed them.

ARCH. Good my lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace:  
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,  
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,  
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,) Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,  
With grant of our most just and right desires;  
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWB. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

HAST. And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:  
And so, success of mischief shall be born:  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. JOHN. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

WEST. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,  
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. JOHN. I like them all, and do allow them well:  
And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;  
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home.  
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCH. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word;  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

HAST. Go, captain [*to an Officer*], and deliver to the army  
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:  
I know it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*

ARCH. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

WEST. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains  
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely: but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCH. I do not doubt you.

WEST. I am glad of it;—  
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

MOWB. You wish me health in very happy season:  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

ARCH. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WEST. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

ARCH. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

MOWB. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*

P. JOHN. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they  
shout!

MOWB. This had been cheerful after victory.

ARCH. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

P. JOHN. Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.— [Exit WEST.  
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

ARCH. Go, good lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [Exit HAST.

P. JOHN. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

WEST. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. JOHN. They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

HAST. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their course  
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

WEST. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which  
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:  
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

MOWB. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

WEST. Is your assembly so?

ARCH. Will you thus break your faith?

P. JOHN. I pawn'd thee none;  
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most christian care.  
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;  
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;  
Treason's true bed, and yelder up of breath. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums: Excursions.* Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE,  
meeting.

FAL. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you,  
and of what place, I pray?

COLE. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the  
dale.

FAL. Well, then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your  
degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be  
your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your

place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

COLE. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

FAL. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

COLE. I think you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

FAL. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.*

P. JOHN. The heat is past, follow no farther now;—  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit WEST.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?  
When everything is ended then you come:  
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

FAL. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extredest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. JOHN. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FAL. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing

my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. JOHN. Thine's too heavy to mount.

FAL. Let it shine then.

P. JOHN. Thine's too thick to shine.

FAL. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. JOHN. Is thy name Coleville?

COLE. It is, my lord.

P. JOHN. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

FAL. And a famous true subject took him.

COLE. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

FAL. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

P. JOHN. Have you left pursuit?

WEST. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. JOHN. Send Coleville, with his confederates, To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

FAL. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. JOHN. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exit.

FAL. I would you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded

boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

How now, Bardolph?

BARD. The army is discharged all, and gone.

FAL. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him

already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK,  
and others.

K. HEN. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WAR. Both which we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

K. HEN. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, where is the  
prince your brother?

P. HUMPH. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind-  
sor.

K. HEN. And how accompanied?

P. HUMPH. I do not know, my lord.

K. HEN. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with  
him?

P. HUMPH. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

CLA. What would my lord and father?

K. HEN. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;  
Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
And noble offices thou mayst effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.  
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;  
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity:  
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint;  
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope;  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,  
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;  
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;  
 That the united vessel of their blood,  
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)  
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

\* As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

CLA. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. HEN. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

CLA. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

K. HEN. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

CLA. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. HEN. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,  
 Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;  
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,  
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon  
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
 When means and lavish manners meet together,  
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

WAR. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite;  
 The prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,

Whitaker - 1778

'T is needful that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows comes to no further use,  
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;  
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. HEN. "T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carriion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

WEST. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness  
Added to that that I am to deliver!  
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
Are brought to the correction of your law;  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathe'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
The manner how this action hath been borne  
Here at more leisure may your highness read;  
With every course, in his particular.

K. HEN. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

*Enter HAROURT.*

HAR. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of!  
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:  
The manner and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. HEN. And wherefore should these good news make me  
sick?  
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich.  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
I should rejoice now at this happy news;  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—  
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [Swoons.]

P. HUMPH. Comfort, your majesty!

**Cla.** O my royal father!

WEST. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

**WAR.** Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.

**Stand from him, give him air; he 'll straight be well.**

**Cla.** No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. HUMPH. The people fear me; for they do observe  
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

CLA. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so, a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

**WAR.** Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. HUMPH. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.  
K. HEN. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[They convey the KING into an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

**WAR.** Call for the music in the other room.

K. HEN. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

**Cla.** His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

**WAR.** Less noise, less noise.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

P. HEN. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

CLA. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. HEN. How now, rain within doors, and none abroad!  
How doth the king?

P. HUMPH. Exceeding ill.

P. HEN. Heard he the good news yet?  
Tell it him.

P. HUMPH. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. HEN. If he be sick with joy, he will recover without  
physic.

WAR. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak  
low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

CLA. Let us withdraw into the other room.

WAR. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. HEN. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound, - a hand

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole  
strength  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me: This from thee,  
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [Exit.]

K. HEN. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.*

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. HEN. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. HEN. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see  
him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. HUMPH. He came not through the chamber where we  
stay'd.

K. HEN. Where is the crown? who took it from my  
pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. HEN. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.  
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose  
My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!  
How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,  
Their bones with industry;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises;  
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
 The virtuous sweets;  
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
 Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
 Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

WAR. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;  
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. HEN. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes;—Come hither to me, Harry:—  
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*

P. HEN. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. HEN. (*Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:*)  
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
 Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
 That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
 Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,  
 Were thine without offence; and, at my death,  
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,  
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.  
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
 Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form.  
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!  
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness!  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
 Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt:  
 England shall give him office, honour, might.  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. HEN. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears.

[*Kneeling*

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown:  
 And He that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—

(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending!  
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die;  
And never live to show th' incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,) I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it:—“ The care on thee depending  
Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in med'cine potable;  
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up.”—Thus, my most royal liego,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murther'd my father,—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let heaven for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. HEN. O my son!  
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
And I had many living, to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,  
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument; and now my death  
Changes the mood: for what in me was purchas'd,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out.  
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land;  
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O heaven forgive!  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. HEN. My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be:  
Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.*

K. HEN. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. JOHN. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. HEN. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John; But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight, My worldly business makes a period. Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. HEN. My lord of Warwick!

K. HEN. Doth any name particular belong Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WAR. 'T is called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. HEN. Laud be to Heaven!—even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—  
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

SHAL. By cock and pyc<sup>t</sup>, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

FAL. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

SHAL. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

DAVY. Here, sir.

\* An illustration of the fire or service book,  
and of the sacred name of the living company.

SHAL. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

SHAL. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

DAVY. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

SHAL. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

SHAL. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

SHAL. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

DAVY. No worse than they are bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

SHAL. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

DAVY. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

SHAL. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir: but, yet, heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

SHAL. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit DAVY.] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph

BARD. I am glad to see your worship.

SHAL. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John.

[Exit SHALLOW.]

FAL. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wildgeese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallum*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

SHAL. [Within.] Sir John!

FAL. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

SCENE II.—Westmiuster. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.*

WAR. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

CH. JUST. How doth the king?

WAR. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

CH. JUST. I hope, not dead.

WAR. He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

CH. JUST. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:  
The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WAR. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

CH. JUST. I know he doth not; and do arm myself,  
To welcome the condition of the time;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and others.*

WAR. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry:  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CH. JUST. Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. JOHN. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. HUMPH., CLA. Good morrow, cousin.

P. JOHN. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WAR. We do remember; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. JOHN. Well, peace be with him that hath made us  
heavy!

CH. JUST. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. HUMPH. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend,  
indeed:

And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. JOHN. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,  
You stand in coldest expectation:  
I am the sorrier; 'would 't were otherwise.

CLA. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair,  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

CH. JUST. Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,  
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WAR. Here comes the prince.

*Enter KING HENRY V.*

CH. JUST. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

KING. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;  
This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:  
Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad:  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,  
I'll be your father and your brother too;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I;  
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. JOHN, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

KING. You all look strangely on me:—and you most;

[*To the CHIEF JUSTICE.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

CH. JUST. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No! How might a prince of my great hopes  
forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me?  
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;  
The image of his power lay then in me:  
And, in th' administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth.

Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person:  
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
Be now the father, and propose a son:  
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
Aud, in your power, soft silencing your son:  
After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;  
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—  
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice on my proper son:  
And no less happy, having such a son,  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
Th' unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;  
With this remembrance,—That you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;

You shall be as a father to my youth:  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.  
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world;  
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament:  
And let us choose such limbs of noble counseL  
That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation.  
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remember'd, all our state:  
And (heaven consigning to my good intents)  
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,  
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Evening.

SCENE III.—Gloucestshire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

SHAL Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

FAL You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

SHAL. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; Well said, Davy.

FAL. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband.

SHAL. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

SIL. Ah, sirrah!—quoth-a,—we shall

“Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.  
And praise heaven for the merry year;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there,  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily.”

FAL. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHAL. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY. Sweet sir, sit; [seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all. [Exit.

SHAL. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

SIL. [Singing.]

“Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
For women are shrews, both short and tall;  
'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry shrove-tide.  
Be merry, be merry,” &c.

FAL. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SIL. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

DAVY. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.

SHAL. Davy,—

DAVY. Your worship?—I 'll be with you straight. [To BARD.]—A cup of wine, sir?

SIL. [Singing.]

“A cup of wine, that 's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.”

FAL. Well said, master Silence.

SIL. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

FAL. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

SIL. [Singing.]

“Fill the cup, and let it come;  
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.”

SHAL. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st anything, and will not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*]; and welcome, indeed, too.—I 'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

DAVY. I hope to see London once ere I die.

BARD. An I might see you there, Davy,—

SHAL. You 'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

BARD. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

SHAL. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

BARD. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

SHAL. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look who 's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [Exit DAVY.]

FAL. Why, now you have done me right.

[To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.

SIL. [Singing.]

“Do me right,  
And dub me knight;  
Samingo.”

Is 't not so?

FAL. 'T is so.

SIL. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

DAVY. If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

FAL. From the court? Let him come in.

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol?

PIST. Sir John! save you, sir.

FAL. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PIST. Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

SIL. By 'r lady, I think he be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

PIST. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

FAL. I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

PIST. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

FAL. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

SIL. [Sings.]

“ And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.”

PIST. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

SHAL. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

PIST. Why, then, lament, therefore.

SHAL. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

PIST. Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

SHAL. Under king Harry.

PIST. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

SHAL. Harry the fourth.

PIST. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth;  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

FAL. What! is the old king dead?

PIST. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

FAL. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

BARD. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PIST. What? I do bring good news?

FAL. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [Exit BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Root, boot, master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my lord chief justice!

PIST. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led? say they;

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

HOST. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 BEAD. The constables have delivered her over to me. and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

DOLL. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I

now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

HOST. O that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

1 BEAD. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

DOLL. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner: if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 BEAD. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

HOST. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

DOLL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

HOST. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound.

DOLL. Goodman death! goodman bones!

HOST. Thou anatomy, thou!

DOLL. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 BEAD. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

1 GROOM. More rushes, more rushes.

2 GROOM. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 GROOM. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

FAL. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PIST. Bless thy lungs, good knight.

FAL. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*]

But it is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. It shows my earnestness in affection.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. My devotion.

SHAL. It doth, it doth, it doth.

FAL. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

SHAL. It is most certain.

FAL. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

PIST. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*:  
'T is all in every part.

SHAL. 'T is so, indeed.

PIST. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;  
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—  
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,  
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FAL. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

PIST. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.*

FAL. Save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

PIST. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

FAL. Save thee, my sweet boy!

KING. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

CH. JUST. Have you your wits? know you what 't is you speak?

FAL. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!  
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;  
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;  
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men:  
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;  
Presume not that I am the thing I was:  
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
That I have turn'd away my former self;  
So will I those that kept me company.  
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
For competence of life I will allow you,  
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;  
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,  
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [Exeunt KING and his Train.]

FAL. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHAL. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let  
me have home with me.

FAL. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you  
grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look  
you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your ad-  
vancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you  
great.

SHAL. I cannot well perceive how; unless you should give  
me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech  
you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thou-  
sand.

FAL. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you  
heard was but a colour.

SHAL. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.



FAL. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers, &c.*

CH. JUST. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.

FAL. My lord, my lord,—

CH. JUST. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

PST. "Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta."

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, Page, and Officers.*

P. JOHN. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent, his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd, till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CH. JUST. And so they are.

P. JOHN. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CH. JUST. He hath.

P. JOHN. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords, and native fire, As far as France: I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king. Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*

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## EPILOGUE.

[*Spoken by a Dancer.*]

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove

mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you:—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

## VARIOUS READINGS.

"The *rugged<sup>st</sup>* hour that time and spite dare bring."

(Act I, Sc. 1.)

Theobald introduced *rugged<sup>st</sup>*, instead of *ragged<sup>st</sup>* of the old copies. Mr. Collier's MS. corrections have the same reading.

We find the epithet "ragged" several times in Shakspere. In this play we have—

"A ragged and forestall'd remission."

It means something broken—wanting consistency and cohesion.

"*A careful leader sums what force he brings*

To weigh against his opposite." (Act I., Sc. 3.)

The line in italic is introduced for the first time in Mr. Collier's MS. corrections. We must give the whole passage of the original, to test the value of this addition:

"When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot then  
draw the model;  
And, when we see the figure of  
the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the  
erection:  
Which if we find outweighs abi-  
lity,  
What do we then, but draw anew  
the model  
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist  
To build at all?

Much more, in this great work,  
(Which is, almost to pluck a king-  
dom down,  
And set another up), should we  
survey  
The plot of situation, and the  
model;  
Consent upon a sure foundation;

This is a long speech. But is there a point dropped? Is there not the most perfect carrying out of one idea, the comparison of building a house and building a kingdom? What would an actor do with this speech, who had no great reverence for his author? He would break the long sentence into two sentences, without much care, so that he got a new start. And so has our "Corrector" done. He puts a full stop after "undergo," and thrusts in this line,—

"*A careful leader sums what force  
he brings*

To weigh against his opposite."

It is a "new connecting line," says Mr. Collier. We say it is a new disconnecting line. "To weigh against *his* opposite," is to weigh against the king's strength opposite; and in the speech which immediately follows Hastings says,—

Question surveyors; know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo  
To weigh against his opposite; or else  
We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
Using the names of men, instead of men;  
Like one who draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it," &c.

"I think we are a body strong enough,

Even as we are, to equal with the king."

There are minor corrections in Mr. Collier's version. In line 7, "last" is put for "least"; in line 11, "the plot, the situation," takes the place of 'the plot of situation—a plot meaning a plan of a site; and in line 12, "consult" for "consent"—consent meaning agreement.

"A hundred mark is a long score for a poor lone woman to bear."  
(ACT II., SC. 1.)

The original has "a hundred mark is a long one," &c. Score certainly improves the sense. The common reading is "a long loan."

But does the Hostess talk sensibly? Was there not some confusion in her mind between *mark* and *score*? Or did she not, having before said "he's an infinitive thing upon my *score*," advert to the word she had before uttered?

"Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage."  
(ACT IV., SC. 1.)

So the original. Mr. Collier's MS. has "guarded with *rage*."

This is unquestionably the true reading, and we willingly adopt it.

"Turning your books to *graves*, your ink to blood."  
(ACT IV., SC. 1.)

The original has *graves*. Mr. Collier's Corrector gives *glaives*.

We adopt Steevens' suggestion of *greaves*—armour; a word used by Milton.

"Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine,  
To a loud trumpet and *report* of war."

(ACT IV., SC. 1.)

Let us look at the entire passage, as we have printed it in the text:  
"Wheresoṛ do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?"

In "Waverley," we have the following passage:—

"The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild *point of war*, appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty." Of course, when Walter

Turning your books to greaves,  
 your ink to blood,  
 Your pens to lances, and your  
 tongue divine  
 To a loud trumpet and *a point of  
 war?*"

Mr. Collier says, "Here 'point of war' can have no meaning. The above ought to be printed thus, on the authority of the Corrector,—

'Your tongue divine  
 To a loud trumpet and *report of  
 war.*'"

"And all *my* friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
 I cut *some* off."

The original has "*thy* friends." Tyrwhitt suggested "*my* friends;" and so Mr. Collier's folio.

The original has "I cut *them* off." The substitution of *some* for *them*, was made by Mr. Mason, who says, "As the passage stands, the King is advising the Prince to make those persons his friends whom he has already cut off;" and so he reads *some*. The MS. Corrector has the same change.

Scott wrote this passage, he was deceived by the "no-meaning" of the common Shaksperes. Had the word become obsolete when the Corrector changed it to "*report?*" or was the Corrector a caterer for the public taste himself, or one who waited upon the caterers to register their "emendations," in all cases where it was desirable to popularise Shakspere, to be intelligible to the ears of the groundlings? It was intelligible in the days of 'Tatler.' "On a sudden we were alarmed by the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson, to give us *a point of war.*"

(ACT IV., SC. 4.)

The real meaning of the passage appears to us to have been misconceived when these changes were made. The King, in the previous line, has said,—"Thou art not firm enough." He then shows the Prince how to render himself "firm." The Prince has friends, so-called; but he must *make* them friends. It is not that he must accept his father's friends—*my friends*—but *compel* the friends of the house to be surely his friends, by persevering in the policy which will keep them harmless. "Their stings and teeth" were the instruments "whose fell workings" advanced the King; and, to prevent their power being turned against him, he "cut *them* off." He then continues his advice how to engage them in "foreign quarrels."

## GLOSSARY.

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**ADDRESSED.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

“Our navy is address'd.”

*Address'd* is ready, prepared.

**ANCIENT.** Act II., Sc. 4. See ‘Henry IV., Part I.’

**AWAY.** Act III., Sc. 2.

“She never could away with me.”

A phrase expressive of dislike or aversion, common in Shakspere's time, and not obsolete in the time of Locke, who uses it in ‘The Conduct of the Understanding.’

**AWFUL.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

“We come within our awful banks agsin.”

*Awful* has been supposed to mean here *lawful*, but we think that it is used in the sense of *reverential*; that those now opposed to the king will return within the *bounds of awe* towards him when their grievances are redressed.

**BRAVERS.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

“Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down.”

*Beaver* is sometimes used by Shakspere for a part of the helmet, and sometimes for the helmet itself, as in ‘Henry IV., Part I.’ Properly it was a movable part of the covering of the *lower* portion of the face, while the visor covered the upper portion. Both moved upward, and when both were down the face was covered.

**BUCKLE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life.”

*Buckle* here means to bend, and in the present day is used in the same sense, when speaking of a horse, whose “weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges,” are said to *buckle*.

**CALIVER.** Act III., Sc. 2.

“Put me a caliver into Wart's hand.”

A *caliver* was a hand-gun, smaller than a musket, and fired without a rest.

**CALM.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“Sick of a calm.”

*Calm* is one of Mrs. Quickly's perversions for *qualm*.

**CANNIBALS.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“Compare with Caesars and with Cannibals.”

*Pistol* means Hannibals; his learning is upon a par with Mrs. Quickly's.

**CHEATER.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“A tame cheater, he.”

The receivers of the escheats of the crown were escheators, and

from the oppression and extortion exercised by them, came the word to *cheat*. The hostess understands the word in its official sense.

**CONSIGNED.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

“To us, and to our purposes, consign’d.”

*Consigned* is used in the sense of ratified, confirmed.

**COUNTER.** Act I., Sc. 2.

“You hunt counter.”

See ‘Comedy of Errors,’ “Hound that runs counter.”

**DETERMINED.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

“Till his friend sickness hath determin’d me.”

*Determined* is ended, as it is still used in legal instruments.

**FEAR.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“And hold’st it fear, or sin.”

*Fear* is used for matter or occasion for fear; danger.

**FEAR.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

“The people fear me.”

*Fear* in its active sense: the people make me afraid.

**FLAWS.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

“Flaws congealed in the spring of day.”

*Flaws* are the thin crystallisations of the morning dew upon the ground.

**FORESTALLED.** Act V., Sc. 2.

“that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall’d remission.”

That is, a pardon not freely granted, but obtained by supplication.

**FORGETIVE.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

“Makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive.”

*Forgetive* is inventive.

**FORSPENT.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“A gentleman almost forspent with speed.”

*For* was prefixed to verbs to intensify them, as *forwearied*, *fordone*, &c. *Forspent* is outspent, exhausted.

**FRANK.** Act II., Sc. 2.

“Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?”

Phillips, in his ‘World of Words,’ says, “*frank*, a place to feed a boar in;” to *frank* is to cram, to fatten, and thus a *frank* is a *sty*.

**GIRD.** Act I., Sc. 2.

“Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me.”

To *gird* is to strike, and thence metaphorically to taunt, jeer, or assail with words.

**GRIEF.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief.”

The first *grief* in this line signifies bodily pain; the second, mental sorrow.

**GRIEVE.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

“And find our griefs heavier than our offences.”

*Grief* here, as in many other instances, is used for grievances.

**GUARDED.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

“Guarded with rags.”

*Guarded* is faced, bordered.

**HILDING.** Act I., Sc. 1.

“He was some hilding fellow.”

*Hilding*, from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to bend, crouch, or cower, is used as a term of contempt for a cowardly, spiritless person. Shakspere has used it several times: Capulet calls Juliet a *hilding*.

**HONEYSUCKLE.** Act II., Sc. 1.

“O thou honeysuckle villain.”

*Honeysuckle* is supposed to be Mistress Quickly's corruption of homicidal, as *honeyseed* is, afterwards, for homicide.

**HUMOROUS.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

“As humorous as winter.”

*Humorous* is capricious, full of the supposed *humours* of the body which constituted the individual temperament. Literally *humorous* is *humid*, and Shakspere has used “humorous night” in this sense in ‘Romeo and Juliet’.

**HURLY.** Act III., Sc. 1.

“That, with the hurly, death itself awakes.”

*Hurly* has been derived from the French *hurler*, to yell, or howl; but it has not this meaning in English. It means noise, with commotion. Thus the *hurly-burly* of ‘Macbeth,’ the *hurly* in the ‘Taming of the Shrew,’ and thus also in the ‘Paston Letters.’

**KIRTLE.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of?

Gifford, in his notes on Ben Jonson, says that *kirtle* “is used in a twofold sense, sometimes for the jacket merely, and sometimes for the train or upper petticoat attached to it.” Chaucer used it for a part of male apparel in his ‘Miller’s Tale’:—

“Yclad he was ful smart and proprely,  
All in a kirtel of a light waget [blue].”

**MALLET.** Act II., Sc. 4.

“No more conceit in him than is in a mallet.”

*Mallet* is the mallard, the wild-drake.

**MEDICINE POTABLE.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

"Preserving life in med'cine potable."

This is an allusion to the *aurum potabile*, a preparation of gold, which had formerly the reputation of great virtues.

**MORE AND LESS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"And more and less do flock to follow him."

Great and small; the idiom is very frequently used by Chaucer.

**MUCH.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"With two points on your shoulder? much."

*Much* is here a vulgar expression of contempt.

**MURE.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

"Hath wrought the mure."

A Latinism for *wall*.

**NEIF.** Act II., Sc. 4.

*Neif* is fist. See 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

**NICE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch."

*Nice* is weak, trifling, of no importance. As in 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act V., Sc. 2. :—

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge."

**NOISE.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"See if thou canst find out Sneak's noise."

*A noise* was a *band* of musicians.

**PARCEL-GILT.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet."

*Parcel-gilt* is partially gilt; what is now called party-gilt.

**PARTICULAR.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

"With every course in his particular."

The particular is the letter of detail of Prince John. A detailed statement is still a particular, or, oftener, perhaps, the particulars.

**PROFACE!** Act V., Sc. 3. This word, in the sense of *much good may it do you*, was common in Shakspere's time; its derivation is uncertain. Nares thinks it was from the Norman romance language. Roquefort's 'Glossary' thus explains *prouface*—“souhait qui dire, bien vous fause; *proficiat*.  
The Italian *buon pro vi faccia* comes yet nearer the English.

**QUIVER.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"There was a little quiver fellow."

*Quiver* is light, nimble.

**RIDES THE WILD MARE.** Act II., Sc. 4. To ride the wild mare was to play at the game of see-saw.

VOL. 'L'

RIGOL. Act IV., Sc. 4.

"That from this golden rigol."

*Rigol* is only found in Shakspere; but Nash has *ringol*, which he explains as a *ringed circle*.

ROYAL. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"That were our royal faiths martyrs in love."

The *royal faith* is the faith due to a king, as in 'Henry VIII.'—

"The citizens have shown at full their royal minds."

STAND MY GOOD LORD. Act IV., Sc. 3. The court phrase, according to Bishop Percy, was "Be my good lord," when a favour was asked of a person of rank.

STONES. Act III., Sc. 2.

"I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me."

The alchemists sought for two stones; as Churchyard expresses it, "A stone for gold," and "a stone for health."

STRATAGEM. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem."

*Stratagem* is here used in accordance with its Greek derivation, as some military movement, some enterprise, some piece of generalship.

SUCCESS. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"And so, success of mischief shall be born."

*Success* is here used for *succession*.

TAKING-UP. Act I., Sc. 2.

"In honest taking-up."

Taking-up is obtaining goods on credit.

TITLE-LEAF. Act I., Sc. 1.

"This man's brow, like to a title-leaf."

A black-bordered title-page was used to distinguish poems of lament—elegies in the restricted sense of the word.

UTIS. Act II., Sc. 4.

"Here will be old utis."

*Ujis*, or *utias*, was a law-term signifying the interval between any festival and its octave, or eighth day, and was thence used for merriment in general. Old does not here mean ancient, but extreme, as in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' "Yonder's old coil at home."

YEOMAN. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Where s your yeoman?"

The bailiff's follower was called a sergeant's yeoman.

X







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